

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1853.



THE DEAD ROBIN.

"Hark! What is that?" said little Anna, and she dropped her playthings and started up, with her ear bent towards the door.

"It is a dear robin red-breast, replied the child's mother. "How sweetly he sings!"

"Robin red-breast, that covered the poor babes in the woods with leaves?" asked Harry, the younger brother of Anna.

"Yes: it is robin red-breast that covered the poor little babes," said the mother.

"Dear robin! how I love you!" said each of the children, speaking from the same impulse of tenderness. And then they went to the door to listen to his pleasant song. While they thus stood listening, the air was suddenly rent by the sharp report of a gun: and, in a few moments afterwards, the dear robin red breast fell dead almost at the children's feet. Lifting the bleeding bird in her hands, Anna brought it, with tearful eyes, to her mother, and Harry came and stood by her side, both mourning over and weeping for the dead robin, as sorrowfully as if it had been a dear friend. Little did they think that the hand which directed the fatal aim towards that innocent creature was the hand of their own father. He too, had heard the sudden warbling of the bird; but with what a different feeling

was he inspired by the sound! The desire to take its innocent life was the first impulse, and, acting from this, he seized his gun, and, taking a deadly aim, bereft it in an instant of life. As the bird fell, he saw his children run and lift it from the ground: but they did not see him. In a little while afterwards, he came into the room where they were still mourning over the wreck of life and beauty that he had so wantonly made.

"Oh, papa!" cried Anna, "see this poor robin red-breast that some cruel man has shot!"

"Yes, dear robin red-breast!" sobbed little Harry, "that covered the poor babes in the woods with leaves. Oh! wasn't he a naughty, wicked man?"

Never had the father of these children received such a smarting rebuke as this. Not for any consideration would he have let them know that he was the cruel man they so earnestly condemned.

"Yes," he replied, in a spirit of self-condemnation, "it was wicked to kill this innocent bird, that never did harm to any one."

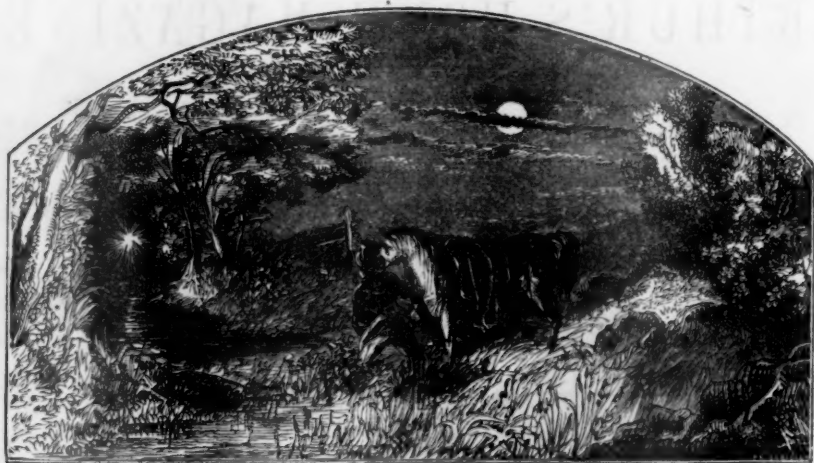
"It was very cruel," murmured the sympathizing mother, upon whose lap was sleeping a tender infant.

The father remained for a few minutes with

his children, and then left the room; the sight of the dead bird, and their sad little faces, was more than he could bear without too great a pressure on his feelings.

"Yes, it was a cruel act," said he to himself; "but I will not again lift my hand against the life of an innocent bird."

And he has kept his word.



IGNIS FATUUS.

This wandering meteor, known to the vulgar as the Will-o'-the-Wisp, has given rise to considerable speculation and controversy. Burying-grounds, fields of battle, low meadows, valleys and marshes, are its ordinary haunts. By some eminent naturalists, particularly Willoughby and Ray, it has been maintained to be only the shining of a great number of the male glow-worms in England, and the pyraustæ in Italy, flying together—an opinion to which Mr. Kirby the entomologist, inclines. The luminosities observed in several cases may have been due to this cause, but the true meteor of the marshes cannot thus be explained. The following instance is abridged from the Entomological Magazine:—"Two travellers, proceeding across the moors between Hexham and Alston, were startled, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light close to the road-side, about the size of the hand, and of a well-defined oval form. The place was very wet, and the peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are locally termed "peat-pots," which soon fill with water, nourishing a number of confervæ, and the various species of sphagnum, which are converted into peat. During the process of decomposition these places give out large quantities of gas. The light was about three feet from the ground, hovering over the peat-pots, and it moved nearly parallel with the road for about fifty yards, when it vanished, probably from the failure of the gas. The manner in which it disappeared was similar to that of a candle being blown out."

We have the best account of it from Mr. Blesson, who examined it abroad with great care and diligence.

"The first time," he states, "I saw the ignis

fatuus was in a valley in the forest of Gorbitz, in the New Mark. This valley cuts deeply in compact loam, and is marshy in its lower part. The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and in the night blue flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked during the day-time the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night; to my great joy I actually observed bluish-purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot they retired, and I pursued them in vain; all attempts to examine them were ineffectual. Some days of very rainy weather prevented further investigation, but afforded leisure for reflecting on their nature. I conjectured that the motion of the air, on my approaching the spot, forced forward the burning gas, and remarked that the flame burned darker, when it was blown aside; hence I concluded that a continuous thin stream of inflammable air was formed by these bubbles, which, once inflamed, continued to burn, but which, owing to the paleness of the light of the flame, could not be observed during the day."

The ignis fatuus of the church-yard and the battle-field arise from the phosphuretted hydrogen emitted by animal matter in a state of putrefaction, which always inflames upon contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and the flickering meteor of the marsh may be referred to the carburetted hydrogen, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in stagnant water, ignited by a discharge of the electric fluid.



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana, about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents possessed that happy nature which disposed them to encourage the indication of genius and talent that they early perceived in the mind of their son.

In his sixteenth year, young Audubon was sent to France to pursue his education. While there, he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and took lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. Although he prosecuted his studies zealously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams of his "native land of groves."

He returned in his eighteenth year, with an ardor for the woods, and soon commenced a collection of drawings, which have since swelled into a series of magnificent volumes—"The Birds of America." These designs were begun on the farm given him by his father, situated near Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

There, amid its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated upon his simple and agreeable objects, and

pursued his rambles, from the first faint streaks of day until late in the evening, when, wet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he returned to the quiet enjoyment of the fireside. There, too, he was married, and was fortunate in choosing one who animated his courage amid vicissitudes, and in prosperity appreciated the grounds and measures of his success.

For many years the necessities of life drove him into commercial enterprises, which proved unsuccessful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, unfitted him for trade. His chief gratification was derived from observation and study. His friends strove to wean him from his favorite pursuits, and he was compelled to struggle against the wishes of all, except his wife and children. They alone encouraged him, and were willing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and father. At length he gave himself entirely to observation and study of the feathered inhabitants of the forest.

He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and

the shores of the Atlantic; he spent years away from his family. "Yet, will you believe it," says he, "I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature? Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my fellow-beings, until I accidentally formed an acquaintance with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, at Philadelphia, on the 5th of April, 1824."

It was soon afterward that Bonaparte, having examined Audubon's large collection of beautiful drawings, and observed his extensive knowledge of birds, said to him, "Do you know that you are a great man?" In reply, Mr. Audubon asked him his intention in making such a remark. "Sir," answered Bonaparte, "I consider you the greatest ornithologist in the world." He then suggested to him the importance of collecting and offering to the public the treasures which he had amassed during his wild journeyings.

This idea seemed like a beam of a new light to Audubon's mind, and added fresh interest to his employment. For weeks and months he brooded over the kindling thought. He went Westward to extend the number and variety of his drawings, with a view of preparing for a visit to Europe, and the publication of his works. When far away from the haunts of man, in the depths of forest solitude, happy days and nights of pleasant dreams attended him.

Only two years passed after his first interview with Lucien Bonaparte, in Philadelphia, before Audubon sailed for England. He arrived at Liverpool in 1826.

There men of genius and honor, such as Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, Roscoe, and Swainson, soon recognized his lofty claim; learned societies extended to him the warm and willing hand of friendship; houses of the nobility were opened to him; and wherever he went, the solitary American woodsman, whose talents were so little appreciated but a few years before, that he was rejected after being proposed by Lucien Bonaparte as a member of the Lyceum of Natural History, in Philadelphia, was now receiving the homage of the most distinguished men of science in the old world.

Before the close of 1830, his first volume of the "Birds of America" was issued. It was received with enthusiastic applause; royal names headed the subscription list, and one hundred and seventy-five volumes were sold at a thousand dollars each. In the mean time, (April, 1829,) Audubon returned to America, to explore anew the woods of the Middle and Southern States.

In 1834 the second volume of his works was published. The three following years were passed in exploring Florida and Texas. A vessel was placed at his disposal by the government of the United States, to aid him in this noble enterprise. At the close of this period he published the fourth and last volume of plates, and the fifth volume of descriptions. The whole work comprises four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing more than one thousand figures, from the Bird of Washington to the tiny Humming Bird, all represented of the size, color, and attitude of life.

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with

his family at his beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson, near New York city, he commenced the republication in this country of the "Birds of America," in seven large octavo volumes, which were completed in 1844.

Before the expiration of this period, however, he began to prepare for the press the "Quadrupeds of America." In this work he was assisted by the Rev. John Bachman, D. D. Accompanied by his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, he explored the reedy swamps of our Southern shores, traversed forest and prairie, making drawings and writing descriptions of quadrupeds. The first volume of "Quadrupeds" appeared in New York in 1846. This work, consisting, we believe, of five volumes, has recently been concluded, and is no less interesting and valuable than the works of his earlier life.

At the age of sixty, Audubon possessed the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. In person he was tall and remarkably well formed. His aspect was sweet and animated; and the child-like simplicity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, were worthy of universal imitation. These made him beloved by all who knew him.

He used to say that he had no faith in genius; that a man could make himself what he pleased by labor, and, by using every moment of time, the mind might be kept improving to the end of life. "Look at facts and trust for yourself; meditate and reason," he would say, "it is thus a man should educate himself."

It was his object to learn everything from the prime teacher—Nature. His glowing style, as well as his extensive knowledge, was the fruit of his own experiences. He never wrote for the press until after the age at which most authors have established their reputation. His facility for reading writing, he said, was acquired by keeping a journal, in which he recorded the events and reflections of each day—a practice worthy the example of every one.

For some years previous to the close of his life, his health had been failing, and he was rarely seen beyond the limits of his beautiful residence. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1851, he died, full of years, and illustrious with the most desirable glory. He has indissolubly linked himself with the undying loveliness of nature, and thus left behind a monument of unending fame.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

The Journal of Commerce tells the following story on the occasion of the President's visit:—"One incident in the procession, trifling in itself, occasioned a good deal of amusement. When Gen. Pierce had gone up as far as the head of Wall street, his horse became restive, and came in collision with the animal rode by General Sandford. As the President was riding with his hat in hand, the hat received the brunt of the shock, and suffered severely, being badly stove-in and indented. The General was too much engaged to notice the catastrophe, and soon put on the hat in its unfortunate condition, and retained it in its place for about a block, exciting roars of laughter among the bays."



THE MAN WITH THE MUSICAL EAR.

[The following amusing article, by "Caleb Crotchet," appeared originally in Graham's Magazine. We have taken the liberty of slightly condensing it; or, rather of omitting a part.]

I am the victim of a fine ear. Talk of the miseries of the halt, the lame and the blind! Their condition is that of celestial beatitude as compared with mine; and as for the deaf and dumb, they must be the happiest mortals alive. They can neither inflict nor suffer the miseries of sound. Blessing and blessed, how shall I contrive to gain admission to their happy brotherhood?

Music has been the bane of my existence. My ear—the asinine organ that has since so extravagantly developed itself—was early noticed by a maiden aunt, and my first recollection is of her look of bland satisfaction as, with a shrill, little piping, three-year old voice, I edited an audience of spinsters, around a quilting frame, with the strains of "Bonnie Doon." Heaven pardon my poor old aunt for the wickedness of thus early encouraging a passion that has led to so many sins of temper, and, perhaps, to so many unuttered, but deep-felt outrages upon her memory!

At the period of my entrée into the society of —, music was the great and leading idea. A religious and moral cycle had succeeded to a dis-

sipated and drinking cycle, and dancing, wine, etc., being excluded from the leading houses, music was the only resource. At once I became a lion.

"How beautifully Mr. Crotchet plays!" "Emma, my dear, come and look on; I want you to study Mr. Crotchet's exquisite touch!" "Oh, how sweet!" These and kindred sounds issued from the lips of the witches in curls, lace and artificials, who gathered around me as I sat at Mrs. Flambeau's piano, on the occasion of her first soiree. It was my debut, and is therefore memorable. I was playing a *sonata* of Beethoven's, which I soon found none of them comprehended. I thought of "pearls before swine," but went on, working out the mysteries and the meaning of the composition for my own gratification.

The witches, at the close, seemed rather weary, and could do little but simper, and say, "beautiful," but the chief of them, one Madame Hecate, to whom tradition attached French parentage and critical taste, approached me, and said—

"Pray, Monsieur Crotchet, (she always spoke with a French accent to strangers) do you play the Battle of Prague?"

I can recollect nothing but an emphatic "No, madam"—a feeling as of a pail of iced water pouring down my back—a confused breaking up of the circle around the piano—a fruitless search

for a glass of wine—a *prestissimo* movement to the entry—a successful search for my hat—a rush to the street, and as I shut the door, the martial strains of the Battle of Prague, drummed out by a more complaisant amateur than myself, for the benefit of Madame Hecate.

Oh, that Battle of Prague! Who shall ever pretend to give its official bulletin? Who shall describe the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, elicited from its auditors as it has been "fought o'er again" on countless pianos? Its victims are legion. Its progress is remorseless. It goes on, and will go on to the end of time, murdering the peace of mind of every luckless owner of an ear such as mine. Its composer—if the writer of such a disturbing work can be called a composer—must have been possessed of an evil spirit from the fatal battle-field, condemned to roam this earth for the torment of the race, and seeking retribution for his own victimization by victimizing all that come after him.

My next essay of the musical life of the city, was at a *soirée* of Professor Milleflori, the fashionable Italian vocal teacher—a sort of compromise, in appearance, between a Paris *petit maitre* and an American Figaro. His pupils were all to sing, and by the courtesy usually extended to amateurs, I was invited.

The first piece announced for the evening's entertainment was *Casta Diva*. Of course it was. Was there ever an amateur *soirée* that it was not the first piece?

At the appointed time, a young lady of sixteen summers, with very bare neck and arms, hair done up in curls and furbelows by a French *coiffeur*, hands in white kid gloves, a variety of her mother's jewels on head, hands, and breast, a little pug of a nose beneath two very innocent-looking eyes, and, as was said, a splendid soprano voice, stood up by the professor's piano to personate the Druid priestess.

"*Ca-ha-ha-hasta Dee-e-ear*," she began, emphasizing each division of the words, and screaming them out as if she really thought she could make the *Casta Diva*—the moon—hear her vociferous appeal, and paying no regard to the fact that the chaste goddess was, at that particular time, enlightening the other side of the globe.

The whole of the *andante* was in this scream, which threw the audience into ecstasies. Then she began, "*Ah bello, a me ritorno*." How she dashed through it—leaping over bars with a racer's agility, plunging through barriers and ditches of sound—up hill and down hill—over ledger lines and under them—helter skelter—chromatics and ecstasies—flats and sharps—screech and scream—over and over—with face hideously distorted, the veins and muscles of her neck swelled to bursting, while Milleflori's hands kept thundering at the piano, and urging her on to louder labors.

Shade of Bellini! was there not one of your chords to stop the throat from uttering these musical blasphemies?

At last she ended, amid a tumult of applause, for which she gave one of Monsieur Pettipas' most grateful courtesies, bowing so as to show

Monsieur Chevelure's handiwork upon her head-works in the most effective manner.

She was followed by a dozen or more of sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, contraltos, baratonis and basses, of whose performance I have but a dim, obscure recollection as of so many contests for the palm of superior noise; all of them being exhibited in the tremendous screaming and shouting pieces of the modern Italians.

This was my last amateur *soirée*—and let me whisper a warning word to the world that remains behind me—"Beware of amateur *soirées*!"

But my musical sufferings did not end here. The noises of the streets are agony to me. The oyster and the apple-men; the strawberry and the shad-women—what are they to me but so many liberated fiends, placed on earth to persecute the owners of ears! And as for the news-boys—but I will not recapitulate my sufferings from them.

I have for some time been engaged in projects for the correction of these street evils. I leave in my executor's hands the manuscript of the "Shad-woman's Complete Musical Instructor," "The Oysterman's Apollo," and the News-Boys' Guide to Parnassus." In these I have arranged to the most beautiful melodies, the common cries of "Buy any Shad!" "Ho, fresh Oysters!" "Herald, Tribune, Ledger, Ledger, Evening Bulletin," and the other favorite appeals of these as yet unappeased street demons. A variety of melodies is given to each phrase, and beautiful variations are arranged in the "Guide to Parnassus," for extras, double-sheets, etc., with a special and elaborate composition arranged expressly for the familiar words, "Another Revolution in France!"

I shall not live to enjoy the fruits of my labors. But I shall die happy, since I have just learned that the Legislature is disposed to treat favorably my projected "Institution for the Musical Education of News Boys." * * * * *

WOULDN'T CONTEND.

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over one morning to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkable cool, calm non-resistant, and addressed him thus:—

"That piece of fence over there (pointing in a certain direction,) is mine, and you shan't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F., "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No, no; it's mine, and I shall keep it."

"Well," said neighbor F., "suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

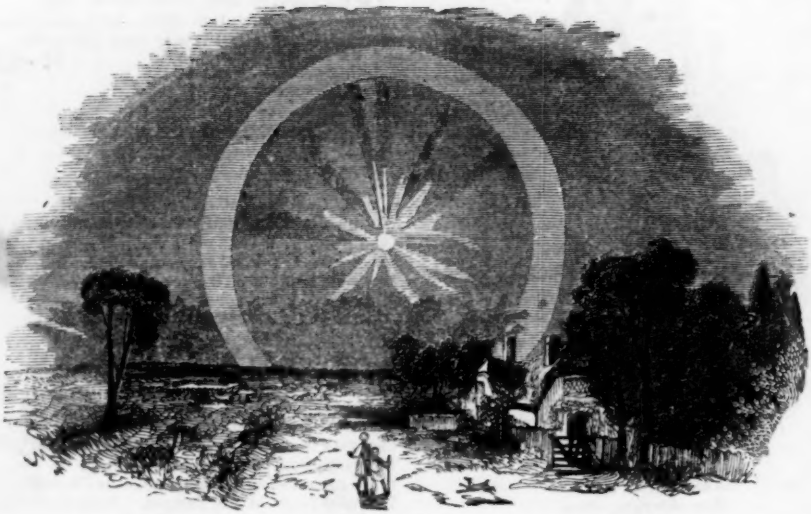
"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Well," continued Mr. F., "shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?"

"No, I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, Mr. F., said, "Well, neighbor, then I will leave it to you whom the fence belongs to, 'whether you or myself.'"

Struck dumb by this appeal, the wrathful man turned away, "convicted by his own conscience," saying, "I won't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his rights."



HALOES.

The simplest form of the halo is that of a white concentric ring surrounding the sun or moon, a very common appearance in our climate in relation to the moon, occasioned by very thin vapor, or minute particles of ice and snow, diffused through the atmosphere, deflecting the rays of light. Double rings are occasionally seen, displaying the brightest hues of the rainbow. The colored ring is produced by globules of visible vapor, the resulting halo exhibiting a character of density, and appearing contiguous to the luminous body, according as the atmosphere is surcharged with humidity. Hence a dense halo close to the moon is universally and justly regarded as an indication of coming rain. It has been stated as an approximation, that the globules which occasion the appearance of colored circles, vary from the 5000th to the 50,000th part of an inch in diameter. Though seldom apparent around the sun in our climate, yet it is only necessary to remove that glare of light which makes delicate colors appear white, to perceive segments of beautifully tinted haloes on most days when light fleecy clouds are present. The illustration shows a nearly complete and slightly elliptical ring around the sun, the lower portion hidden by the horizon, which was distinctly observed during the past summer in the neighborhood of Ipswich, of an extremely pale pink and blue tint. When Humboldt was at Cumana, a large double halo around the moon fixed the attention of the inhabitants, who considered it as the presage of a violent earthquake. The hygrometer denoted great humidity, yet the vapors appeared so perfectly in solution, or rather so elastic and uniformly disseminated, that they did not alter the transparency of the atmosphere. The moon arose after a storm of

rain behind the Castle of St. Antonio. As soon as she appeared on the horizon, two circles were distinguished, one large and whitish, forty-four degrees in diameter, the other smaller, displaying all the colors of the rainbow. The space between the two circles was of the deepest azure. At the altitude of four degrees they disappeared, while the meteorological instruments indicated not the slightest change in the lower regions of the air. The phenomenon was chiefly remarkable for the great brilliancy of its colors, and for the circumstance that, according to the measures taken with Ramden's sextant, the lunar disc was not exactly in the centre of the haloes. Humboldt mentions likewise having seen at Mexico, in extremely fine weather, large bands spread along the vault of the sky, converging toward the lunar disc, displaying beautiful prismatic colors; and he remarks, that within the torrid zone, similar appearances are the common phenomena of the night, sometimes vanishing and returning in the space of a few minutes, which he assigns to the superior currents of air changing the state of the floating vapors, by which the light is refracted. Between latitude fifteen degrees of the equator, he records having observed small tinted haloes around the planet Venus, the purple, orange and violet being distinctly perceptible, which was never the case with Sirius, Canopus, or Acherner. In the northern regions solar and lunar haloes are very common appearances, owing to the abundance of minute and highly crystallized spicula of ice floating in the atmosphere. The Arctic adventurers frequently mention the fall of icy particles during a clear sky and a bright sun, so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, and most readily detected by their melting upon the skin.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"



"What is that, mother?"

The dove, my son:

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.



"What is that mother?"

The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward and true to the line.



"What is that, mother?"

The swan, my love;

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die:
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

CROSSING THE PASS.

(See Plate.)

"I dread to cross that wild terrific pass!"
Fair Inez said, and half recoiling, shrank —
Even from her lover's close embracing arm;
brave Juan Perez. Juan soothed her fears,
And making light of danger, said to her,

"Our Lady of the Good Death safely guides
The feet of all who put their trust in her,
By ways more perilous than yonder ledge,
And over ghastlier gulfs than those we see."

Then outspake Manuel, the friend of Perez;
Gay-hearted he, and active in all sports
That task the thews of manhood. None could throw
The lasso with a more unerring aim,
When mounted on his fiery steed he chased
The wild herds of the Pampas. None could touch
The light guitar with a more delicate grace;
Nor tempt, with livelier strains, at eventide
The dark-eyed maidens to come forth and dance
The famed cachuca, where quick feet beat time
To the sharp clatter of the castanet.
Such was the joyous life of Manuel Rey,
He loved so many he could wed with none.

"Fair Donna Inez," said he, "well I know,
Yon slender shelf of road men's hands have hewn
By daring labor from a wall of rock,
O'erhangs a yawning gulf whose black profound
No line hath fathomed; yet the steadfast feet
Of our good mules, if left to their own will,
Shall bear us safely to the vale beyond."

"And in that valley, dearest," Juan said,
"Nestles, among embowering orange groves,
The home where my fond mother waits to clasp
A new found daughter in her widowed arms."

"And there, too, in the rainy season, dwells
One Manuel Rey, a careless good for naught,"
Said Juan's laughing friend. "The constant plague
Of the dear lady, and that gallant youth
Who lives for love and has all faith in love;
And whose bright eyes are speaking now to yours,
Fair Donna Inez." Then a sudden light
Flashed for a moment o'er the maiden's face,
Pensive, but lovely. "Let us on!" she said.
And Manuel, moving foremost up the pass,
Seized his guitar and play'd with reckless ease,
Reclining on his mule, the sweetest airs,
To cheer the timid Inez. She following then
By Juan's side, and clinging to his breast,
Spoke not a word, but shuddering clomb'd the hill,
Holding her breath that not a single sound
Should mar the steady footsteps of her mule.
And thus she rode, in fear, but larger hope,
Along the verge of that tremendous gulf,
Until the downward slope was overcome,
And through green vistas gleamed the sunny vale
With Juan's home embowered in orange groves.

TAKING TOLL.

(See Plate "Antimonial Wine.")

[The following story, which has in it more of truth than fiction, is taken from "Lights and Shadows of Real Life," by T. S. Arthur, published in this city by J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth street. The graphic illustration, which we give in this number of the Home Magazine, is also taken from that volume.]

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster, in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijohn. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's with the inquiry—

"Have you any common wine?"

"How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes; I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith.

The demijohn was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes, or so. As he stepped into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijohn was a little in his way, and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones—

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O! certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijohn was left in the lady's care.

Some time afterwards Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention, was the strange demijohn.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.

"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q—?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has here?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijohn. "It feels heavy."

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips. "Bring me a glass."

"O! no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no! Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as

guiltless of grape juice as a dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine, that; only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation he said to the keeper of the store—

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijohn of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making it into antimonial wine."

"O! certainly," replied the store-keeper. "Here, Tom!" and he called for his boy.

Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him—"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijohn again. The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspread his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily, from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How sick I feel! Send for the doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel sick?"

"O! yes. As sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the doctor instantly, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one direction and then in another, and finally, after telling the boy to run for the doctor, called Jane, her single domestic, and started her on the same errand.

Off sprung Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately, the doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his profession would permit, armed with a stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of

Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"O! doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? What have you taken?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There," said the doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down, to take the place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel any better now?" inquired the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning, with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger is past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the doctor.—"Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him—

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison?"

"What?"

"Poison!"

"Who! Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor has taken it all out of his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The doctor was still by his side.

"Ah! my friend," said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demi-john."

"That wasn't antimonial wine!"

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No!"

"Why the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know any thing about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The doctor arose from the bedside, and Mr. Jones exclaimed,

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other, doubtfully.

"Good-day," said the doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence. "But don't say any thing about it! Don't for the world!"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a teetotaller."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now, good bye: the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotallers, the story of his taking toll was all over the town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

A PRAYER.

O, that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry.
O, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part.

PROPENSITIES AND WAYS OF LIONS.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand, and peculiarly striking. It consists, at times, of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third and fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three or four more singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of those nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and enclosed within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches which I am regaled with, as the sweetest and most natural which I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly, as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright, sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that, when two strange male lions meet at a fountain, a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day, he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree, or wide-spreading bush, with the level forest, or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, occurring in lowly valleys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact, connected with the lion's hour of drinking, peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their watering until late in the

morning; and, when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and, although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as an outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and, four or five times during the proceeding, he pauses, for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire.

SLANG WORDS.

Miss Leslie, one of the most gifted and pleasing authors of our country, reads the following lecture to her sex, in her work entitled "The Behavior Book." We shall be glad to see her suggestions more generally attended to, even among those considered as of the "higher circles."

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap, in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,' in saying of a man, whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such words as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night, I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him?' Its coarse and ill sounding name is worthy of the dance.

"We have little tolerance for young ladies who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substituted coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence) and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by using slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? Surely not from low companions? We have heard of one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk; also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to do a thing unwilling, she 'was brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half-a-dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, and one who boasted of always having 'lived in society.'"

CITY SCENES--NO. 1.



THE ITALIAN CHESTNUT MAN.

The man who sells Italian chestnuts at the corner, hot from his curious roasting machine, is no ingenious Yankee. There is something too primitive about his whole establishment to leave room for such an inference. No; both himself and calling are recent importations from Italy or France. How patiently he stands, all day long, cutting and roasting his chesnuts; and, occa-

sionally, waiting on his customers, mainly of the class juvenile, whose patronage, in the way of eatables, is of no trifling importance.

Our artist, in sketching the Chestnut Man, has introduced a ludicrous scene, which needs not a word of explanation to make it fully understood. In fact, to attempt description, would be like gilding fine gold.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
MORMON PREACHERS.

The Boston Herald, in announcing the death of Elder G. Adams, a Mormon Preacher, says:—"On his second visit to Boston, the Elder preached, baptized converts, whipped a newspaper editor, and played a star engagement at the National Theatre. He was industrious and filled up all his time. We have a fund of anecdotes concerning this strange mortal, which we shall be glad to print at some other time. We close this article by briefly advertizing to the chastisement he gave an editor for strongly criticising his performance of Richard III. The office of the editor was in Washington street, where Propellor now keeps. Adams armed himself with a cowhide, and watched his victim. Soon the unsuspecting fellow came down stairs, and Adams sprang

upon him, exclaiming, 'The Lord has delivered thee into my hands, and I shall give thee forty stripes, save one. Scripture measure. Brother Graham, keep tally.' So saying, he proceeded to lay on the punishment with hearty good-will. In the meantime, a large crowd had gathered around the avenging priest and the delinquent. When the tally was up, Adams left the man and addressed the crowd as follows:—'Men and brothers, my name is Elder George G. Adams, preacher of the everlasting gospel. I have chastised my enemy. I go this afternoon to fulfil an engagement at the Providence Theatre, where I shall play one of Shakspeare's immortal creations. I shall return to this city at the end of the week, and will, by Divine permission, preach three times next Sabbath on the immortality of the soul, the eternity of matter, and in answer to the question, Who is the Devil? May grace and peace be with you. Amen.' "

AN EGERAN CHALICE.

"If he already see what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-seeing view."
Fuller Ossoli.

Tell me, O friend, what shall I name this heart,
Which oft o'erflows to thee in hours of sadness—
Which finds a flood of sunshine where thou art,
A living fount of joy and gushing gladness?

Itself might say, a plain, close-lidded urn,
Filled with old Syrmian of a vintage richer
Than beauteous Eos ever did out-turn,
In dawning radiance, from her classic pitcher.

But thou!—a wreath of silvery morning dew
Which night's jet wing to crystals hath been
fanning,

In reflex warmth exhaled, till meets thy view,
A rainbow-bridge the ether concave spanning;

While from that concave, beams of burning stars
Drop to chill earth, as the oak drops its berries—
Thence to arise in gentle, twin-formed prayers,
The sainted incense soul to soul that ferries?

Or, is it but a simple violet-bloom,
Sometimes of white, yet oftener colors panned;
Breathing dirge-incense now from out its tomb,
Now mingling hues and perfumes, as 'twere
frenzied?

Oh may it grow in magnitude and worth,
Until it be of anthem-volume—lowly—
Yet gathering rights from its supernal birth,
Till it shall fill thine own! cathedral holy!

Paint, then, thy frescoes with no careless hand,
Though but a hand's breadth thou at once
may'st ponder;
And it shall grow the temple of the land,
Of future ages the fond lore and wonder.

E. B. B.

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I am lonely, I am weary,
Would you know the reason why?
'Tis not that the day is dreary,
Not that clouds o'erhang the sky.
No. The April sun is beaming
Warm and genial as 'twere May,
Earth and air in beauty teeming
Woo my spirit to the gay.

This new home is very cheerful,
Husband, children—all are here;
Yet my eyes are sometimes tearful,
Tearful for old memories dear.

By my window I am sitting,
Gazing out upon the street;
Thousands to and fro are flitting,
No familiar glance I meet.

Ah! I miss the birds and flowers
Of the home I've left behind—
Miss the hill-tops and the bowers,
Miss the odor-wafting wind.
This is not the same old carpet
Upon which we danced at night,
These are not the time-worn curtains
Which shut out the summer light.

All is changed, e'en to the table
Where I scribbled rhymes of old,
That was cherry, this is marble—
Ah! 'tis marble, hard and cold.

This soft seat of yielding cushion,
This is not my worn old chair
Where I rocked my babes to slumber
With a mother's patient care.

But I will not sigh in sadness,
Will not let my heart grow cold,
Soon 'twill throb again with gladness,
Soon these new things will be old.
Kind and genial hearts are hov'ring
O'er life's pathway everywhere;
They will come and render sacred,
Carpet, curtain, table, chair.

Flowers of love will spring in beauty
To my fancy on the street,
If the dusty paths are trodden
Daily by familiar feet.
If I scatter seeds of kindness,
Here and there, as best I may,
Roses, fragrant as the old ones,
Soon will cheer the lonely way.

Home so loved—old friends so treasured—
Half my heart I'll give to you;
Half I'll keep in good condition,
Warm and lighted for the new.
I may drop a tear of sorrow
For the past—the far away,
While I'm pilfering from to-morrow,
Smiles and sunshines for to-day.

Ohio Cultivator.

LOVE.

From the cradled lull by the hearthstone,
To the coffined lull in the cloid,
O! is it for man to be happy
Hither side of the City of God?

Though gold bath the glittering promise,
And we seek it far and near,
Not gold from the streets of Heaven
Could pave a Paradise here.

And fame, that to young ambition
Has a voice of thundering roll,
ends a bolt with its flash of glory—
Where it strikes, it blasts the soul.

All the joys of this dark existence
Keep fading, one by one,
Before the approaching death-dawn,
Like the stars before the sun.

Oh! is there for man no pleasure
That will bloom for ever here,
And, transplanted to Eden, flourish
In that celestial sphere?

Yes, love! love, that gives to the spirit
Wings fluttering to aspire;
Love, that makes our human heartstrings
The chords of an angel's lyre.

Yes, love! love, that skies the summer bluer,
And paints the leaves more green;
That knows what the wild bees whisper,
And feels what the bird-songs mean.

Yes, love! that weaves wings of the blossoms,
To winnow the fragrant air;
That wraps in a white-cloud mantle,
And climbs the cerulean stair.

Love is always, always climbing;
It belongs in Heaven above;
O! our souls are wafted Godward
In every kiss of love! COATES-KINNEY.

PLANS OF LIFE AND MEANS OF SUCCESS.

BY G. S. WEAVER.

[From "Hopes and Helps for the Young," published by Fowlers & Wells, the following excellent article is taken.]

Every youth should be educated, whatever is to be his trade or profession. There is no honorable calling in life that may not engage the interest and attention of a whole mind, and be adorned and made attractive by the productions of a cultivated intellect.

If a young man is to follow agricultural pursuits, he should be educated for it. His education should be shaped to it. His mind should be fully trained, and its powers developed in the direction of their life pursuit. He should be made familiar with all the natural sciences, such as Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and the natural history, character, and physiology of animals; for their breathing forms are all about him, and through his life he must have to do with them. His food, his drink, his dress, his all are within them, and he must draw them out. The touchstone of his knowledge must be applied to their dead and living forms, that he, his wife and children, may be surrounded with the comforts and luxuries of life.

With Astronomy, Physiology, mental and moral Philosophy, and the rudiments at least of a thorough mathematical education, he should be made acquainted; for these he needs every day in the care of his family, and in his business transactions with the world. His course of studies, his mental training, should be directed with a wise reference to his avocation. Not only his success, but the happiness and usefulness of both himself and family, depend upon it.

Again, not only his mind, but his hand should be educated for his life's avocation. His physical powers should be made not only strong and vigorous, but should be strictly and practically educated for his profession, so that mind and body will act together for the accomplishment of his end in life. A quack farmer is like a quack at anything else. And an agricultural theorist, unsupported by practice, is like a theorist anywhere, a mere puff of wind.

Similar remarks may be applied to youth who have designed to fill any of the honorable callings in which men fulfil their earthly destinies.

First of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done, it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success.

A man or woman with no business, nothing to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colors; vam-

pires, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth. Learn in your heart to despise their course of life.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they cannot, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them.

Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a *single object*. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random a hundred things and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons. The chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

When the two objects, business and character, as the great end of life, are fairly before a youth, what then? Why, he must attain those objects. Will wishes and prayers bring them into his hands? By no means. He must work as well as wish, labor as well as pray. His hand must be as stout as his heart, his arm as strong as his head. Purpose must be followed by action, words by blows. And these must be repeated "from morn till night, from youth till hoary age." "Continual dropping wears a stone." So persevering labor gains our objects. Perseverance is the virtue wanted, a lion-hearted purpose of victory. It is this that builds, constructs, accomplishes what is great, good, and valuable.

Perseverance built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, erected the gorgeous temple at Jerusalem, reared the seven-hilled city, inclosed in adamant the Chinese empire, scaled the stormy, cloud-capped Alps, opened a highway through the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, levelled the forests of a new world, and reared in its stead a community of states and nations. It has wrought from the marble block the exquisite creations of genius, painted on the canvas the gorgeous mimicry of nature, and engraved on metallic surface the viewless substance of the shadow.

It has put in motion millions of spindles, winged as many flying shuttles, harnessed a thousand iron steeds to as many freighted cars, and set them flying from town to town and nation to nation, tunneled mountains of granite and annihilated space with the lightning's speed. It has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred nations, navigated every sea and ex-

plored every land. It has reduced Nature in her thousand forms to as many sciences, taught her laws, prophesied her future movements, measured her untrodden spaces, counted her myriad hosts of worlds, and computed their distances, dimensions, and velocities.

But greater still are the works of perseverance in the world of mind. What are the productions of science and art compared with the splendid achievements won in the human soul? What is a monument of constructive genius compared with the living domes of thought, the sparkling temples of virtue, and the rich, glory-wreathed sanctuaries of religion, which perseverance has wrought out and reared in the souls of the good? What are the toil-sweated productions of wealth piled in vast profusion around a Girard, or a Rothschild, when weighed against the stores of wisdom, the treasures of knowledge, and the strength, beauty and glory with which this victorious virtue has enriched and adorned a great multitude of minds during the march of a hundred generations?

How little can we tell, how little know, the brain-sweat, the heart-labor, the conscience-struggles which it cost to make a Newton, a Howard, or a Channing! how many days of toil, how many nights of weariness, how many months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, were spent to perfect in them what the world has bowed to in reverence! Their words have a power, their names a charm, and their deeds a glory. How came this wealth of soul to be theirs? Why are their names watchwords of power set high on the temple of fame? Why does childhood hush them in reverence, and age feel a thrill of pleasure when they are mentioned?

They were the sons of Perseverance—of unremitting industry and toil. They were once as weak and helpless as any of us; once as destitute of wisdom, virtue and power as an infant. Once the very alphabet of that language which they have wielded with such magic effect, was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, to get its sounds, understand its dependencies, and longer still to obtain the secret of its highest charm and mightiest power, and yet even longer for those living, glorious thoughts which they bade it bear to an astonishing and admiring world.

Their characters, which are now given to the world, and will be to millions yet unborn, as patterns of greatness and goodness, were made by that untiring perseverance which marked their whole lives. From childhood to age they knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions; dangers gave them courage; the sight of great labors inspired in them corresponding exertions. So it has been with all men and all women who have been eminently successful in any profession or calling in life. Their success has been wrought out by persevering industry.

Successful men owe more to their perseverance than to their natural powers, their friends, or the favorable circumstances around them. Genius will falter by the side of labor; great powers will yield to great industry. Talent is desirable, but perseverance is more so. It will make mental powers, or, at least, it will strengthen those al-

ready made. Yes, it will make mental power. The most available and successful kind of mental power is that made by the hand of cultivation.

It will also make friends. Who will not befriend the persevering, energetic youth, the fearless man of industry? Who is not a friend to him who is a friend to himself? He who perseveres in business and hardships, and discouragements, will always find ready and generous friends in every time of need. He who perseveres in a course of wisdom, rectitude, and benevolence, is sure to gather around him friends who will be true and faithful. Honest industry will procure friends in any community and any part of the civilized world.

Go to the men of business, of worth, of influence, and ask them who shall have their confidence and support. They will tell you, the men who falter not by the wayside, who toil on in their callings, against every barrier, whose eye is bent upward, and whose motto is "Excelsior." These are the men to whom they give their confidence. But they shun the lazy, the indolent, the fearful and faltering. They would as soon trust the wind as such men.

If you would win friends, be steady and true to yourself; be the unflinching friend of your own purposes, stand by your own character, and others will come to your aid. Though the earth quake and the Heavens gather blackness, be true to your course and yourself. Quail not, nor doubt of the result; victory will be yours. Friends will come. A thousand arms of strength will be bared to sustain you.

First, be sure that your trade, your profession, your calling in life is a good one—one that God and goodness sanctions; then be true as steel to it. Think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it; throw your mind, might, strength, heart and soul into your actions for it, and success will crown you her favored child. No matter whether your object be great or small, whether it be the planting of a nation or a patch of potatoes, the same perseverance is necessary. Everybody admires an iron determination, and comes to the aid of him who directs it to good.

It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead Him or be silent! If you have the capacity for a higher station, take it. What hinders you? How many men would love to go to sleep beggars, and wake up Rothschilds or Astors? How many would fain go to bed dunces, to be waked up Solomons? You reap what you have sown. Those who have sown dunce-seed, vice-seed, laziness-seed, usually get a crop. They that sow the wind reap a whirlwind.

Work is the order of this day. The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters and tires; but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon man wears off the laurels. The last blow finishes the nail.

Men must learn to labor and to wait, if they would succeed. Brains grow by use as well as hands. The greatest man is the one who uses his brains the most, who has added most to his natural stock of power. Would you have fleetest feet? Try them in the race. Would you have

stronger minds? Put them at rational thinking. They will grow strong by action. Would you have greater success? Use greater and more rational and constant efforts. Does competition trouble you? Work away; what is your competitor but a man? Are you a coward, that you shrink from the contest? Then you ought to be beaten.

Is the end of your labors a long way off? Every step takes you nearer to it. Is it a weary distance to look at? Ah, you are faint-hearted! That is the trouble with the multitude of youth. Youth are not so lazy as they are cowardly. They may bluster at first, but they won't "stick it out." Young farmer, do you covet a homestead, nice and comfortable, for yourself and that sweet one of your day-dreams? What hinders that you should not have it? Persevering industry, with proper economy, will give you the farm. A man can get what he wants if he is not faint-hearted.

Youth, learn this lesson: *All real good is on the mountain-top—you must go up there to get it.* The greater the good the higher the mount which it crowns; and the longer and greater the efforts necessary to secure it.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

BY CULMA CROLY.

NUMBER ONE.

"I would be,
In maiden meditations, fancy free."

Those words came from your lips with an easy grace, light-hearted Lizzie, as you stood, yesterday, at sunset, leaning upon the old stone-wall under the apple-tree. You plucked a white rose, and gave it with the quotation, and a roguish smile, to somebody who had come up to the other side of the wall, to talk to you about something. Who was it? I saw the shadow of a Kossuth hat on the grass-plat, and had my guesses as to the ownership of a somewhat aquiline nose which appeared in faint outline beneath it. But no matter. "Old maids always have so much curiosity," you will say. You did not remember that aunty had been turning the household linen which lay bleaching on the grass, and was picking a few green currants to be used as "sauce," the next morning. If you had thought of it, I suppose you would have spoken a little lower, and then I should have lost the benefit of a very edifying sermon that I preached to myself, from the text you gave me.

Were I to repeat to you that self-same homily upon youthful giddiness, coquetry, and faults of a kindred though darker nature, you would run away. So I will only say that a certain Kossuth hat, rather the worse for wear, covers a head steady and strong enough to guide a wilder nature than yours; and that a truer heart never beat, than one over which a certain faded green jacket is buttoned. But I may have been mistaken in a twilight shadow; and you are "ower young" yet. Experience is the only preacher who will really arrest your attention. Depend upon it, he will make you listen to him, though he spin out his "fifthlies" and "sixthlies" to the most wearisome length.

"Fancy free!" What idea does that give you, Lizzie? I suppose it would be as hard for you to tell, as for the bob-o-link to translate the crazy carol he sang just now, on the bars of the clover-field. And it is well so. The romance of youth is mere gossamer, that disappears at the touch of any but a fairy's finger. Yet in some hearts it lingers long, with its rainbow-colored haze. I think, dear, that the heart need never grow old. Nay, I have myself felt—pshaw! you hint, by that sidelong glance, that it is as unbecoming for an old maid to be sentimental, as it would be for her to curl her gray hair in long ringlets, or wear a wreath of rose-buds on her wrinkled forehead. Well, girls will be girls! I will not quarrel about it now; but one of these days, when cares of which you do not dream begin to dampen your spirit, we will see what old body has a warm corner in her heart for one with whose troubles she sympathizes, as she once shared her thoughtlessness.

Gone, Lizzie, are you?—humming playfully, as you fly, Holmes' sarcastic words, "My aunt, my dear unmarried aunt." Then I am at liberty to think aloud as much as I please; and no unkind thoughts shall go after you, although you are a little heedless. You are not alone in imagining old maids about as susceptible to feeling of any kind, as a cooking-stove or a vinegar-jug might be.

Glad am I to see the young happy, though my worried nerves do now and then jar at the sound of boisterous laughter, particularly when it betrays heartlessness. Not that I am unhappy. Oh! no! But happiness comes to my heart in a quiet way, as a calm lake is fed by summer rain-drops, or by some noiseless spring far down out of sight. These younger ones will call nothing pleasure unless it comes dashing and flashing around them, like a water-fall that swells the streamlet for a few brief days, then leaves it dry and bare. I know well that they must soon let the sparkling spray subside into still waters, and enjoy the peace of their own souls, or enjoy nothing. But they will not believe it, without many hard lessons.

"Fancy free." Free for what? To be a heartless flirt—to torment those who love you—to load your life with unwholesome fruits for the canker-worms of repentance to riot among, in the weary future? No—no! the claim of duty is always around you; silken if you are willing to wear it—if you try to break it, made of hardest iron.

If you are a poor girl, you are not free to grumble about washing dishes, nor to sigh for silk dresses and velvet mantillas;—nor to be always frowning upon your little brothers, while you keep your smiles to wear with your best gown, Sundays and Independence Days. If you are a rich one, you are not free to waste your time in dressing and feasting, nor to think that money makes you better than your waiting-maid, nor to dance with a bad man, because he wears fine broadcloth and is the son of a senator.

But you are far better off, because you cannot innocently do these things. Among what are ignorantly called the "weak things of this world," few are more powerful than the influence of an

amiable young girl. No matter whether her features are Roman, Grecian, or Yankee, if she is good, she can work miracles of love. She can make a tired father realize that the world is not merely a huge shelf for day-books and ledgers; she can convince a toiling mother that there is something more than bread and butter to live for; she can make her home, though it be a log-cabin in the midst of a stump-field, seem to the little ones, who call her sister, like a Paradise, and themselves, playing in it, cherubs for happiness. Is not the freedom to do all this, worth enjoying?

"Fancy free." I have been ambling carelessly around the poet's meaning; but then no exposition was intended; nothing more than to utter the meditation into which my thoughts ran "of their own sweet will."

The sentiment, "my heart is free," has been given to the white rose. And to be like that flower is the purest wish maiden could cherish. Free to bloom upon its native bush with brilliant and yet delicate loveliness, sending out its fragrance upon the wings of every benevolent breeze; but, broken off, its leaves darkening and withering at every breath, it becomes a worthless, blighted thing. So, in the heart's garden, that alone is beautiful which is natural and pure.

NUMBER TWO.

"Handsome is that handsome does."

There is a great deal of comfort, as well as wisdom, in some of those old saws which have been floating about so long, that for aught we know, they may have drifted from the hulk of Noah's ark. Patent medicines are they for mental ailments—magical and universal remedies—as are the Mustang Liniment and Sugar-coated Pills to those who believe in them, and the newspapers.

But it needs faith to make any panacea work well. All my life-time have I been trying to apply the above aphorism as a plaster to my natural defects. I mean, my unnatural ugliness. Alas! the plaster will not always adhere, let self-love bind it ever so tightly.

It has always appeared to me a wrong, or, at least, a mistake, that I happened to be so homely. I should have supposed myself a beauty, had I never looked into a mirror. When a child, my thoughts were very beautiful. Angels and fairies were my little heart's playmates. They looked up at me from the flowers, and smiled down upon me from the clouds. One unlucky day, it came into my head to wonder if there were really a resemblance between those beautiful faces and my own. I had taken it for granted before, but now I wanted to be convinced. So I climbed upon a table, to look into the great gilded parlor looking-glass. Oh, dear! Did those uncouth features belong to me? My terror and grief were so great, that I fell forward, crushing the mirror into atoms. From that moment was I assured of a fact which others have again and again confirmed. It is, that if ever I was the possessor of outward beauty, it has all struck in.

I ran screaming to my mother. "What is the matter, dear," said she, gently, "are you hurt?"

"Yes," I answered, sobbing, "my face hurts me dreadfully. What does make it look so?"

She kissed me, sighed, and only said, "Never mind, my child; 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

After this discovery, I never felt quite at home with myself. The beautiful forms that haunted my imagination seemed to point their finger at me. There was a black spot in my sunshine. It was the shadow of my own ugly face.

I had a cherub of a sister, as handsome as I was ugly. We slept together, and I used to tell her what pretty things I saw when lying half awake in the morning: palaces, and fairy gardens, and winged boys flying all around. She would open wide her violet eyes, her cheeks blooming like pinks beneath them, and say, "How queer! But it cannot be true, for I never see such things." She liked to sew patch-work, and pare apples, and rock the cradle for mother, who looked upon her so pleasantly that I was jealous of my sister, because she could be handsome, and do handsomely too.

Then I would try to make myself also useful, that I might earn just such sweet smiles as she was paid with. But I fancied that my mother's look toward me was different from the one she gave my sister. It seemed to say, "Poor child! you cannot be pretty, so you must be good!"

I read Mrs. Child's story of the Fountain of Beauty; and how I wished that fountain were only on the top of Wachusett, or Monoduc, or even the highest of the White Mountains. I would go on a pilgrimage there, and no fairy troops should prevent me from bathing in it, though their wands were reversed and their wings crossed.

But I have now learned to be reconciled to my homeliness. When people look at me, and then turn suddenly away, as if the sight of my face had caused a sympathizing ache in theirs, like a sharp spasm of the tic-doloureux, I wonder if they are ever fretful, or sullen, or cruel, for I know that if they are, their hearts look much worse than my features.

"Homely as a hedge-fence," muttered a tall, comely girl, with a stare, as she brushed by me the other morning. Her sleeve was out at the elbow, and her stocking was out at the heel, and there were grease spots on her silk apron; so I did not care much for her criticism. A girl who cannot or will not mend her clothes, and keep them tidy, should not talk about beauty, for she does not come up to the old standard, "Handsome is that handsome does."

I have seen a young lady who pretended to be pursuing her education, spend the best hours of the day in trying the effect of new dresses, bonnets and ribbons upon her complexion, inwardly trusting to her pretty face for a passport in good society. I could foresee nothing but disappointment for her, since, in "good society," an aristocratic-looking tenement is expected to be well furnished; and sensible people profess to believe that "Handsome is as handsome does."

I have seen a young man, who might sit to a sculptor for an Adonis, endeavoring to ballast his light head with whiskers, mustachios, and a

cigar. I have looked to learn what else he might be capable of doing: but he was a fashionable, and above any useful occupation. So I set down his beauty for a sham, since "Handsome is that handsome *does*."

Ah, well! it is not doing handsomely to find fault with other people. Forbid the thought, that the ugliness of my face is spreading to my feelings! Let me rather believe that the beauty which is out of my countenance is in my heart, filling it to overflowing.

Perish, then—for ye must, bright eyes, cherry lips, and rosy cheeks. Your beauty is one of God's gifts, but short-lived as the roses of June, and only hints of that inmost feeling of beauty in which there is no taint of decay. The bloom of spiritual loveliness alone is immortal.

YOUNG AMERICA.

This phrase has its social as well as its political signification. Those who have associated it with certain feverish and reckless principles of progress, and seen it assumed as a badge by certain fiery politicians, will be scarcely prepared to find it the distinctive title of a strange and effeminate race of creatures by whom modern society is infested.

On a fine day, in Broadway, if we saunter along the dollar side, we will ere long behold a being of singular mien and nondescript character, coming towards us. Judging by the costume, which approximates somewhat to male attire, we should at a first glance pronounce this being to be a man. A second inspection, however, unsettles our first hasty conviction. None of the characteristics of the man are observable in its form or bearing. Its face is smooth and beardless, and in some instances characterized by great delicacy of feature. There is, however, an air of premature age and precocious vice visible in its countenance, that renders its beauty distasteful and repellant. It does not walk upright. It has a very large hat perched on its head, and it seems as if the weight of its head-gear bent its body forward. Its neck is entirely concealed by a huge rampart of coat-collar that rises in a massive bastion from its narrow shoulders. Its hands are invisible, being lost in the mighty sleeves, that look like those canvas pipes used for ventilating ships. Its legs are miraculous. One has often wondered in the fields to see the slender stem of the poppy supporting the heavy seed-head that nods so slumberously to and fro, and a like feeling of surprise now assails us at the manner in which the heavy head and bulkily dressed body of this singular being is sustained by the two slender and reed-like members which the courtesy of society denominates legs. With a little stick stuck up one of its wide sleeves, tight shoes upon its little feet, its hat at an angle of forty-five degrees, this curious variation of the human race trots along the pavement, nodding to ladies, smiling to other beings of its own species, and evidently perfectly satisfied that it is acquitting itself in the most admirable manner of all the duties of life. The race, of which the being we have described is a type, are called in common parlance "Young America."

Their pursuits and enjoyments are not, however, always as innocent and harmless as their afternoon performance on the dollar side of Broadway. Late at night, after the theatres have been closed, and honest people are a-bed, we will find the up-town drinking-saloons crowded with these creatures, quaffing doctored brandy, spending money that is not their own, and boasting of vicious exploits, which, happily for society, are generally inventions of their own purient imaginations.

One would scarcely imagine that from such puny bodies and girlish mouths so much blasphemy and infamous language could issue as we will hear if we stay a few moments to listen to the conversation of such a group. Everything that society regards as sacred and holy is defiled by allusions whose vulgarity is not even once redeemed by an approach to wit. Fathers are spoken of disrespectfully. Friends are scoffed at for being less advanced in infamy than themselves. The names of maidens whose purity one might have supposed would have preserved them from the insults of such creatures, are bandied from mouth to mouth with gross jests and grosser boasts. Everything that youth should not know is vauntingly displayed—everything that youth should not say is vulgarly and vilely spoken. To use the vigorous language of an English author of promise, we wonder to see combined in these creatures "all the effeminacy of a girl with all the viciousness of a gladiator." It is with a sentiment of profound melancholy that we behold so unmanly and improvident a race of citizens springing up among us. The number of the class is increasing every day, and their extravagances keep pace with their numbers. The origin of all this is easily traceable to the blind indulgence of New York fathers. These boys, from their earliest years, are thrust into society, furnished with plenty of means to gratify their worst desires; and the result is a race of boys who, for viciousness, effeminacy, and absurdity of appearance, are not to be paralleled in the whole world.

If the traveller, who paid a brief visit to our city, were to derive his impressions of our population from the specimens of this race which, if he went into fashionable society, he would be sure to meet in large numbers, his account of New York gentlemen, when he returned to his own country, would be strangely colored. He would say that the gentleman of New York was a strange hybrid between youth and age—depraved in morals, vulgar in sentiment, narrow in intellect, and stunted in growth. He would say this boy-man's conceptions of the duties of life were limited to drinking, dancing, dressing, gambling, and spending money. That he was disrespectful to his parents, irreverent to his God, and regardless of every moral obligation. In short, that the young blood to which every country looks as the staple of her future existence, is, with us, tainted and corrupted beyond all hope of cure.

The fathers of New York, we repeat, are to blame. If they were less indulgent and more strict, their sons would have a different bearing. With us, boys are placed at an early age in re-

sponsible positions—but the fact of holding an office of trust need not sever that wholesome relationship between father and son which should exist at least until the principles of the latter were rightly formed. If these youths would spend their spare hours at the gymnasium, instead of the drinking saloon, and improve their minds with study instead of attending balls at a preposterously early age, and dancing and dissipating their young constitutions away, we might hope to have a population of young gentlemen that we could be proud of. As it is, we are heartily ashamed of them, and wish, sincerely, that we could make them ashamed of themselves.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE HOLY PLACES.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* furnishes the following interesting account of the "Holy Places," which is translated by the Boston Traveller:—

For some months these three words have formed the pivot of European politics. Few persons, however, know their real meaning. At the present moment, it is important to understand them. They signify, literally, the sanctuaries, churches, or chapels, which have been constructed upon the places where the principal events in the life of Christ occurred.

There are Holy Places, not only at Jerusalem—about the Holy Sepulchre, which for many ages have been the object of the veneration of Christian people—but at Nazareth, at Bethlehem, at Shechem, at Cana, at Tiberias, Mount Olivet, at Gethsemane, at Tabor, and at Sebus-tech (Samaria). As to the sanctuaries, many of them have perished under the effects of time, and it is only in the midst of their ruins that pilgrims seek pious associations. Thus, the church which Helena caused to be built over Jacob's Well at Shechem, where Christ had the memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria, no longer presents any other objects of regard than the face of a wall or a broken pillar. The same may be said of the Church of the Transfiguration, at Mount Tabor.

Besides, the Mussulmans have seized, by stratagem or by violence, some of the sanctuaries not the least renowned in Christian antiquity. The Church of the Presentation, built by the Emperor Justinian, within the grounds of the Temple, has been usurped for the purpose of a mosque. The Mussulmans have also destroyed the Church of the Holy Apostles, upon Mount Zion, built in the 14th century, in the most beautiful gothic style, by the Franciscans. This church was held in high veneration, because it enclosed within its walls the spots where the sacrament of the Eucharist was instituted, where Christ triumphed over the incredulity of Thomas, and where the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost. The process by which the Mussulmans effected the usurpation of this church is worthy of being stated. A Turkish monk, who had often extorted money from the Franciscans by threatening to convert the Church of the Apostles into a mosque, entered the church, one day, with a company of fanatics, and commenced the perversion of

it by performing his devotions there. This was in the year 1527, soon after the conquest of the Ottomans. The church is now in a ruined and desolate condition. The Mussulmans have likewise converted into a mosque the sanctuary of the Ascension, upon the mount of Olives. The enclosure, of an octagon form, and in the Roman style, remains, although it has been materially reduced in height. An elegant edifice, of white marble, in the centre, indicates the spot from whence the Saviour ascended to Heaven.

The Roman Catholics possess, exclusively, four sanctuaries, viz.:—1. The Grotto and Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth. This grotto still bears traces of the restorations, which were executed by order of the mother of Constantine. The church was built by the Franciscans. 2. The Antique Church at Tiberias, called the Vocation of St. Peter. 3. The Church of the Flagellation, restored in 1826 by the Franciscans. 4. The Grotto of the Agony at Gethsemane. The schismatic Greeks possess only the little Church of Cana of Galilee, where the miracle of changing water into wine was wrought.

The Holy Places which are common to the Christian communions, and which are now subjects of controversy, are three in number, namely, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem; the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, said to have been built by the Empress Helena, which still bears traces of its Grecian origin, and is alleged to be the most chaste architectural building now remaining in Palestine; and the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin, at Gethsemane.

In describing these sanctuaries, about which the East is now divided, and which threaten the peace of Europe, we begin naturally with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most important and the most venerable of the Christian sanctuaries in Palestine. The Christian sects which have privileges in the interior of this church, are the Greeks, the Armenians, the Copts, the Abyssinians, and the Syrians. The monks and friars of these various communions occupy places and convents within the precincts of the church, to a greater or less extent. These monks guard the Holy Places by day and night. The Catholics are represented by the Franciscan monks, French, Italian and Spanish.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre can only be entered by a single door. The door is guarded by Turkish soldiers, who allow no one to enter without first taxing him for the privilege. These soldiers have a divan in the vestibule of the church. The admission fee received of pilgrims, amounts annually to about twenty thousand francs. This revenue is allowed to six Mussulman families, who are established at Jerusalem, and who probably relinquish a part of the income to the Turkish Pasha.

The edifice comprises three churches; that of the Holy Sepulchre, properly so called, the most vast, the most celebrated, and which encloses the tomb of Christ; that of Calvary, built upon the rock which sustained the Cross; and that of the Invention of the Cross, raised in the place where St. Helena is said to have recovered the instrument of the redemption. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has experienced numerous

vicissitudes. Founded by Constantine; it was devastated and ruined by the invasion of Chosroes, King of Persia, under the reign of Heraclius; raised again by the munificence of the emperors of Byzantium and the donations of the Popes; sacked by the conquering Arabs, Kurds, Mamelukes, and Ottomans; and well nigh destroyed from top to bottom during the siege of Damietta by the Crusaders. The Saracens, enraged at the misfortunes in which the western expeditions had involved them, had resolved not to leave the slightest vestige of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre remaining. The prayers and the money of the Christians of Palestine appeased their anger, however, and prevented the intended profanation. After all these vicissitudes, the church still presents the character of the primitive style employed in its construction. The massive pillars, the majestic arches, of Byzantine architecture, are still preserved.

In order to appreciate the nature of the rights claimed by the different Christian communions to the different sanctuaries united in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is necessary to recur to the period preceding the fire of 1808, which destroyed a part of the Cupola. Whether that fire was lighted by the malice of the Greeks, or whether it was the result of accident, it is certain that the Greeks obtained from the Musselman authorities permission to make repairs at their own expense, and that they profited by the occasion to consummate serious and numerous encroachments. The actual state of things which has excited the complaint of the Franciscan monks, and which has led to the interferences of the French government, dates really from 1808. Neither government, since that period, has taken any effectual steps towards a change. Before that the rights of the Latins (Roman Catholics) were guaranteed by the capitulation of 1740, when important restitutions had been made, upon the claims of France, to the Catholics, who had complained of the encroachments of the Greeks. And it was not the first time that such usurpations had taken place, and that the Turkish authorities had rendered justice to the Latins.

Before the fire of 1808, the Latins possessed, in the Church of the Sepulchre, the Sepulchre and Altar opposite the tomb; the Stone of Uncion on which the body of Christ was washed before being enshrouded; the place of the Appearance of the Angel to the Holy Women; the place of the Appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene; the Chapel of the Crucifixion; the place where the Virgin and St. John stood at the time of the Crucifixion; and the Seven Arches of the Virgin, contiguous to the Chapel of the Appearance. And besides these, they, in common with the Greeks, possessed the Chapel of the Invention of the Holy Cross. The Greeks possessed the Prison where Christ was confined during the preparations for the Crucifixion; the place where the Redeemer was elevated upon the Cross; the Chapel of Adam; the Choir and the Sanctuary of the Church; and in common with the Latins, the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. The Armenians possessed the Chapel of St. Helena; the place where the friends of Jesus stood during the Passion; and the upper chapel in the Southern

gallery of the grand Cupola. The Syrians possessed the Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, and the chapel of the western vault. The Copts had the privilege of a chapel in the rear of the Holy Sepulchre. The Abyssinians possessed the place where the Centurion was seized with repentance after the Passion; the Chapel of the Improper, where Christ was crowned with thorns; and the place where the women stood who watched at the Saviour's tomb.

The privilege of possession is shown by the right of placing carpets and keeping the lamps in repair in the sanctuary possessed. This is the sign of religious ownership in the East. In certain places, notwithstanding the exclusive right of such or such a sect, other sects have a right to light the lamps. Thus, in former times, upon the Holy Sepulchre, forty-four lamps might be burnt—thirty by the Latins, and fourteen by other nations. Upon the stone of Uncion there were eight lamps, belonging to different communions. It is well understood, besides, that the pilgrims of all communions have access to all the sanctuaries.

The fire of 1808, as has been stated, was the starting point of the encroachments of the Greeks, who at that time usurped the Holy Sepulchre, the great Cupola, the Stone of Uncion, and the Seven Arches of the Virgin. As to the Holy Sepulchre, the Greeks do not oppose the celebration of the holy mysteries there by the faithful, but they reserve to themselves the maintenance of it, and the lighting of the lamps, which was formerly the prerogative of the Latins. The enjoyment of the great Cupola is left to all the different communions; but the Greeks assume the sole right of possession. The claims of the Franciscan monks extend, then, to the possession of the Monument of the Holy Sepulchre, the Cupola which covers it, the Stone of Uncion, the seven Arches of the Virgin, and the joint possession of the Chapel of Calvary. These are the claims which have been supported by the French Government and by Austria, and in respect to which, on the part of the Turkish Divan, contradictory decisions have been made.

It remains for us to indicate the relative claims to the tomb of the Virgin at Gethsemane, and to the Church of Bethlehem. The first, from time immemorial, has belonged to the Latins, though other sects have had altars there. The Greeks have invaded these Sanctuaries, and have interdicted the Catholics from celebrating the holy mysteries in them. The Latins have always protested against this usurpation.

TO A BRIDE.

Like these unfolding buds, may life unclosed
For thy young heart, soft tints of roseate bliss;
May all sweet hopes, long nurtured in repose,
Expand in beauty, as the cherished rose
Opens in fragrance 'neath the sun's warm kiss.
But life has many hues: be thine such use
As from each flower—the rich-hued and the pale;
To draw the sweetest, holiest, nectar-juice;
To pile the stores which Heaven doth ne'er refuse,
By that pure stream whose waters never fail!

ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

The following extract from an article in *Household Words*, contains facts which may be new to our readers, and illustrates the accuracy with which the useful arts are now conducted:—

"Most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature; for who ever dreamed that silk is adulterated?"

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge; well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and being very dear, and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently, when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterated matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration.

Eleven per cent is the natural quantity of moisture in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always much exceeded. Several samples of the article having been taken, from a bale, they are weighed in scales capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales equally delicate and true; one end of which, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to two hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with the weights, being enclosed within a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived; the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity. The natural eleven per cent. of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the parcels—after a most mathematical weighing—are boiled in soap and water for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot air chambers, subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now, that silk of the greatest purity has lost not only its eleven per cent. of moisture, but a further twenty-four per

cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk, the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk; its capability of being twisted round with great velocity, without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical. A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which, after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for a gros de Naples, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine before hand to what purpose he shall apply his silk."

FILIAL PIETY.

[A lady of our acquaintance says, that the following, from Mrs. Swissheim's "Letters to Country Girls," ought to be handsomely printed, framed, and hung up in the chamber of every young woman in the land.]

"What—another lecture?" Yes, girls, another lecture. I thought long ago that I should have to read to you a long one about minding your mothers. Of course you all know the divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," but very few obey it. An undutiful child is an odious character, yet few young people feel the affection for, and show the respect and obedience to their parents that are becoming, right, and beautiful. Did you ever sit and think about the anguish your mother endured to give you being? Did you ever recount the days and nights of care, toil, and anxiety you cost her? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to pay? If so, did you look sour and cross when she asked you to do any thing—did you ever vex, ever disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make your cheek burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that will be sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife and mother. The

feeling that enables any one to be unkind to a mother, will make her who indulges it wretched for life. If you should lose your mother, you can little dream how the memory of every unkind look or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother; and yet, thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me, shortly before she died, that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience; and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was her love that hid the faults and magnified all that was good. I know how many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care, that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all opportunities of rectifying mistakes or atoning for neglects.—Never, never lay past for yourself the memory of an unkindness to or neglect of your mother. If she is sick, how can you possibly get tired waiting upon her? How can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as you are. Wait upon her. If she wants her knitting, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to do something for her. Learn to comb her hair for her sometimes. It will make you love to be near her. Bring her a drink, fix her cap, pin on her kerchief, bring her shoes, get her gloves, or do some other little thing for her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. How I should love now to get down on the floor and put the stockings and shoes on mother's dear, fat, white feet, or to stand half an hour combing and toying with her soft, brown hair! Girls, you do not know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her. Nobody loves you, nobody ever will love you, as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love, do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

One thing: never call either "old man," or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus. This is rude, impudent and undutiful. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win, that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother. There are no conflicting interests between parent and child as between husband and wife. A child's duties are

much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daughter, may fail to be a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation, need never hope to fill another well. Be sure, then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret; and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret, and you should never feel disappointed or out of humor for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wished to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her. Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things and sit smilingly down with mother because she wishes it. But this letter is growing long, and my thoughts have wandered; so good night. Go and kiss mother as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child at her side.

THE UNMARRIED WOMAN; OR, FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

The solution of this problem seems to be as hopeless as that of the squaring of the circle, or the discovery of perpetual motion; but, not deterred by the seeming difficulty or the impossibility of the attempt, some inspired enthusiast ever and anon recurs to the subject, and exhausts the resources of memory, judgment, and imagination, in searching for an outlet to the wildering maze.

Women are very numerous, and female employments very few in number. There is also a strong prejudice against the employment of women in such operative labor as men have heretofore regarded as their own special province. Tailors, for instance, object to the employment of women in making male attire, as being an invasion of their own rights. The women regard this resistance as an act of tyranny on the part of the men; and the men, on the other hand, regard the female tailoring as a most injurious movement to themselves, tending to lower their value in the trade, and, consequently, their wages, since women can be found to work for one-half, or even one-fourth, and in many articles of dress, or parts of dress, to do the work as well.

In such a dilemma, who can reasonably blame either party? It is a struggle for life, for bread, for children, for home—for all that is dear to man and woman on this earth. It is a dilemma, and, therefore, a predicament in which both parties must be treated with indulgence. The cry of "tyrant" will not convince; it will rather disgust. The cry of "impudence" is equally unavailing. There is neither tyranny on the one hand nor impudence on the other; there is only want, or stern necessity, on both sides, that brings on an inevitable collision.

Time, however, that marvellous wonder-worker, gradually accomplishes what seems impossible to an age or generation, and what it

would ruin any headstrong adventurer singly to attempt. Women are gradually creeping into employments that at one time were considered discreditable to their sex, and the sole inheritance of ours. On the stage they now shine as brilliantly as men, though none could have imagined the possibility of this in the days of Shakspeare, when Desdemona was represented by a butcher's boy, whose chin the razor had not yet rasped. In literature, the pen of woman has lately made many brilliant and successful attempts; and in philosophy and art a few remarkable women of singular talent have established a precedent, and, at the same time, an encouragement to future generations of the fair sex in any department of mental cultivation whatever.

But it is the encouragement of unrewarded rather than of rewarded success. A woman may study and understand mathematics, but will she ever be rewarded with employment as a professor, as a civil engineer, or a land-surveyor? Is there any probability that she will ever make a living as well as a reputation by her superior knowledge of sines and tangents? No; she has only the mortification to think that a man of inferior knowledge will supersede her, for no other reason than because he is a man. But, even in this very fact of being a man, there is a fitness or suitability independent of knowledge; there is the hardihood of sex, which qualifies a man for bearing the world's buffets, the badinage of male associates, the rude opposition of male rivals; and this is no mean qualification in the field of rough competitive labor. So that, unless a woman be prepared at once to unsex herself, or, in other words, to conceal her sex—and this amounts to an impossibility for any woman of good repute in her native land—the access to these and innumerable other employments remains closed by a law so strict as to seem to be a law of Nature herself.

The employments in which women can with propriety persist and compete with men are those only which they can pursue alone, and which do not possess a corporate organization. A woman may paint, and expose her pictures in a public exhibition; a woman may write poetry and prose of every description, because she can cultivate the muses alone, without the necessity of coming into personal controversy with the other sex. The critic may assail, the reviewer may condemn, the public may neglect or not appreciate; but, still, the woman is personally unmolested, and unprovoked by any incivility insulting to her sex, or disparaging to its dignity.

It is otherwise, however, when woman acts as a member of the corporate society containing members of the other sex. As a member of the faculty of physicians, for instance, like Doctores Elizabeth Blackwell, of the United States, she may be required to meet in consultation a member of the medical faculty. Her patient is in danger; she fears the responsibility; the relatives are alarmed; in the multitude of counsellors they seek safety or consolation, and the female must consult with the male physician. She must expose to his criticism the treatment she has pursued. Here comes the tug of war. He is not only a rival in profession, but in sex. Like all

other men, he is sure to look with jealousy on the invasion of his manorial rights by woman. He has, no doubt, previously heard of the lady-physician's medical pretensions, and, in all probability, he has ridiculed and sneered at them; and it may be that he has even vowed to his brethren that, if ever he had the good fortune to meet her in consultation, he would severely put her skill to the test. He may be a gentleman, or he may not; he may be a man of refined or of unrefined manners. The faculty contains men of all sorts, as their various controversies have amply evinced, even in our own generation; and therefore we presume that it would require more than ordinary female resolution to withstand the collisions that would be certain to take place in pursuance of such a profession. The American ladies, however, seem determined to face them. Some have the courage, and many have the talent; and doubtless when once a phalanx of medical ladies is mustered, sufficient to keep one another in countenance, the profession will become a *fait accompli*, an established fact, to which the new generations of men will politely and gallantly submit. Society also will accept it with satisfaction, and wonder at the barbarism of an age like this, in which the diseases of women and children are confided to the care and the superintendence of that very sex which is especially unfitted, by its habits and customs, its feelings and impressions, to undertake the responsibility. Were the present system not already established, and the people unaccustomed merely to regard it as a fell necessity, the man who would propose its introduction into civilized society would be regarded as a monster too vile to be tolerated. The saloons would reject him; private society would be ashamed of him; his mother would regret that she had ever given birth to a son so unnatural. But custom is a second nature, and the indecency of one age and of one country is not even perceived by that of another; thus apparently showing that society may be reconciled to any thing that is not physically painful or morally insulting.

The American ladies are not content with invading the manor of the lord of creation in the arts and practical sciences, but they are even beginning to whisper their claims to equality in the priesthood itself. The Reverend Miss Antoinette Brown is a daring young lady, who has not only obtained ordination, (independent, of course, for no bishop would ordain her,) but she had the assurance to preach her first discourse from the following text: "Let the women amongst you be silent in the churches; for they are not allowed to speak, but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law; and, if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." This formidable text the fair young divine fearlessly grappled with, showing that it applied to married women only, and not to the virgin woman, who is free; clenching her argument with this powerful text in favor of the mission of the unmarried woman:—"The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy, both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the

world, how she may please her husband." Like all other great and difficult questions, this also has two sides; and we can well understand how a young, a pure-minded, devout, and talented young lady, gifted with eloquence and modest confidence in the mission of her sex and order, might hold the minds of the first congregation in Christendom in suspense upon this long and still-disputed subject.

But this leads us to the height of the argument; and the question now suggests itself—How far the instincts of society, or Nature's own laws, will permit the woman to compete with man in a professional career? In respect to right alone, we presume that no one disputes the absolute right of woman to follow any profession for which she is qualified—provided only the corporated authorities will permit her. The statute law does not forbid her—the police will not interfere with her. It is not criminal, on her part, either to preach or administer medicine; and though, as a woman, she may not enter the military or naval service, nor receive an appointment in the Government offices, or banking or mercantile establishments, it is not because any particular law of the land forbids it, but because the sense of propriety revolts at the idea of the promiscuous employment of the two sexes in such establishments. And yet, in large drapery establishments, they are promiscuously employed without offence. Where lies the difference? It lies in the publicity; the publicity of a shop is a security against private familiarity. This at once explains the unconcern of the public; still, it does not comprehend the whole of the reasons for this unconcern; for banking establishments are equally public, though chiefly frequented by men only; and yet women are never employed in these—in England, at least. They are so employed in France, however; and the prejudice having been already overcome in one country, shows the possibility of overcoming it in another, wherever the protection to woman is at once apparent to the public eye. Banks appear to be as well adapted for this promiscuity of employment as drapers' shops; and it may be urged (for we are merely stating the question) that other establishments may be adapted for distributing the labor amongst both sexes.

But an immense mountain of difficulty now presents itself to the whole question of permanent employment of a high order for woman. The summit of every woman's ambition, with a few not very prepossessing exceptions, seems to be housekeeping. This is the only profession in which woman really can settle. A man can forget everything but his hobby; he can forget even to shave, or comb his hair, or wash his face; he can feel so absorbed in thought, so entirely devoted to one all-engrossing pursuit, as to live and rejoice in the midst of litter, and dust, and confusion, which no reputable woman could endure. He can also cherish and even fondle the idea of a life of entire devotion to the profession which he has chosen. He is thus in a frame of mind to read for it—collect materials for it—form acquaintanceships for it—and give up his time, his heart, and his purse to the one great object of ambition which he cherishes. The idea of marriage combines with this idea without interfering with it.

His wife becomes his housekeeper, not his clerk or assistant in business. Her duties are either wholly independent of his, or subservient to them. The hobby is not abandoned, the devotion is not extinguished, the professional pursuits are not relinquished. They are only soothed, and accompanied with greater personal and domestic comforts.

But it is far otherwise with a female professor. No female star ever expects or even desires to shine for life. She longs for a home to keep; art with her is merely a passport to housekeeping and maternity. The duties of housekeeping are too great and important to the welfare of society to admit of interference from professional duties. Man is unfit for them, merely because he is professional, and he would cease to be professional were he fit for housekeeping, and did the duties of maternity occupy as much time, and absorb as much of the requisite care and attention, as those of maternity. Woman is unfit for professional careers, merely because she looks forward with desire to the climax of woman's ambition. In this respect, even the unmarried woman is married in idea. If she longs or wills, or intends to marry, in either case her professional enthusiasm suffers. She is like the young Chancery suitor who is waiting for a final issue, and who neglects his books, because he hopes in a year or two to be independent of them. Even in art, she studies its gayeties and transient fascinations rather than its substantialities, because she is pursuing it as a temporary expedient. And thus it is that even the most brilliant female stars of the dance and the song have their master teachers in constant attendance to correct their faults, to elevate their taste, and remind them of the innumerable minute details which woman's mind, so deeply absorbed in other dear pursuits of the household and the toilet, besides those of the heart, is so apt to forget.

This one word *wife* is the word of defiance to every professional woman. It laughs at the idea of her ever attempting to compete with man. It interrupts her career, it wraps her up in flannels, and shawls, and cloaks, and puts her in an arm-chair, and presents her with a warm drink, and tells her to make herself comfortable at her husband's fireside, and leave to him the drudgery of all professional work—and the advice is irresistible. She takes it—even in the idea the unmarried woman takes it as a bit of comfort, whilst man repels it as associated in his mind with his last will and testament. Well, then, have some of the modern female advocates of female independence and professional application confine their expectations to the unmarried woman as the only woman whose condition really qualifies her for independent action. "From the state of an artisan bending beneath the yoke," [says Jeanne Deroir's *Women's Almanac* for 1853,] "the Christian woman will rise, through pure non-sexual love, to the rank of an artist." Observe the means—"non-sexual love." We admire the logic, the severely accurate reasoning that has come to this conclusion, and the purity of mind that has accepted it. But it is only the few, if even the few, who will voluntarily receive it. How many women will

prefer the love of art to the love of husband, children, and home? Is there one adult woman in existence who has continuously and cordially adhered to this preference? Well does Henriette (an artiste, in a beautiful letter on Shakerism, in the work above alluded to) arrive at the conclusion—reasoning on such premises as those of female independence—that the institutions of the Shakers—who neither marry nor bring forth children—“seem to be the true normal school of the future, destined to give education to the world; in which school all the nations and the races of the earth will find regeneration, and gain life *by consenting to lose it* for the glory of God and of regenerated humanity.” Alas! poor world. If the best men and women became Shakers, then the worst would be the fathers and mothers of the next generation, and thus the world would speedily degenerate; and if all became Shakers, then the crack of doom would soon arrest the farther progress of regeneration. To such inevitable consequences leads the strict logical analysis of the question of female professional independence at present.—*English paper.*

SOCIAL SINS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

IMPROVIDENCE.

“Young people now-a-days commence the world where their parents leave off.”

We are sorry to say—considering neatness a virtue—that Miss Eliza Simpson left her room in sad disorder the afternoon on which we have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Three bureau drawers were half open, the lower one draped by a scarf, which she had at first intended to wear, but on second thought threw back again. The dressing-table was strewn with curl papers, hair pins, two clean collars and one sadly soiled, with a pair of crumpled cuffs. Her silk apron, a cape, and a pair of slippers, occupied the nicely made bed—each chair bore a part of the burden properly belonging to the closet and book-case, while a clean muslin dress was shut into the door of the wardrobe.

It was plain that her toilette had been made in unusual haste and agitation, and her walk was pursued in the same mood; for she did not even glance at the shop windows, or the steps of the Clayville House, where most of the gentlemen congregated in the afternoon. Nor did she call at the milliner's, or stop under Mrs. Stone's window for a chat, as she sometimes did. I think she would have been too impatient to ring the bell at her friend Carrie's, but fortunately there was no necessity for that, for she was welcome at all hours unannounced. So she went directly to Carrie's room, a pleasant little chamber, where her friend was seated between the windows and her work-table, engaged in some light sewing.

Eliza was flushed and out of breath. Carrie looked as cool and fresh as a white rose, in her lawn dress and muslin apron, as she rose to receive her. They kissed each other, of course—all young ladies do now a-days, though they have only been parted twenty-four hours; but here

they had some excuse—Carrie had been at her grandfather's for more than a week.

Eliza's bonnet and mantilla were tossed on to the bed, and she commenced rocking and fanning herself violently, talking at the same time; so of course there was every hope she would be comfortable in the course of time.

“I declare, I thought you were never coming home, Carrie! It's such an age since I've seen you, and I've got so much to tell. Such *lots* of things have happened since you've been gone! I don't know where to begin. Did you have a pleasant visit? How's your grandmother? Just in cherry-time, wasn't you? Who do you think is engaged?”

“I'm sure I don't know,” said Carrie, who couldn't very well answer all these questions at once, and wisely confined herself to the last.

“Guess!” said Eliza, mysteriously.

“Jane Miller?”

“Dear me! no. That will never come to anything, you may depend. Alonzo says so.”

Carrie smiled a little. “Alonzo and yourself, perhaps—”

“Mercy, Carrie! how did you happen to guess? I hope it hasn't got out. I wouldn't have it known for *anything*. How *did* you think of it?”

“I don't think any remarkable spirit of prophecy was needed, when coming events cast such very heavy shadows before. I suppose because he has walked home with you from church for the last two months; has taken you to two concerts and one pic-nic—given you a gold pencil and Mrs. Osgood's poems, which you accepted,—driven—”

“Well, sure enough, but somehow I was taken all by surprise, and so was ma; but of course I accepted him, for you know he has an excellent salary; pa says it's as much as many a man's business is worth, and always certain. Besides, being in a bank is so *genteel*; as good as being a lawyer any day; and-by-and-by he'll be certain to be cashier, and then you know I'm as high as anybody. Look at Mrs. Cashier Lewis, and her silver forks. Then, too, every girl in town was *dying* for him—”

“Not quite every girl,” Carrie interrupted, smiling again. “I know one, at any rate.”

“Oh, *you*! But you're such an old maid. You'll never be in love with anybody.”

“Are you quite certain?”—and this time a blush came up over that fair white throat, until it reached the dark bands of her hair.

“Why, Carrie James! What do you—you're blushing as red as a peony. You don't say you've got a secret too! What are you sewing up the bottom of that sleeve for? Come, tell me, that's a dear girl. I promise on my word of honor not to breathe a syllable!”

“I have no secret—but I have come home engaged.” Carrie's voice was much lower than her companion's, and trembled a little.

Eliza was evidently discomposed. There was some one to share the honor of an engagement with her—the gossip that such a circumstance always creates in a country town. Carrie would be every whit as much a heroine as herself—and perhaps be married first after all. How mortifying!

"But you haven't told me who to; it must have been love at first sight, it was so sudden. Who could you find in Hillsdale worth marrying?"

"No, it was not very sudden. I've played with him many a day in the orchard when we were children—and he used to gather nuts for me as long ago as I can remember, and make snow-balls for me in the winter. He——"

"You haven't gone and thrown yourself away on a farmer's son! Morris Lord, I'm sure you mean. The idea of such a thing——"

"No, I don't think I have 'thrown myself away,' said Carrie, quietly.

"But you'll be buried up there in the country, and come in to your father's once a year on top of a grain wagon, and wearing a bonnet as old as the hills."

"Morris is coming in town to live!"

"I suppose you teased him into *that*—one sensible move, anyhow."

"No, his plans were all made, and he would have asked me long ago, only grandmother was always telling him father never would part with me, and so he made up his mind to take his share of the farm in ready money, and go into business here. I never shall tease him into anything—I don't like the principle."

"I do though—I mean to tease Alonzo into all my plans. I always could get anything out of ma that way, and she out of pa. He set his face that I shouldn't have music lessons, or a piano, or that party last winter, you know; but I *did* have all; and now I'm going to have a quantity of elegant things, for I've set my heart upon it. Dear me, how busy we shall be this summer! What shall you have for a wedding dress?"

"I haven't thought so far," said Carrie.

"No? Why I settled mine the very night we were engaged. I was as restless as could be—sleeping was out of the question; so I planned all the things I meant to have—a light silk, and dark silk; a plaid travelling dress; lovely wrappers, and an embroidered merino; a white Swiss for small parties—(that's not the dress though; *that* shall be a thick white watered silk, such as Mrs. Stone says she saw in New York; nobody else has ever heard of them here; it will be the very first one in Clayville.

Planning trimming for the dress occupied the lively Miss Eliza for a moment, and she did not notice Carrie's silence. The young girl was thinking of the night of her betrothal, when she was sleepless too, from joy and fear, and hope; and how she had risen to look out through the soft moonlight and the fluttering leaves, for the brown sloping roof of the old homestead, to which Morris had returned; and then recalling the solemn promise she had given him—how she had knelt, her head bowed upon the window-sill—and asked for strength from Heaven to keep that promise; and invoking every blessing upon the one so dearly loved, she had gone back to her pillow calmed and soothed into an untroubled sleep.

It was plain that close sympathies had not made these two friends. But it is often so in the limited circle of a small town. Their parents had visited from time immemorial, and the children were playmates at school, and practised together for the choir, and paid numberless weekly visits

besides. Eliza liked some one for a confidant—it was a necessity of her nature; and some one to admire her. Carrie could fill both places, for she was always ready to listen, having no secrets of her own, and thought Eliza very beautiful and stylish, as indeed she was.

It was this pretty face, and graceful figure, always displayed to the best advantage, by becoming dress—Eliza's great talent—that had won the attentions of young Caldwell, the teller of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and one of the very few beaux that Clayville could boast of; so many of its young men went to New York to seek their fortunes, married there, and seemed to lose all interest in their unromantic, native town. Young Caldwell, who had been in a broker's office in Albany, and thus acquired some city graces of dress and manner, had quite his own way in society. No wonder Eliza was elated at her conquest; and not knowing how illy Mr. Simpson could afford her expensive wardrobe, Caldwell, in his turn, concluded that his future father-in-law was "well-off"—and considered himself equally fortunate.

The engagement, as we have seen, was to be a profound secret, but whether either of the five ladies to whom Mrs. Simpson had told it confidently, betrayed her—or it came out through the dress-maker—much sought for in at least fifty-five families—being engaged two weeks in August, when people rarely had more than two days' work at a time—or Eliza's shopping expedition in New York caused suspicion from the number of packages that accompanied her home, we cannot say—but, certain it is, that Clayville was not long kept out of its rights, as such an interesting topic of conversation certainly was. It may be, after all, that the lovers were themselves to blame, for, after bank hours, they were rarely apart. Mr. Caldwell took tea at Mr. Simpson's every Sunday and Wednesday evening, and after tea the parlor was given up to the young people, where they were not unfrequently found by a chance caller, though situated towards each other as indifferently as possible; Eliza being usually at the piano, and Mr. Caldwell quite at the other end of the room, turning over a last year's annual.

Eliza was, of course, very much troubled when she found every one in Clayville knew almost as much about her affairs as she herself; for instance, just when the proposal was made, and what she had replied—how she had said Christmas for the wedding, but Alonzo had urged September—that she was to have two pieces of cloth made up—how many handkerchiefs were to be trimmed with lace, and how many hem-stitched; that her caps were to be made from an elegant new pattern, sent by Mr. Caldwell's sister, from Albany; that she was going to have short sleeves to her muslins, and a mantilla "of the same" to each of her silk dresses. However, she was comforted at the obvious envy and jealousy of half her acquaintances, who, of course, said she had tried hard enough to secure her future husband, and each one threw out hints, as to how easily *they* could have won the prize, had they been so disposed. It is always so in a town like Clayville, where there are—

"Roses plenty—roses plenty;
And one nightingale for twenty."

Moreover, she was certain of eclipsing them all in her bridal toilette; and she found the style of her wedding-dress had not been discovered, the only thing she had really been very anxious about, and consequently had not mentioned to Miss Paddock, the dress-maker, in spite of her hints and innuendoes about "Swiss muslins being so common," and she "should have thought Miss Simpson would have had something more remarkable."

And here let me counsel my young lady friends, who have secrets to keep, to take care of them, themselves; though in the main we see no necessity for such a troublesome occupation.

It is true Carrie knew all about it, but it had never crossed her mind to repeat anything Eliza said to her. Secrecy had been so often enjoined in times past, that if Eliza had mentioned she was going out to tea, Carrie would not have thought best to speak of it. Besides, she was too much occupied with her new-found happiness, and the busy details of a preparation for housekeeping, to dwell on any other theme. There were sheets and pillow-cases, and towels, to be made and marked; even holders and house-cloths were prepared by her careful, orderly fingers; and the ample wardrobe of plain clothes were all made by herself, with the aid, wonderful to relate, of but a single new pattern! which Eliza had insisted on. This busy counsellor was very much shocked, when she discovered that Carrie's wedding-dress was to be only white muslin, condemned even by Miss Paddock! and that only her usual quantity of fall muslins and merinoes, with one neat dark silk, were to be made.

"Father is going to give me all my furniture, you know," said Carrie, "and I would rather have everything comfortable than only fine clothes, that there would be no chance to display."

"But your wedding parties!" urged Eliza.

"I don't expect to have more than one or two, for you know we could not afford to return them."

"But I don't see any travelling dress?"

"I can wear that stone-colored mousseline, as far as Hillsdale, without spoiling it, and we are only going to pass a week or two at his father's."

"Not going even to New York? Oh, how old-fashioned and hum-drum—I'm glad Alonzo has no such notions. We are going to be married at nine, and going down to New York in the day-boat, and shall stay at the Astor as long as I please, and perhaps to Coney Island. I've always been dying to go there, but pa always would stop at the Courtland Street House, clear out of the world. No, I'm going to be indulged now, if I never am again. Alonzo said something about a trip to the mountains, or through the state, but I said 'No,' decidedly; I want to be where I can see people, and shops, and fashions; right in Broadway."

Eliza worked away with a great deal of energy at a fanciful cap she was constructing out of six points, and five different kinds of insertion, until Carrie arrived at the end of the sheet she was sewing up.

"And then your going to housekeeping is so old-fashioned and ridiculous, too. Why *everybody* boards now a-days! We are going right to Mrs. Dunlap's, as soon as we come home, and I shan't have a bit of fuss. I hate housework, and everything belonging to it; and then you are so bothered with help always."

"For that reason I am not going to have any girl at first," said Carrie, laughing. "A very convenient excuse, when we can't exactly afford it, having so many expenses when we first commence."

"Do your own work! Why that's worse than living in such a little house, clear off in a back street! I shouldn't think Morris would consent to it, if he had any spirit. I'm sure Alonzo never would."

"But if the house was larger, I couldn't attend to it—and father couldn't afford to furnish it; you know he did not expect to give me anything but my clothes, until he found I wanted so little. So everything agrees; and, as for Morris, he says, I 'know what is best,' and so he lets me do just as I please; without teasing," Carrie added, archly.

"Well, you'll be sick enough of it, that's one comfort," Eliza satisfied herself with saying; half angry, nevertheless, because her father always would hold Carrie James up for a pattern, more especially in these days, whenever she expatiated to her mother on their contrasted arrangements, before him. Carrie went quietly on in her own way, nevertheless, and the little home was completely and neatly furnished for a little more than the sum expended on Eliza's *trousseau*, Morris having added several pretty articles, from the sum that might have been expended in a trip to the city; while his mother and old Mrs. James, at whose house the engagement took place, united and presented the young housekeepers with silver tea and table spoons, all the plate thought necessary among quiet people.

The friends were married within a week of each other—Eliza first, making the *éclat* much greater, and two huge trunks were strapped behind the carriage that was to take them to the boat, in most approved style; the magnificent wedding-dress, packed in one of them, for the real bridal robes of the present day are most frequently cashmere or merino, that have no pretensions to elegance, save the cardinal point of neatness. Everybody said, "What a stylish couple!" The church was thronged as if it had been Christmas, or a magic lantern exhibition of the Holy Land, the only things that can draw crowds to Epiphany church, Clayville. Eliza was delighted to find that all the clerks stood at the store doors watching for them, as they turned into the main street, and she could see very distinctly through her blue barege veil, that Mrs. Livingstone, and the Van Nesses, and Mrs. Cashier Lewis, herself,—people she was determined should visit her yet,—were peeping through their parlor or chamber-blinds at the bride; the newly-made husband going for nothing, as a general thing, on these occasions, except as a necessary accompaniment.

And then, when she reached the boat, Captain Doane, to whom she had been introduced, hand-

ed her on board, through the little crowd of people who were going to New York that morning, or had friends going, (besides the draymen and clerks, all of whom she knew by sight) and called her *Mrs. Caldwell*, as if it was a matter of course, but so respectfully, that she was all in a flutter of novelty and consequence, and gratified vanity—and forgot to kiss her mother and Carrie, who had come down in another carriage. But she made amends by standing in the door of the ladies' cabin, and waving her lace-trimmed handkerchief as long as the boat was in sight, by which nearly every one on board was made aware that she was just married, and on a bridal trip.

Carrie also was married in church, not because it was the fashion, but that it seemed fitted to her that such a solemn vow should be made there. She wore her simple white muslin dress, for it was in the evening, and Morris, and Mrs. James, and her grandmother, thought her very lovely if no one else did. There was quite an anxiety among the few strangers present to see Mr. Lord, "what manner of man he was"—and all agreed he was manly and agreeable in appearance, "just the person for Carrie James." And then, instead of hurrying off as though home was hateful to them, the wedding-party passed a merry, sociable evening, at the bride's father's, with plenty of cake for the young people to make jests upon, and dream over if they liked.

Morris Lord was a proud man when he entered the Hillsdale meeting-house, the next Sunday morning, with his pretty little wife upon his arm, and seated her next to his mother in the old family pew; and grandmother James was there, to claim them at dinner, and half the congregation stopped on the porch to shake hands and offer good wishes as heartily expressed, for Morris was a great favorite in the village, and Carrie knew almost every one. That evening they walked through the woods to the old homestead, and recalled a thousand little incidents of their childhood, and stopped for a moment on the very spot where they stood when Morris had asked Carrie to be his wife. They were too happy to talk much when they left the pleasant glade behind them, lying in the moonlight, as it had done then.

And Mrs. Caldwell—just at that moment hurried across the parlor of the Astor, where she had been sitting in utter loneliness—all the worse for the gay parties around her—to tell her husband she had overheard that gentleman who sat opposite to them at dinner—"There, that one, by the middle window, with those elegant whiskers and that superb moustache, say that she was 'a deuced handsome woman, and reminded him very much of Mrs. General Jones, of Washington,'" a compliment which the husband by no means seemed to appreciate, or, perhaps, he did not like the cool way in which the gentleman with the moustache stared at his stylish-looking wife.

Mrs. Caldwell returned to Clayville more improved by her fortnight's trip to New York, and Coney Island, than most people are by going abroad. She made very good use of her fine eyes, wherever she was, and what with her new

manners, and her new dresses, and her talk of operas and theatres—as if it was an every-day affair with her—you would hardly have recognized any trace of Eliza Simpson in the elegant Mrs. Caldwell. More particularly when her calls came to be paid—for, of course, the wife of the cashier was obliged to call on her, and Alonzo had visited Mrs. Livingstone before his marriage, who with much inward reluctance brought herself to call upon his wife, comforted, however, by the fact that Mrs. Dunlap's was certainly the best boarding-house in town, and she was not bound to repeat it. But Mrs. Caldwell had other views of the future, and her husband, who grew more fond and proud of her every day, was determined his wife should not be outdone by anybody.

Eliza did not get time to return Carrie's call for more than a week, and then she found her comfortably settled in a neighborhood that certainly was not "genteel" according to Clayville authorities, but was near the place of business Morris had chosen, and not very far from her mother's. Eliza inwardly commiserated her poor friend, whom she found dusting her own sitting-room—parlor there was none—in a neat, chintz wrapper. Mrs. Caldwell wore one of her new silks, and carried a silver card-case, her husband's bridal present, so Carrie saw there was no use in asking her to pass the morning, as she had hoped—and this Eliza impressed on her mind by talking very fast—"as she positively had not a moment to stay"—of her *delightful* visit to New York, the elegant people she had seen there, the splendor of Broadway, and how extremely polite and complimentary Colonel Butler, the gentlemen with the aforesaid moustache, had been; Carrie wondering the while why she should care for compliments from any but her husband.

Absorbed in the delightful theme, the visitor overstayed her time, and started up in great haste, as the clock warned her of this, saying, "It was too bad, for she meant to have called on Mrs. Lewis, or Mrs. Livingston, perhaps on both, that morning." Carrie smiled a little sorrowfully, as she saw the gate close upon her, feeling that their old intimacy was at an end, but she was not envious of Eliza's position, or her new friends, for she was too well content with her own lot in life for such a thought to cross her mind; but it may be that a foreshadowing of evil for the gay thoughtless pair came instead.

In the sluggish quiet of an inland town, few remarkable changes of fortune occur, though, in the rushing tide of city life, five years is quite long enough to make an entire reversion in any coterie of friends or acquaintances. Fortunes are so rapidly made and so easily lost—talent wins such sudden distinction—the changing wheel of political life has so many reverses for place-men and place-seekers—that we look for change rather than wonder at it.

Of course, when Eliza Simpson began, as Mrs. Caldwell, to visit what were considered the elite of Clayville, where it was much easier for a stranger than an old resident of another set to gain admittance—all her former associates were incensed to the highest degree. Some of them

she had not thought proper to favor with cards at all—others were so quizzed by the boarders at Mrs. Dunlap's, while waiting for her to appear, and so coldly received by her in their presence when she did come, that they resolved not to go again, while all felt the patronizing air she unconsciously assumed, and did not hesitate to say "Pride must have a fall"—for "eight hundred a year was never going to keep up all that flourish."

When Mr. Simpson began the world, half that sum had been his regular expenditure year after year; but his daughter, looking forward to the cashiership, and four hundred more, indulged herself in expenditures only warranted by the increased salary, though Mr. Lewis did not show the least symptom of dying or resigning. Her husband was fully as extravagant in his tastes, and as ambitious in his aspirations. It is not so easy to live beyond one's means where every shop-keeper in town knows exactly what they are, and the first year, what with the bridal outfit and the bridal presents, the amount was very nearly square.

But Mrs. Livingstone had overcome her scruples about visiting the lively and amusing Mrs. Caldwell, who, as she said to Mrs. Van Ness, "deserved to have been one of their set, for she had—for her—really good manners, and was always so well dressed; besides, as she boarded, one never met her vulgar relatives, and almost forgot that her father was only a lumberman." The most penetrating tact and generalship had been necessary to this conquest, but Eliza rarely scrupled to use flattery both of word and attention when it would tell; and Mrs. Livingstone's intimacy was in itself power. Then Mr. Lewis warmly commended young Caldwell to his wife, as a most efficient assistant, as indeed he was, gifted with far-seeing talent in the sea of business, politics, and the most "wonderful hand at the counter he had ever seen. It was perfectly surprising," Mr. Lewis said, "the way he received and counted out deposits. The bank bills fairly flew through his fingers, and he was as good as a 'counterfeit detector' any day. The president of the bank had openly commended him, and really he should like to have Mrs. Lewis show his wife any attention she could."

So Carrie saw less of her friend every week, and, indeed, her visits were by no means what they had been, for it was not particularly interesting to Mrs. Lord to be told that the Livingstones had silver napkin-rings, and always soup and fish at dinner, and that the velvet cloak Mrs. Van Ness wore had cost five dollars a yard, and that they intended to give a large party as soon as their parlors were re-furnished, at which she should wear her wedding-dress, with blue ribbons, and the sleeves altered a little. Carrie did not care what number of servants these families kept, so that her own housekeeping went smoothly, nor what lovely goods Jenkins & Brown had up from New York, so long as she wanted no new dresses; and these, with the praises Alonzo and herself received, were all the topics that interested Eliza.

The bridal wardrobe of Mrs. Caldwell was replenished in the same style in which it had been

furnished the third year of their marriage, and Alonzo mounted a small diamond pin, on their return from the usual summer excursion to New York; but as the purchases had been made there, no one in Clayville had a right to say they were or would remain unpaid for.

"I *must* have that silk with four crape flounces, Alonzo, to pay calls with Mrs. Sherman. You see how elegantly she dresses, and, of course, as she's visiting me, I can't do less. Her bonnet and cashmere shawl produced a decided sensation in church last Sunday. See how many people have been here;" and the lady held up a card-basket half full of conventional slips of pasteboard.

"I don't know where the money's to come from!" answered Mr. Caldwell, petulantly, as husbands sometimes will under similar demands, even though they are well aware, all the while, that it is in the pocket-book they are buttoning over so resolutely. "You seem to think because I handle so much money every day, I must be made of it."

"Well, I can't help it—the dress I *must* have, and a party dress, too, if Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives her a party, as I think she will to show off her new curtains. You knew when you told me to ask the Shermans here, it was going to be a great deal of trouble and expense, besides their board, and what's the use of making a fuss about it now?"

"It was all your own affair, I beg to state, Mrs. Caldwell."

"Well, I'm sure you wanted them as much as I did, dear knows; you kept by Mr. Sherman close enough all the while we were at Newport. Of course, I knew her dressing so well and looking so stylish would be of advantage to me here, and now that she's accepted our invitation, it's our business to see that she isn't dull."

"Well, don't raise your voice so, for Heaven's sake, Eliza, or you'll inform our guests how disinterestedly they were invited. How much do you want?"

"Every cent of twenty-five dollars."

"But I gave you ten last week."

"I told you I owed Miss Paddock five of it."

"And where's the rest?"

"Well, I bought a pocket handkerchief, if you must know!"

"The—! Good fathers, Eliza! are you crazy? I tell you, you spend faster than I can make, beg or borrow! I shall lose my situation—people are talking about it now, all over town. Mr. Lewis gives me the cold shoulder, and I hate the sight of our directors; I can't bear to look them in the face."

"What have they got to do with it, I'd like to know?" sobbed the indignant wife. "Hav'n't you a right to spend your own money as you please? I declare, you've been closer than ever, since your aunt died, and you *could* give me things. But you must have your horse and buggy, and cigars, and wine, and whist parties, and I have to tease for every cent. It's too bad. I wish I never!"

"No, you don't wish any such thing—you'd marry me again to-morrow, if I'd ask you. I've heard that story too often. Where would you have been now? Married to some mechanic, and doing your own work, as Lord's wife did, instead of wearing a diamond ring and French kid gloves! But, I tell you what, she's better off than you are this minute; and I never see Lord without envying him—*never*. Besides, he'll be a rich man yet, when we're in the county-house, or a worse place."

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Caldwell, scornfully, "by saving every half cent, and living as they do. You never would have come down to it—you needn't blame me, going nowhere—seeing nothing! Ah, come, Alonzo, you know you like to see me well dressed, and everybody says mourning is so becoming to me;" and, bent on the soothing system, Eliza smiled her prettiest, as she came and stood by his side before the mirror, where he was accomplishing a cravat tie.

The jaunty little breakfast cap, with its lavender ribbons, was very becoming, and if there was any creature in the world, beside himself, that Alonzo Caldwell loved, it was his stylish wife, who had acquired, since their marriage, a tone of dress and manner that made you wonder how Clayville society could have taught it. So the proffered kiss was accepted, the money promised at dinner-time; and Mrs. Sherman thought her new friends were wonderful lovers in consideration of seven years of matrimony, when she came down to breakfast.

The Caldwells had given up Mrs. Dunlap sometime ago—shortly after an aunt had left them a legacy, of unknown amount, but an immense capital of credit and conversation ever since. Mr. Caldwell had been named for this aunt's husband, and, by visiting them now and then, on their farm in Pennsylvania, had managed to keep in their good graces. We have no doubt he congratulated himself many a time that the bequest had been made too far off for the Clayville gossips to learn the precise number of dollars and cents, for he had a failing in common with many other gentlemen, a reserve upon the subject of his pecuniary affairs, even to his wife. This seemed to increase rather than diminish as time went on, and Eliza made the most of her ignorance by hinting darkly of coal lands and railroad stock, in Pennsylvania.

Many people wondered why Mr. Caldwell should retain a subordinate post—for he was still the teller of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank—but he took occasion to speak to Mr. Lewis of this, and say that he did not care to risk what little money he had in business—that bank work and bank hours suited him—and Mr. Lewis, loathe to lose so valuable an assistant, thought it a very prudent and sensible conclusion, telling his wife that it gave him more confidence than ever in young Caldwell.

So it was entirely imagination on the part of the teller, when he thought there was the least coldness in that quarter; on the contrary, Mr. Caldwell's business reputation throughout Clayville might have been envied by an older man. He was so quick and industrious—no one was ever kept waiting—and there never was a person

possessed of more conciliating manners, knowing exactly how to address each person, from the respectful deference demanded by the President, who wore gold seals and spectacles, to the farmer, who stopped his produce wagon before the door, to deposit the cash for a contract of hay or grain, or the mechanic coming from his workshop with anxious haste, to take up the note that had been lying like a load upon his conscience.

But with all this prosperity, Mr. Caldwell had by no means so cheerful a face at home as in their humbler days. He was nervous and irritable, and certainly bore the marks of ill-health on his still handsome face.

At last Eliza persuaded him that he needed salt-water bathing, and a leave of two weeks having been granted, she made a bold stroke for Newport. They had thought Cony Island the height of gentility for two or three seasons, but having had their eyes suddenly opened on this score, Newport it should be, our heroine had determined. Here she made more than one fashionable acquaintance even in that short space of time; the Shermans among the rest, who were now passing September with them at the Clayville House. At last Mrs. Sherman and the children came, and the husband had promised to run up and finish the discussion of the new railroad company, in which he was anxious Mr. Caldwell should invest; promising him thousand for thousand in the next ten years. As Mr. Sherman was the projector of the enterprise, his advice was, of course, entirely disinterested.

Heretofore the Caldwells had been content to share the prettily furnished parlors of the Clayville House—which had already a reputation as a summer-boarding place—with the permanent and transient visitors—but now on Mrs. Sherman's account one of the six private parlors was taken, and another great object of Eliza's ambition attained. Never had there been such a triumphant progress, as she often said to herself. Her father's death, followed by her mother's removal to their relations in Connecticut, had destroyed the last link of her earlier associations, and particularly since her last journey and Mrs. Sherman's arrival, no one seemed to question her right to the position she now occupied, not only in the "set" she had coveted, but a decided leader. She stopped in New York—she visited in Albany—she seemed to have forgotten that Eliza Simpson ever had visited. There was nothing miraculous in the transition but its suddenness—Mrs. Caldwell was not the only person in Clayville who had emerged from a humble chrysalis, but it was not usually accomplished so speedily, or with so little apparent gainsaying. However Miss Paddock might spread the tales of her extravagance from house to house, as she transferred herself and her patterns from one to the other—or the scornful, and not altogether elegant sneers at "Eliza Simpson"—as some would persist in calling her, in which former friends and companions indulged—these things could not disturb the calm of her profound self-satisfaction.

There was one among her early associates who was silent, yet felt the change more than all. Mrs. Lord could not at once give up their old interest and intimacy, nor believe that her friend

wished to do so. But the careless greeting, and the hurried though long delayed visits—and finally, the marked coldness with which her bows had been returned whenever she met Eliza with any of her new acquaintances, convinced her, however slowly and sorrowfully the conclusion came, that her old friend had grown heartless in her prosperity. It was hard to believe, that a bonnet of two seasons, or a chintz morning dress on the street, could obscure the love and kindness that had been the growth of so many years, or that Eliza did not like to be seen by the acquaintance of a year, entering familiarly the little cottage Carrie called *home*. It was scarcely a cottage, however—then it could have been made romantic; but a small frame house, with square doors and windows, which had nothing to recommend it to the self-seeking visitor. Carrie managed to be contented and happy there for five years, until more room was actually needed for the wants of her little family and the servant she was now obliged to keep—and Morris could afford to purchase a house they had long since set their hearts upon, through the same industry and frugality Eliza had so sneered at.

It was not a new or an ambitious dwelling—but the long rambling roof of the wing was overgrown with vines that now bent with their heavy purple clusters, through the trellis that half-supported them; and graceful flowering shrubs grew in clumps about the doors, and the sloping terrace covered with short velvety grass. In the Spring a giant sweet-briar was one sheet of delicate rosetinted petals, close by the window of her own room, and a broad catalpa tree lifted its clusters of fragrant blossoms; through the white paling you had a glimpse of the neat vegetable garden, with its well-kept beds, and the healthy fruit trees, white with blossoms. There was many a more stately, but no lovelier place in Clayville, and when the English family to whom it belonged returned to their own country, Carrie's longing heart and eyes were gratified, and it became her home, and the home of her children.

It was yet a novelty, a hardly realized happiness that this beautiful place was their own, to plant, to tend, to love, and she was never weary of admiring the trees and shrubs, and going about the lawn and gardens with one little one clinging to her hand, and the pretty baby rolling on the soft grass under the floating shade of the elms, that half-hid this very bird-nest of a cottage from the street.

But Carrie was still a careful housekeeper, and withal found time to be a cheerful companion to Morris when he came home at the looked-for dinner hour, or in the lengthening evenings. She did not entertain him with the mishaps and troubles of the day, or by a fretful recital of what might chance to disturb her peace on the morrow, and though Morris trusted Carrie to the letter of the marriage promise, with a knowledge of "all his worldly goods," business perplexities did not furnish the staple of his home meditations or remarks. So they were always glad to meet, and though seven, almost eight years had passed, they were in the truest acceptance of the word—*friends*.

The day on which we re-introduce our readers

to the Caldwells seemed to be clouded in both families. Carrie had taken unusual pains with the dinner-table, adjusting the fresh table-cloth, after the servant had laid it—crossing these same spoons—still as bright as when they were given to her—on the corners, and stamping the salt twice over; the golden squash, and swan-white potatoes were all ready to be served with a juicy steak; and she was arranging a basket of grapes, the heavy clusters garnished with their own green leaves, by way of dessert, when her husband came in.

Her quick, loving eyes saw that something had gone amiss, for his face was clouded, and though he kissed both the children, it seemed to be more because they expected it, than anything. Carrie was a prudent, as well as a loving wife, so she neither fancied herself nor her children neglected, nor did she ask "leading questions," that are so sure to call out a storm of ill-temper, if it is already gathering. She helped him bountifully, hushing the children, and waiting the result in patience, for she had sufficient confidence in her husband to be sure that he would tell her in time if it was anything she ought to know.

Dinner passed almost in silence, and Mr. Lord had helped himself to the grapes, destroying Carrie's arrangement without even noticing its grace—before he came from the brown study in which he had plunged—and then he said, as if it was the result of a long cogitation—

"The more I think of it, the stranger it grows; I can't account for it."

"For what, Morris?" answered his wife, perhaps not displeased that the embargo had been removed.

"Well, I'll tell you—has Maria gone up stairs with the baby? You see I've missed a great deal of ready money this year."

"Why, Morris! not from the store, I hope! John seems so honest!"

"No, not from the store, for then it wouldn't have been so mysterious. I've lost it, myself, and you know how careful I am—five and ten dollars at a time—but it counts up pretty fast with such small profits as mine. Don't you remember my counting two hundred dollars, this morning, and telling you I had a note to pay?"

Yes, Mrs. Lord remembered it distinctly, for he had called her in from the garden, and said, carelessly—"Carrie, please count those notes for me," and when she said just two hundred dollars, he seemed satisfied, and answered, "Just what I make it." Certainly, she remembered it.

"Well, then, to be perfectly sure, I counted it over after I got to the store before John, and I can swear nobody saw it from that time until I went to the bank, for I had the key of the drawer in my pocket all the time; but when I went to pay my note there was only one hundred and ninety-five! I said there must be some mistake, but Caldwell told me to count it over myself, if I doubted his word, and sure enough there it was!"

"How strange!" ejaculated Carrie, forgetting grapes and all, in her amazement.

"But that's not the strangest part of it. I happened to have five dollars about me, and paid the difference. I was annoyed, for I knew you

wanted the money for the house, and now you will have to wait till Monday."

"Oh, you needn't mind that, I'm sure, if that's all," his wife said, cheerfully—"perhaps I saw one of the notes double."

"It's not at all likely we should both make the same mistake. I concluded I must have dropped it, so I searched every step of the way, and all through the store, but the money was gone. However, there's one thing—I marked several of the notes with a cross, one in blue, one in black, and another in red ink, and the one with red is gone—I shall be sure of knowing it again, if I see it."

Mrs. Lord saw that something must have occurred to make her husband take such unusual precautions, but she could not believe John, the clerk, could be guilty of dishonesty, and she hoped the matter would soon be made clear. It was painful to her upright mind and heart to have even a suspicion of wrong attached to any one near her. Her husband seemed somewhat relieved after his confession, and had a merry game of romps with the children, before he went back to the store, while Carrie settled down quietly to household duties.

The disagreeable subject had been quite driven out of her mind, by her interest in the dress she was making for her little daughter, stopping now and then to look at the baby faces in the repose of an afternoon nap—when the gate, falling too heavily, announced a visitor. She started up, eagerly hoping to see her mother, but it was only old Mrs. Macy, coming along the walk, with a parasol the size of a modern umbrella, and a distended work-bag, threatening a long afternoon visit. Carrie was a little discomfited at first, for Mrs. Macy, with her snuff, and her gossip, was by no means an agreeable visitor; but she thought in a moment how lonely the poor old body must be, with no child in the world, and her nephew's wife, with whom she lived, anything but fond of her. It was no wonder that she went from house to house so much, when it was her only amusement, and seeing as much as she did of their internal economy, it was but natural for the good-natured, garrulous old lady to repeat it. Mrs. Lord having no secrets to guard, and remembering Mrs. Macy in happier days, was always very kind to her, and thus was subject to more of her society than was always gratifying; but she went out to meet her with real cheerfulness, nevertheless.

"Dear me, Caroline," faltered out the newcomer, evidently tired with the heat and the weight of the "boundless contiguity of shade," she called a parasol, "how nice you *do* look, allers. Every thing about your house is as neat as a new pin, as I tells my nephew's wife. But then I allers say, jus like her! She allers was the particularist body when she was Caroline James. You don't say your grapes is ripe? I han't tasted a grape this year—why ain't I lucky? An' how's the babies and your husband, this warm spell? I never see such warm weather for September, since the year my Sammy died. I remember there was two whole weeks then, for all the world, like July. Jess wait a minute till I untie the strings"—for, by this time, the Bos-

ton rocking-chair was set forth, and Carrie, with a pleasant face, stood ready to take her visitor's bonnet and shawl.

"An' now," continued the loquacious body, "don't put yourself out a bit on my account. Don't make a mite of difference in your tea. I allers hates to go where people does. There's Miss Coffin, now; clever body as ever was is Eliza Coffin; but she makes such a fluster, an' says, 'La! how onfortunate you should happen in jist when there ain't a mite of cake in the house, and I used my very last preserves, Sunday.' Now I don't go visiting for what I can get; 'taint my way. I likes to take people jist as they are, an' have a good, sociable dish o' talk. But then, Miss Coffin was sort of worried. 'Twas the day her husband lost three dollars, and its considerable of a loss for a hard-working man like him. Three dollars goes a good ways in a family."

"And how did he loose it?" asked Carrie, reminded, unconsciously, of the similar annoyance that had befallen them.

"Why, 'twas the most curus thing in the world. He had a note to pay up to the bank. Now I never believe in them banks, no how, never did. But he got into difficulties last winter, when all the children had the scarlet fever, and he got a note discounted. Well, he'd saved, and saved, to git it off his mind, and it was uncommon hard to loose three dollars, the last he had in the world, in the street too, where there was no chance of getting it back. Miss Coffin was rite down sick about it, for he had to borry the money, and she had to save every cent till 'twas paid. That's how there was no cake in the house. But I told her, it was all along of them banks—old General Jackson thought they was all wrong, an' so do I; I never had no faith in 'em."

Carrie smiled to think that poor Mr. Coffin's carelessness should be laid to the general banking account, though her smile changed to a thoughtful expression, when she noticed the strange coincidence.

But Mrs. Macy had started upon a new track, and suddenly bkpe out with—

"I hain't no patience with 'Liza Simpson an' her airs. I see her this morning walking down Main street with a lady from New York: some big-bug that's visited her at the Clayville House. As large as life she was, with a great bunch of gold things dangling down from her waist, and she pretendin' to be in mournin' for her father, poor man; it's jist as well he died, I guess, for when folks gits so much above their old acquaintances, they don't treat their own folks decent. I've heard she didn't go home a dozen times last year, and there was her poor mother all alone. No wonder she went off to Connecticut! Dear knows where all the money comes from she spends; and her father was such a saving soul, I shouldn't wonder if it broke his heart. "Miss Mary," he says to me, time and agin, "Miss Mary, if folks don't save, they *can't* have." I remember when they first went to housekeeping. He was only a carpenter, then, long afore he had a lumber yard, and they lived in the Jenkins' house, over in Diamond street. They had a room and a bed-room, an' no carpet at that. La! I re-

member the first mahogany bureau an' the first high-poster her mother ever had! She was a big girl then, an' wore calico pantalettes! 'Liza Simpson! Why she used to fetch every drop of water they had in the house from the pump herself. They never had a hired girl, till he bought out Mr. Bigelow! Dear me, Carline, ain't that elegant!"

Mrs. Macy had caught sight of an equestrian party who had halted an instant on the little declivity above the house, and were looking at it in evident admiration. One of the ladies was pointing towards it with her riding-whip, and the other with gauntleted hand on her rein seemed to be answering her inquiry. In all the bravery of queen-riding habits, and plumed hats, Caroline did not at first recognize the speaker, until her voice came floating towards them, through the still summer air.

"Yes, very pretty. It belongs to an old school-mate of mine, I believe, but it was one of those acquaintances you never keep up. She's not in our set, you know."

The vine leaves shaded the mistress of the cottage, or Mrs. Caldwell would have seen the flush, and then the tears that sprang to Carrie's eyes, as the indifferent tone brought less indignation than pain.

It is one thing to feel a friend has ceased to care for you, but harder still to *hear* it from her own lips.

But the horses and their riders swept past, Eliza looking more beautiful than ever in her most becoming costume, and her husband, all smiles and animation, bending down to talk to Mrs. Sherman. A feeling of bitterness, almost a stranger to her, choked the reply Carrie attempted to make to Mrs. Macy's voluble exclamations of mingled resentment and envy, at the apparent prosperity and gaiety of her old friend's life. Eliza had never known the anxious watch every mother must at times keep—the patient industry persevered in through ill-health and sinking spirits, that had been necessary to them. Every wish seemed to be gratified, without a thought of self-denial; and her husband was always at leisure to minister to her caprices.

But the voice of her little Mary, waking from the afternoon nap, recalled Carrie's better feelings, and she knew that she would not give up her darling children—her beautiful home—for any thing Eliza might possess. So she returned to the sitting room, with her child's soft, flushed cheek, and tangled curls resting on her shoulder, tranquil and happy, as though the struggle had not been.

Mr. Lewis, the worthy cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Clayville, was sitting in the "back room," as it was technically termed, after a meeting of the directors. He was evidently debating an unpleasant question, and one that had been thrust unwillingly upon his consideration, the key to which may perhaps be obtained from the last words of Mr. Eleazar Jones, one of the board.

"I think you'd better speak to Caldwell about

it. It isn't exactly the thing for a bank-teller to be giving a party, and inviting two hundred people. I couldn't afford to do it, and you know what I can afford, as well as anybody else in town, I guess."

Mr. Eleazar Jones rubbed the surviving veterans of what had once been raven locks, over his bald, polished forehead, and pulled up his shirt-collar, like a man who has delivered his opinion, and means to stick to it, come what will.

"Very well," was all Mr. Lewis returned, for he did not like the close, penurious Eleazar; and Caldwell, on the contrary, had always been a favorite with him. But that was not all. If his own mind had been perfectly at ease on the subject, he would not have hesitated to decline the unpleasant task, "speaking to a person" almost always proves. He had noticed many things in the past six months that did not seem quite consistent, and yet had excused his teller, to himself, saying that it was ill-health, perhaps, after all, and not dissipation, as he had been told, that had changed him. Besides, he was still regular at bank hours, and though his hand sometimes trembled, as the bills flew through it, business was never neglected, so that he did not feel he had a right to reprove. Strange reports came, now and then, of waste and extravagance, a sin Clayville was always disposed to visit with the severest vengeance; but Mr. Caldwell still paid ready money for everything, and if he choose to throw away his aunt's legacy, recklessly, it was his own.

It must have been larger than they had at first supposed, for, in the midst of these reports, he had purchased a fine house, and fitted it up with every comfort and luxury, which was left almost entirely to the care of servants, and now they were to give the largest party Clayville records could boast of since Mrs. Crawford Livingstone's marriage, many, many years before. Invitations had been sent to New York and Albany. The supper was to be superintended by a confectioner from the city, who was to furnish everything, regardless of expense. It was certainly braving public opinion, and inviting its scrutiny to the utmost: no man, who had anything to conceal, would venture on so bold a step, reasoned Mr. Lewis.

He turned to the balance-sheet before him, as the door closed upon the retreating Eleazar, and tried to finish the afternoon's task. It was useless toil—and, pushing back the writing materials, he took up his pen-knife, and subsided into a deep meditation, trimming his nails as a soothing and unconscious accompaniment. But his quiet seemed destined to be disturbed; another applicant for admittance soon knocked at the baize-covered door.

The half frown disappeared from the cashier's face, when he saw who his visitor was. Nay, he even took down his feet from the office-chair before him, and offered it with unusual alacrity.

Mr. Lord was an unfrequent visitor, but one Mr. Lewis had conceived a high respect for, from what he knew of his business integrity. There was never any fear of his note being protested—Mr. Lewis would have been ready to present it

to the board without endorsers, if bank-rules would have permitted it.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Lord? An extension, perhaps? No! A check? though you are a little late—bank-hours over, you know—Caldwell has gone."

"Yes, I know it," said Mr. Lord; "I met him on the corner. Indeed, I had been watching for him, as I particularly wished to see you alone."

There was an uneasy pause of half a moment, Mr. Lord growing embarrassed, and the cashier squaring a pile of account-books with the most minute accuracy.

"The fact of the business is, sir—it's a hard matter to say—but I came to see you about Caldwell. It's been a load on my mind for weeks and months—and now I think it's my duty to speak. I would not have done so on my own account alone. But I can't sit still and see poor men, like Coffin, and Abraham Tanner, and Luke Crawford, robbed; and their hard earnings, over the lap-stone and the carpenter's-bench, thrown away on folly!"

Morris had forgotten the caution he had promised himself to use. He was but human—and it was, as he had said, "a hard matter."

"Sir"—and Mr. Lewis rose to his feet, in excitement and indignation—"be careful what you say. You charge us—this institution—with dishonesty. Have we not always accommodated you? Mr. Lord—"

But Morris had recovered his self-possession as Mr. Lewis's departed; and, at length, succeeded in telling his story. Hard to tell, and hard to listen to, for those who had any faith in human nature. Mr. Lewis's face changed from an expression of incredulity as he proceeded. One of the marked bills had come back to his possession; but, worse than all, a counterfeit, for twenty dollars, had been traced to the same source—*Alonzo Caldwell*.

Mr. Lord produced them both—showed the blue ink cross upon the one, and proved the falsity of the other. But of that there was no need. Mr. Lewis recognized it at once.

"I took that myself, more than six months ago. Caldwell discovered it—I remember all about it. It was so well done, I did not doubt it. But how came it in his possession afterwards? These things are always destroyed. Mr. Lord, this is very strange business," and the cashier grew pale as one who has heard startling and painful news he was compelled to believe.

Morris, on the contrary, seemed unaccountably relieved at the recognition of the forged note. It had banished from his mind one painful suspicion—Caldwell was connected with no league for their utterance, a conclusion that had painfully accounted to him for the almost exhaustless means that seemed to be at his command.

"Mr. Barker paid you this, you say?" asked Mr. Lewis, standing in bitter rumination, with the bills still in his hands.

"Yes, sir; it seems Caldwell owed him for board when he left the Clayville House, and he has been obliged to dun him several times. I had a large bill against Mr. Barker, and he came at once to settle up. I did not notice until after

he was gone, that the bill was bad. I don't think it had crossed his mind, Caldwell being in a bank."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir. I thought it best to come to you at once. I knew you were a friend of Caldwell's, and would advise me what was best to do. I have not even told my wife."

"You are right, Mr. Lord," and yet Mr. Lewis did not seem to know what to advise. The disclosure was so startling that it had almost paralyzed thought.

"You are certain about the other note?"

"Yes, I marked it purposely. I was in the bank again, that morning, and saw the bills I had paid go into a package for New York, though there I may be mistaken; but I remember that cross in blue ink, and can swear to the number of the note, for I wrote it down in a blank leaf of my ledger. I had missed several—and poor Coffin complained of the same mysterious disappearance the very next day. Luke Crawford came into the store, only the week before, with just the same story."

"It looks bad—very bad—but, Mr. Lord," added the cashier, brightening a little, "how could he have managed it—that's the question? You watched him count the money! No, it's impossible. I'll tell you—promise not to speak of it, to any one, for a week, and I will pledge you my word to watch him closely. If I find nothing against him at the end of that time, I wash my hands of the business. You must do what you think best. It is altogether too improbable to be true."

"But the counterfeit note? that cannot be disputed. I inquired of Barker who had paid it to him, saying it was rather a larger note than we Clayville people generally saw. Entirely by accident!"

Mr. Lewis's countenance fell again. It was in every way a miserable business.

"Well, I only stipulate the week. I'm sure something will turn up to clear him."

"I'm sure I hope so, sir," answered Morris, as he did from his heart, for where the mind is unfamiliar with great crime, the very suspicion is a burden to be gladly removed. Morris Lord was too upright to wish ill to any man, even though he had no reason to like Caldwell; and he went away, feeling almost as unhappy as if he himself had been the guilty one.

Mr. Lewis entered the banking-room after Morris had gone. The heavy shutters were barred, and little light came save through the door he had left ajar. All was as it should be—the stream of sunshine from the old-fashioned heart-shaped opening in the shutters, was full of dancing motes. There was a close pervading atmosphere of tobacco and stove heat;—only the Herald of the day before, together with a counterfeit detector, were lying on the counter. The mute room told no tales. He examined the desk; there was only the huge stone inkstand that had been there from time immemorial, with its accompaniment of well-worn quill pens mended down to the feather—and a gigantic, well battered sand-box, that had shed its sparkling grains on promises to pay and balanced cash books for

many a year. The teller's counter was the little turn at the side—neatly covered and neatly kept, for Caldwell was fastidious to a fault. He even struck it with his hand, and stooped down and looked beneath—but there was no vestige of a private drawer, nothing but a half barrel of dusty papers, that had collected from month to month.

It was a hard position for Mr. Lewis to be placed in. No honorable man likes the post of a spy, particularly upon the actions of a favorite, and such Mr. Caldwell certainly was. Mr. Lewis fairly despised himself, and his only consolation was, that he had assumed it with the hope of clearing the teller from unjust suspicions. Almost a week had passed, and all had gone well. Mr. Lewis reflected on this as he stirred the yellow cream into a cup of fragrant coffee one pleasant morning, and congratulated himself accordingly.

His wife was somewhat surprised when on presenting his cup for "more sugar," (unofficer-like conduct perhaps, but nevertheless, in our tea-tray experience, we find the request to come as frequently from gentlemen as from our own sex,) he abruptly added—"My dear, who did young Lord marry?"

Now Mr. Lewis was by no means a gossip, and of this his wife was well aware; so she naturally questioned, "What he could possibly care about it," as she answered, "some old friend of Mrs. Caldwell; James was the name, she believed, but they had some quarrel at the time, and the Caldwells did not visit them now."

"Aha!" ejaculated the worthy cashier, still more to his wife's amazement, for it expressed so much interest and satisfaction, that she looked up in wonder as to how the falling out of two people he knew so little of—ladies, too—could possibly interest him.

It may be he forgot that it would naturally awaken curiosity, but at least no explanation was given—nor did Mr. Lewis continue the conversation. He had gained, as he supposed, a key to the personal dislike he was sure must be at the foundation of Mr. Lord's complaint against the teller. He had heard at least of so slight a thing as a quarrel between two ladies ending in open and espoused enmity on the part of their husbands, and by a course of reasoning he had come to this conclusion. Caldwell had, no doubt, been very extravagant and imprudent, and finding himself dunned constantly, had been guilty of passing the counterfeit note. It was certainly dishonesty; but then, as a first offence, he would advise him to repay Morris, and have the affair hushed up; for no doubt he would be deeply penitent, and this very thing would make a most emphatic opening for the lecture Eleazar had recommended, and might be the means of an entire reform. As to the marked bills, and the mysterious losses of others, it must be a mistake—or perhaps a trap laid for Caldwell by his enemies. Such things had been done! And by this course of reasoning, which as our readers will see, involved a point of duty towards the institution over which he presided, Mr. Lewis, to whom this last was not yet apparent, came to consider Caldwell a thoughtless but much injured man.

He accosted him as he entered the bank with unusual cheerfulness and good nature, the more

so that he noticed the haggard, anxious air which the teller tried to conceal under forced jokes and a busy discussion of the gossip of the day. Mr. Lewis attributed it to remorse for the one great error of the counterfeit note; and while he blamed him justly for it, pity that he should have to contend with slander at the same time, melted his generous heart. But the business of the day commenced earlier than usual, and there was no time for lecture or explanation then.

Everything progressed with the monotonous quiet of the formal little banking-house—the quick gliding of the book-keeper's pen—the rapid counting of bank bills in payment or the deposit, at little counter Caldwell occupied. Mr. Lewis had thought the matter over again, and was rapidly relieving himself of all trouble on the score. It had at last occurred to him that he would be responsible to the directors for any known delinquency on the part of an inferior officer, but from this unpleasant dilemma he had jumped to the conclusion that the whole affair of the note was a mistake on Caldwell's part, and not intentional dishonesty; and that Morris had certainly been actuated by pique, and made the most of it. It was very easy to mistake one bill for another, and Caldwell had been with them nine years now, and must have had so many greater opportunities for dishonesty, had he been so inclined. Mr. Lewis laid down a rule he had been industriously balancing, together with these conclusions, determined to call in Caldwell, and have an explanation on the spot. But he was occupied just then in taking a deposit—and the cashier drew back a step to wait until he was at liberty.

"Ten—twenty—thirty—fifty—fifty-five"—the busy hand wavered a moment, and Mr. Lewis thought he saw a note slip through to the floor. He was not certain—he must have been mistaken—Caldwell did not stoop, nor did the gentleman depositing notice it. Three hundred and forty-five dollars were told, and Mr. Lewis started to hear—

"Five dollars short of the amount you give, sir."

"Impossible," said the gentleman, looking extremely surprised. "I had it from our book-keeper, and he is a very careful man."

"The most careful are liable to mistakes," the teller said politely, at the same time taking up the bills and commencing to go over them again more slowly. "You will please count with me, sir."

There was no denying it—and Mr. Lewis heard the altercation and its result with a quick beating heart. His resolution was instantly formed—and coming forward to Caldwell's side, he joined in the conversation, saying the accident was very annoying.

The gentleman put down a gold piece and left the counter, while Mr. Lewis saw that Caldwell's pale face flushed painfully. But he did not seem to notice the incident at all, only saying the carriage of their President had just stopped at the Clayville House; would Mr. Caldwell be so good as to step over, and hand him a note he would find lying on the back room table?

It was the thought of a moment, and his newly awakened suspicions were deepened by the hesitation and annoyance Caldwell involuntarily be-

trayed. However, he could not well refuse the request politely made, and for an instant Mr. Lewis stood alone behind the counter. That instant was long enough to notice that the cask of old paper was drawn forward, and to discover lying among the fragments of torn bills and old letters, a five dollar note.

His head grew dizzy—but he did not betray himself by exclamations to the book-keeper, or remove the bill, as was his first thought. He commanded himself sufficiently to take up the "Daily Express," and appear to be absorbed in its contents when Caldwell returned. Still more, to thank him for the courtesy, and go back quietly to the other room, as if he suspected nothing, had discovered nothing.

Bank directors are not generally supposed to sacrifice to the graces, but among the few ornaments of the board room, was a goodly sized mirror set in one corner, beneath which a cherry washstand had its station. In this mirror, or "looking-glass," as the good worthies themselves would probably have denominated it, Mr. Lewis saw Caldwell throw a furtive glance towards the book-keeper, and then stoop for an instant beneath the counter. His worst suspicions were confirmed.

There is scarcely anything more annoying to a tidy, punctual housekeeper, than to have tea kept waiting on Saturday night—particularly when the stockings are not all mended through the accidents of the week, and the children have still to take their bath and good-night kiss. Carrie Lord was particularly troubled this evening, for there were waffles for tea, and everybody knows waffles are nothing if not fresh. Besides she was quite in a flutter of curiosity to know what Alonzo Caldwell could want so particularly with her husband. He had been there twice in the day to enquire for him, and now they had come in together, and were still shut up in the sitting room two good hours.

The plate of waffles stood by the fire, and almost melted into their own butter—the children grew clamorous, had been fed, and bathed, and put to bed, looking as children always do after a Saturday night's bath, rosier and sweeter than at any other time; and their father too busy to see it. Eight o'clock struck, and Carrie began to think with dismay of her own supper, and the work-basket and thimble, and darning cotton, all in the sitting-room. What good housekeeper can blame her for being "fidgety" under the circumstances? She was just meditating a tap on the sitting-room door, by way of a gentle reminder, when the hall door was unclosed, and she heard her husband say, "No, Mr. Caldwell—you have mistaken me entirely—if you thought I could be bribed to silence. I should be unjust to others besides myself."

Then came an imploring, almost abject tone, which changed to one of defiance as Morris still continued resolute. The gate closed with a "slam" behind the departing visitor, and Carrie met her husband in the hall with "Do you know how late it is?"—but a look of enquiry that asked as plain as could be—"What on earth did he want of you?"

"There's an invitation to a party for you,"

Morris said, tossing an elegant envelope upon the tea-table, and addressing himself to the waffles with the energy of a hungry man.

"A party for me!"

It was quite an event in the quiet life of Mrs. Lord, and she handed Morris his tea without cream, in her anxiety to get at the contents of the silver-gilded envelope:

"MR. AND MRS. ALONZO CALDWELL,

AT HOME,

Tuesday, 8 o'clock."

"For Eliza's party! Just think of it—the whole town are going, anybody that is anybody. And such preparations as never were before, Mrs. Macy says—the whole house turned topsy-turvy, and five rooms thrown open! But how did she happen to send us an invitation? She's not been here in two years."

"So Mr. Caldwell said; but she had been in mourning—I believe that's the reason—and had company all summer. However, she's been intending to call, and for fear you would not accept the invitation, she will be here on Monday to invite you particularly."

"It is very good in her, isn't it, when she has so much to attend to just now, particularly? Perhaps I've been in fault too—I declare—why do you smile, Morris? What does it all mean? I believe there's something at the bottom of it after all."

"Only a little feminine 'bribery and corruption,'" answered Morris. "I tell you what, Carrie, that Caldwell is an older rogue than I thought for. You are almost the only woman in the world that ever did keep a secret, so I'll tell you—he's just laid himself open to a trip to Sing-Sing; and he'll go if he's not very careful. I've been tracing back this business of note-losing, and I find three dollars disappeared more than four years ago. Then no more till last year, and this year I have it set down twice. He seems to have been perfectly reckless."

No wonder that Carrie did not make much of a supper after all, as this train of bold, and, heretofore, successful dishonesty was disclosed to her. Mr. Lewis had talked with Caldwell that afternoon, and advised him to see Mr. Lord, his principal accuser, willing to give him time to prove his innocence, if possible, but telling him that for the present he would be excused from his bank duties. So, trying friendliness and condescension at first, Mr. Caldwell came with the party invitation—then bribery had been offered—pleading—and finally baffled in all points, only a frenzy of defiance. Mrs. Lord cried as if her heart would break at the sorrow and disgrace that had come upon her old friend, while her husband, in the little sitting-room, and Mr. Lewis in his library, were both meditating on the unpleasant duty that seemed to devolve upon them, of making the affair public.

They were spared this, however, for Alonzo Caldwell's usual coolness and presence of mind had deserted him, and on Sunday, regardless of the decencies of the day, he had visited Mr. Coffin, the shoemaker, and tendered him "a present" of fifty dollars, if he would say nothing more about having lost a note at the bank.

It was mistaken and short-sighted policy. Moses Coffin was as honest as he was poor, but as vindictive as narrow-minded, ignorant men often are. Had one in a humble station like his own been guilty of wrong, he would have felt it a hard matter to bring him to justice—but a man who had stolen his hard earnings, to “live like a gentleman” while his own wife and children were suffering for decent clothes, could expect little mercy at his hands. Monday morning found his workshop deserted, and Moses, for the first time in his life, in a lawyer’s office. By Tuesday the news ran like wild-fire, men congregating on tavern steps, and at grocery corners, to discuss the startling discovery, that they had all been robbed, before their very eyes. And now it came out, how one and another at different times had missed three, five, and ten dollars in the same way, not thinking it worth while to mention it, or perhaps concluding they had been mistaken. The heaviest firms were, in amount, the greatest losers; the teller had used wonderful tact in proportioning his thefts to the means of his victims.

As usual, those most nearly concerned had no hint of the matter until the very last, and though every one else in Clayville knew that a writ had been issued against Alonzo Caldwell, the sheriff’s officers found him superintending the placing of his costly wines in ice, apparently as cool as the ice itself, as he politely invited them to “take a glass of sherry”—and to tell him how he was indebted to them for this unusual business call, on the very eve of his grand fête. But it was of no use—his hand shook and spilled the crimson port he was decanting, for, with the messengers of the law, there was no parleying, and he was driven away ignominiously to find bail, or be committed to the county prison, just as the first arrival of his guests reached the door.

It was a scene not often paralleled. Eliza in her elegant evening dress, her arms and neck shaded only by costly lace, swooned on the hall-floor, and was carried to her room by the new waiters, who comprehended nothing of what had passed. The brilliant light from the decorated rooms streamed out upon the crowd in the street—guests arriving and departing—coarse men and hooting boys—calling for “the millionaire”—“the thief”—or even reviling in coarser terms the unhappy giver of the feast, who was that night indebted to the hospitality of the public for his lodging. The panic-stricken visitors from New York—the Shermans, the Butlers, to whom the party was given—departed in hot haste, by the evening boat, as if the house had been contaminated by the plague. No one thought of the miserable wife of the guilty man, but her old and slighted friend, whose kind heart yearned over her, and who came upon the very steps of the departing parasites, to offer what comfort and consolation she could.

The hundred wax lights were still shining over furniture more costly than Mrs. Lord had ever imagined. Bouquets of exotics were breathing out unheeded odors—the supper-table with its rare decorations and numberless delicacies that seemed too beautiful ever to be mutilated—the boudoir softly shaded by flowing drapery, from cornice to carpet—all empty—echoing only to the

confused disputings of the group of servants, none of whom could tell her at first where their mistress was to be found. It was a wretched termination to an anticipated triumph—neither reason nor sympathy could avail; and the long, cheerless night passed in alternate frantic exclamations and bemoanings, with disturbed snatches of sleep.

With all his fashionable friends, Mr. Caldwell could find no one willing to give bonds for his appearance at the next term, where he stood charged with two heavy indictments—no one came forward but the cashier and Mr. Lord, and between them the required \$5,000 was pledged. The guilty man was suffered to return once more to his own home, if home it could be called, where he went with a heart of bitterness, to be met by taunts and reckless upbraidings, from the wife for whose sake he thus stood perilled soul and body.

There could be little true love between two such thoroughly selfish, worldly natures; each accusing the other with folly and extravagance as the cause of their present disgrace. Either could have averted it in the outset, by advice or example; but united weakness of principle, and love of show, had led on step by step the unfortunate man, whose bold and fraudulent career had been so suddenly checked.

The bail was forfeited—as many had predicted. In those days telegraphs were not—two years later, had his sureties chosen, the fugitives might have been more surely tracked. As it was, there came only a vague report of their being seen on a sailing vessel, spoken on an outward passage to England. It was before California opened a kindly refuge and oblivion to broken fortunes and ruined reputations. And now it was discovered how deeply in debt—besides the sums he had openly taken—Alonzo Caldwell had been for years. Creditors came from New York—Albany—even Boston, to find—*nothing*. In Clayville, Morris Lord was the heaviest sufferer, for the pretty home was mortgaged to pay his share of the forfeited bond. It was thus paid for twice over by steady industry and economy, and became doubly dear to the happy wife and mother, who was never been known to regret openly the generous conduct of Morris, which was indeed her own suggestion. The catalpa and the sweet-briar still blossom in spring time, and tears of mingled pity and thankfulness flow, when she contrasts her own happy lot with the wandering outcast life of her early friend.

“Caldwell’s fraud” is even yet discussed in evening groups at the bars and groceries of Clayville, and various solutions are proposed of the remarkable slight of hand, which all acknowledge he must have acquired to deceive so openly. One enterprising clerk was discovered practising, privately, with a half-barrel of shavings, and came very near losing his place, as the reward of studying so questionable an accomplishment; but since Signor Blitz has given two of his wonderful entertainments in the dining-room of the Clayville House—finding huge nests of eggs in empty bags, and drawing innumerable yards of ribbon from his own mouth—the mystery seems to have a more possible solution.

MYSELF.

BY H. E. G. AREY.

Well, once I was a little girl,
A-dwelling far away;
My mother made the butter,
And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school,
Amid the woodlands wild,
And scorned the teacher's measured rule—
A harum-scarum child.

Of thorny lane, and meadow fair,
My frock bore token still;
The wind would catch my yellow hair,
And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face—
And still it shows it some;
And, on my neck, I know how high
My dresses used to come.

And I *was* smart, and all the springs
On all the hills could show;
And, if there were some grammar things
I didn't care to know,

I always knew how many boughs
The latest tempest broke,
And just how far the woodpecker
Had girdled round the oak.

• I knew the tree where slept the crows:
And, on the water's brim,
I climbed the hemlock boughs,
To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill,
• What flowers to bloom would burst;
And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one—for they
Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
The vanished beavers' huts;
And sat on mossy logs to watch
The squirrels crack their nuts:

And they winked slyly at me, too,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

And always in the Winter, too,
Before the breakfast time,
I wandered o'er the crusted snow,
To hear the waters chime.

To see how thick the ice had grown,
And where the hasty spray
Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown
In such a curious way.

And in a little cavern, where
The waters trickled through,
The shape of every icicle
That gemmed its sides I knew;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers,
And cities grand and gay,
And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers,
And fairer things than they:

For oft the sun came glinting through
The chinks some ice lens spanned,
And decked in many a rainbow hue
Those scenes of fairy land.

And now, when to my roving brain
There starts some fancy, shrined
In tints more bright than earth can claim,
That cavern comes to mind.

When Winter to the Spring-tide wore,
Through slumps and sloughs I strayed,
To list the splashing and the roar
The mountain torrents made.

Oh! that was glee; and oft I turned
In rapture from the shore,
And said (I know not where I learned)
The lines about "Lodore."

There was a well-filled garret, where
I hid on stormy days,
And built bright castles in the air,
And conned most ancient lays;

And through the snares that Scott has set,
For fancy roamed with joy,
Or, from some old and worn gazette,
I hacked the rhymes of "Roy."

In mouse-holes rare I hid with care
Those relics of the Muse,
And wondered who the Poets were
That scribbled for the News.

But when once more the skies were fair,
And I the woods could win,
For books and rhymes that charmed me there
I did not care a pin.

My mother saw my garments soiled,
And thought it hardly right;
But, when I wished to go again,
My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown,
And strive to keep my hair
Beneath the guidance of my comb,
And bind my dress with care.

Through slumps and drifts I do not roam,
Nor climb the hemlock trees,
Nor hide 'mid cobwebbed trunks at home—
For fear 'twill raise a breeze.

I thread the world's unchanging maze,
Through all Life's fettered span,
And seek to be in all my ways
As "proper" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men,
Or wished more old to grow,
For life was wondrous curious then,
And isn't curious now.

I know not know it seemed to me,
Or what my father thought,
But mother said I'd never be
A woman, as I ought.

I know 'tis hard such children wild
In polished rules to train;
And, if I were once more a child,
I'd—do just so again.

THE YOUNG LOVE.

BY MEETA.

"And Youth is a pleasant song, played on the harp-strings of the heart."

It was one of those drowsy, delightful days in summer. A pleasant breeze just lifted the tree-leaves, and, coming in at the open casements, fanned one deliciously with its wing. I had betaken myself to my couch, there to idle the sunny hours, and dream of singing birds, waving trees, and gurgling streams, far away in the green old woods. Mine was a pleasant, airy, little room, the very place to study out a romance, or weave bright imaginings. Just then everything was still around—that peculiar quiet that reigns at the depth of noontide.

The sun only peeped with half an eye, through the blinds, at the red roses in the recess, now and then slanting across the wall, making gold spars upon it, or illuming with a rich light the pictures thereon. Altogether, it was a picturesque little room—my "seventh heaven;" the rose bush—my tree of happiness; and myself—a dozing houri.

I fixed my eyes upon a picture that hung before me, the picture of a Madonna. The sunlight was falling on it, shedding a soft, faint lustre about the fair hair, and making more lovely the pensive outlines of the face. Was it the exquisite beauty of the painting that startled me from my half-dreaming state? or was it the sense of some spiritual presence, hallowing with a smile the divine features? Neither; it was only an old memory that had suddenly gushed up into my heart peculiarly sweet and sad. I had known a face like that in years ago—such a face as memory loves to keep enshrined; a something holy and beautiful—the personification of a prayer.

Many years past, in the heart of the little village of G—, my native place, stood an old frame school-house. A pleasant place it was then; the grass grew around it, the flowers sprang up in myriads of beauty, and the trees with their bright leaves met half-way in delicate shadings the patches of sunlight that fell across its pathway.

Our teacher was a mild, gentle woman, and it was within that school-room, and beneath her watchful guidance, that myself and young companions learned our first lessons of life.

Upon the bench next to mine, in school, sat a pretty girl, younger than I, with long, fair hair and blue eyes. Rose was her name. We called her "Pretty Rose" and "Rosebud." She was fair and kind, with always a faint blush in her cheeks, and always a sweet smile wandering in among the dimples of her red lips. On the other side of the room, with his desk facing hers, sat a handsome, manly boy. He had short, brown curls and laughing eyes. His name was Hal, and he was the merriest, wildest, kindest-hearted boy in existence. Hal was older than Rose, and more learned; but he cared more for her than for all the rest of us. One glance from her eyes was worth a kingdom to him.

Often during school-hours have I seen Hal's eyes wander from his book, and rest upon Rose.

And if, by chance, she raised those soft eyes of hers, then a shy blush mantled her cheek, and her eyes fell again.

Flowers were laid on her desk in the mornings; there was but one hand that placed them there. Sometimes, there was a little note beside them, but oftener a pretty book or a choice picture.

And, in the summer evenings, there was always a long, pleasant walk home, made more so by the shy glances, words half uttered, and smiles that wove a web of sunshine around their hearts.

Thus the days passed on all golden, and Hal looked oftener from his book, oftener upon the sweet face before him. And was not that face, in its young beauty, his book of books, his religion, the creed of his boyish heart?

But there, came a day when the sunshine was less bright, and the chimes of tolling bells sounded sadly through the air. When there was weeping among us, and when they bore to the grave in the church-yard, our fair, dead playmate. Gentle Rose! angel Rose! Oh! then there was a long, low wail of boyish grief: the earth fell upon the coffin; all was still, and Hal stood beside the new-made grave alone.

Yes, she lay there below, in her white robes, with a crown of roses around her fair hair, and a little prayer-book clasped close in her cold hands. And he stood above, broken in spirit, and with a beautiful face imaged in his heart. Poor Hal!

Time passed—the youth became a man, the once new-made grave was covered with living green, and we youthful companions were all scattered. I saw Hal once again, when, after an absence of many years, he returned to his fathers' home. I saw him in the pride of manhood, with the same brown curls, only a shade darker, clustering around his brow, the same laughing eyes, the same reckless gaiety of youth.

There were bright lights flashing in the old rooms—there were guests too, and the sound of music wild and sweet burst ever and anon upon the ear. And Hal stood not alone in that gay company; one beautiful and beloved stood close beside him, his betrothed, his cherished bride.

She was beautiful and she was proud. The orange-blossoms and bridal veil rested with a haughty grace upon her jetty tresses. There was a nameless beauty, a proud courteousness in her every look and tone. Yes, she was fair and lovely, but not more pure, not more gentle than the Rose we had loved in youth.

Hal is an elderly man now—there are lines of care, perhaps of sorrow on his brow. A few silver threads mingle also in his locks of brown.

I wonder if he ever thinks of that young love! I wonder if sometimes when sorrow overtakes him, when he escapes from the busy thoroughfares of the world, if he does not recall its purity to refresh his jaded heart! Perhaps he thinks of it often with a smile, laughs over it when alone, and wonders how he could have loved her half so well. Ah, no! that is not human nature—it is not so—listen and I will tell you.

It is evening; Hal sits in his arm-chair within his study. A bright fire is burning in the grate, and a lamp is lighted upon the stand beside him. He is alone—his proud, lovely wife has gone to

some festal meeting. She gave him a graceful, haughty wave of her gloved hand, a joyous "addio" as she stepped into her carriage and drove away. She was dressed in lace and pearls, and looked very beautiful—the world admires her—so does he.

But there is no quiet, domestic joy within his household: no fireside pleasantries—none. So he sits there in a reverie, and recalls to mind some old thoughts of old years. Presently a smile, a sad smile, plays around his lips; he turns to the little stand and hunts among some old papers in the drawer. He draws forth carefully and cautiously a tress of fair soft hair, smoothing it in his fingers, and looking at it earnestly.

It is a little faded from being kept so long, yet it is very lovely, and it reminds him, too, of a sweet young face, wherein he once read a volume of goodness and love. He leans back in the great chair and thinks of all that happened in the days of that young love. But he does not think of it all at once—oh, no! it is too precious. He remembers each joy separately, and draws out slowly, lingeringly each leaf of that book of youth. It is the more sweet thus than if it were all placed before him with a sudden burst of memory. Yes, it is one of those holy things that he has cherished in his heart, the key of which unlocks not only to pleasure, but to pain also.

The clock strikes one—he arouses himself from that sad memory, the haunting loveliness of that one face. The lamp has grown dim, he trims it, and pushes the papers and the tress of fair hair into the little drawer. A sound of carriage wheels and merry voices come to his ear in that lone room. He starts from his chair, dashes the dimness from his eyes, murmurs softly to himself, "Poor Rose, pretty Rose," and so—'tis ended.

EUTHANASY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You remember Anna May, who sewed for you about a year ago?" said one fashionably-dressed lady to another.

"That pale, quiet girl who made up dresses for the children?"

"The one I sent you."

"O, yes, very well. I had forgotten her name. What has become of her? If I remember rightly, I engaged her for a week or two in the fall. But she did not keep her engagement."

"Poor thing," said the first lady, whose name was Mrs. Bell, "she'll keep no more engagements of that kind."

"Why so? Is she dead?" The tone in which these brief questions were asked, evinced no lively interest in the fate of the poor sewing-girl.

"Not dead; but very near the end of life's weary pilgrimage."

"Ah, well, we must all die, I suppose—though it's no pleasant thing to think about. But, I am glad you called in this morning"—the lady's voice rose into a more cheerful tone—"I was just about putting on my things to go down to Mrs. Bobinet's opening. You intend going, of course.

I shall be so delighted to have you along, for I want to consult your taste about a bonnet."

"I came out for a different purpose, altogether, Mrs. Ellis," said Mrs. Bell, "and have called to ask you to go with me."

"Where?"

"To see Anna May."

"What! that poor seamstress of whom you just spoke?" There was a look of unfeigned surprise in the lady's countenance.

"Yes: the poor seamstress, Anna May. Her days in this world are nearly numbered. I was to see her yesterday, and found her very low. She cannot long remain on this side the river of death. I am now on my way to her mother's house. Will you not go with me?"

"No, no," replied Mrs. Ellis, quickly, while a shadow fell over her face; "why should I go? I never took any particular interest in the girl. And, as for dying, everything in relation thereto is unpleasant to me. I can't bear to think of death: it makes me shudder all over."

"You have never looked in the face of death," said Mrs. Bell.

"And never wish to," replied Mrs. Ellis, feelingly. "O, if it wasn't for this terrible consumption, what a joyful thing life might be!"

"Anna May has looked death in the face, but does not find his aspect so appalling. She calls him a beautiful angel, who is about to take her by the hand and lead her up gently and lovingly to her Father's house."

There came into the face of Mrs. Ellis a sudden look of wonder.

"Are you in earnest, Mrs. Bell?"

"Altogether in earnest."

"The mind of the girl is unbalanced."

"No, Mrs. Ellis; never was it more evenly poised. Come with me; it will do you good."

"Don't urge me, Mrs. Bell. If I go, it will make me sad for a week. Is the sick girl in want of any comfort?—I will freely minister thereto. But I do not wish to look upon death."

"In this aspect, it is beautiful to look upon. Go with me, then. The experience will be something to accompany you through life. The image of a frightful monster is in your mind; you may now have it displaced by the form of an angel."

"How strangely you talk, Mrs. Bell! How can death be an angel? Is anything more terrible than death?"

"The phantom called death, which a diseased imagination conjures up, may be terrible to look upon; but death itself is a kind messenger, whose office it is to summon us from this world of shadows and changes, to a world of eternal light and unfading beauty. But come, Mrs. Ellis; must urge you to go with me. Do not fear a shock to your feelings; for none will be experienced."

So earnest were Mrs. Bell's persuasions, that her friend at last consented to go with her. At no great distance from the elegant residence of Mrs. Ellis, in an obscure neighborhood, was a small house, humble in exterior, and modestly, yet neatly, attired within. At the door of this house the ladies paused, and were admitted by a woman somewhat advanced in years, on whose

mild face sorrow and holy resignation were beautifully blended.

"How is your daughter?" inquired Mrs. Bell, as soon as they were seated in the small, neat parlor.

"Not so strong as when you were here yesterday," was answered, with a faint smile. "She is sinking hourly."

"But continues in the same tranquil, Heavenly state?"

"O, yes." There was a sweet, yet touching earnestness in the mother's voice. "Dear child! Her life has been pure and unselfish; and now, when her change is about to come, all is peace, and hope, and patient waiting for the time when she will be clothed upon with immortality."

"Is she strong enough to see any one?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"The presence of others in no way disturbs her. Will you walk up into her chamber, friends?"

The two ladies ascended the narrow stairs, and Mrs. Ellis found herself, for the first time in many years, in the presence of one about to die. A slender girl, with large, mild eyes, and face almost as white as the pillow it pressed, was before her. The unmistakable signs of speedy dissolution were on the pale, shrunken features; not beautiful, in the ordinary acceptance of beauty, but from the pure spirit within. Radiant with Heavenly light was the smile that instantly played about her lips.

"How are you to-day, Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Bell, as she took the shadowy hand of the dying girl.

"Weaker in body than when you were here yesterday," was answered, "but stronger in spirit."

"I have brought Mrs. Ellis to see you. You remember Mrs. Ellis?"

Anna lifted her bright eyes to the face of Mrs. Ellis, and said:

"O, yes, very well;" and she feebly extended her hand. The lady touched her hand with an emotion akin to awe. As yet, the scene oppressed and bewildered her. There was something about it that was dream-like and unreal! "Death! death!" she questioned with herself, "can this be dying?"

"Your day will soon close, Anna," said Mrs. Bell, in a cheerful tone.

"Or, as we say," quickly replied Anna, smiling, "my morning will soon break. It is only a kind of twilight here. I am waiting for the day dawn."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Ellis, with much earnestness, bending over the dying girl as she spoke—the newness and strangeness of the scene had so wrought upon her feelings that she could not repress their utterance—"Is all indeed as you say? Are you inwardly so calm, so hopeful, so confident of the morning? Forgive me such a question, at such a moment. But the thought of death has ever been terrible to me; and now, to see a fellow-mortal standing, as you are, so near the grave, and yet speaking in cheerful tones of the last agony, fills me with wonder. Is it all real? Are you so full of heavenly tranquility?"

Was the light dimmed in Anna's eyes by such

pressing questions? Did they turn her thoughts too realizingly upon the "last agony?" O, no! Even in the waning hours of life, her quickest impulse was to render service to another.—Earnest, therefore, was her desire to remove from the lady's mind this fear of death, even though she felt the waters of Jordan already touching her own descending feet.

"God is love," she said, and with an emphasis that gave to the mind of Mrs. Ellis a new appreciation of the words. "In His love He made us, that He might bless us with infinite and eternal blessings, and these await us in Heaven. And now that He sends an angel to take me by the hand and lead me up to my Heavenly home, shall I tremble and fear to accompany the celestial messenger? Does the child, long separated from a loving parent, shrink at the thought of going home, or ask the hours to linger? O, no!"

"But all is so uncertain," said Mrs. Ellis, eager to penetrate father into the mystery.

"Uncertain!" There was something of surprise in the voice of Anna May. "God is truth as well as love; and both in His love and truth, He is unchangeable. When, as Divine Truth, He came to our earth, and spake as never man spake, He said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' The heavens and the earth may pass away, Mrs. Ellis, but not a jot or tittle of the Divine Word can fail."

"Ah, but the preparation for those Heavenly mansions?" said Mrs. Ellis. "The preparation, Anna! Who may be certain of this?"

The eyes of the sick girl closed, the long lashes resting like a dark fringe on her snowy cheek. For more than a moment she lay silent and motionless. Then looking up, she answered:

"God is love. If we would be with Him, we must be like Him."

"How are we to be like Him, Anna?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"He is love; but not a love of Himself. He loves and seeks to bless others. We must do the same."

"And have you, Anna—"

But the words died on the lips of the speaker. Again had the drooping lashes fallen, and the pale lids closed over the beautiful eyes. And now a sudden light shone through the transparent tissue of that wan face; a light, the rays of which none who saw them needed to be told were but gleams of the heavenly morning just breaking for the mortal sleeper.

How hushed the room—how motionless the group that bent forward towards the one just passing away! Was it the rustle of angel's garments that penetrated the inward sense of hearing?

It is over! The pure spirit of that humble girl, who, in her sphere, was loving, and true and faithful, had ascended to the God, in whose infinite love she reposed a child-like and unwavering confidence. Calmly and sweetly she went to sleep, like an infant on its mother's bosom, knowing that the Everlasting arms were beneath and around her.

And thus, in the by-ways and obscure places of life, are daily passing away the humble, loving,

true-hearted ones. The world esteems them lightly; but they are precious in the sight of God. When the time of their departure comes, they shrink not back in fear, but lift their hands trustingly to the angel messenger, whom their Father sends to lead them up to their home in Heaven. With them is the true "Euthanasia."

"Is not that a new experience in life?" said Mrs. Bell, as the two ladies walked slowly homeward. With a deep sigh, the other answered:

"New and wonderful. I scarcely comprehend what I have seen. Such a lesson from such a source! How lightly I thought of that poor sewing-girl, who came and went so unobtrusively! How little dreamed I that so rich a jewel was in so plain a casket! Ah, I shall be wiser for this—wiser, and I may hope, better. O, to be able to die as she has died—what of mere earthly good would I not cheerfully sacrifice!"

"It is for us all," calmly answered Mrs. Bell. "The secret we have just heard—we must be like God."

"How—how?"

"He loves others out of Himself, and seeks their good. If we would be like Him, we must do the same."

Yes; this is the secret of an easy death, and the only true secret.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

ELLEN DANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER'S VOW.

A TALE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

The following touching and affecting instance of a sister's devotion occurred in a manufacturing town in New Hampshire, not many years ago. It was related to the author by the brother of the girl alluded to, now a minister in an adjoining State, and is as true as affecting:—

Ellen Dane was the only daughter of a once flourishing merchant; the idol of a large circle of admiring friends, the pride of a fond father, who suffered not even the winds of heaven to visit the cheek of his darling too roughly.

While he lived his strong arm protected her from all sorrow, his kind hand surrounded her with every blessing that parental love could devise, or money procure. But she had the misfortune to lose him at the early age of thirteen.

Colonel Dane was supposed at the time of his death to be in affluent circumstances. But his estate was found to be heavily mortgaged, and after paying the debts incurred by his long and expensive sickness, there was nothing but a bare pittance left for the widow and her children.

Alas, for human nature! There were few of the many friends who fluttered around them in their prosperity, willing now to step forward to their assistance; and, after struggling on for three years under the pressure of cares and burthens she was ill-fitted to sustain, Mrs. Dane sank into the grave, leaving her two fatherless children to the cold mercy of strangers.

A short time before her death she called her children to her, and placing the tiny fingers of

her son in the hand of her daughter, she solemnly committed him to her care. "Be a mother to him, Ellen," she said, laying her trembling hand upon the bowed head of the weeping girl; "be a mother to him; he will now have no one to love him but you. Promise me that you will never forsake him." By the bedside of her dying mother, amid tears and sobs, Ellen gave the required promise. "You will not forget, Ellen," repeated Mrs. Dane, earnestly; "you will not forget."

"If I do so, may God forget me in my last hour, mother, returned Ellen, solemnly.

"God bless you! my daughter," was the faint response of Mrs. Dane; "you have made my last hour happy; the Almighty bless you!"

That blessing sank deep into the heart of Ellen.

Pale and tearful, Ellen Dane turned away from her mother's grave—no longer a child, but a woman, with a woman's duties and responsibilities resting upon her. Her young heart was strong within her; but unaccustomed to struggle with the world, what could she do? Whither could she direct her steps? Her father's brother offered her a home in his family, but he didn't want the boy, he had quite enough of his own. Another relative, in a distant State, proposed adopting her brother, but Ellen declined, knowing but too well he would be to him not a kind protector, but a harsh and cruel master.

Ellen had heard of a far-off place, where many of her own sex gained a humble but honest livelihood, by the labor of their hands, and she resolved to seek it. She, therefore, sold the wreck of their property, and, taking with her her brother, then but nine years of age, she bent her way to the "Granite State;" entering the noted manufacturing town of ———.

There, with a strong, hopeful heart, though feeble hand, she toiled day after day, week after week, feeling well repaid for every pain, every privation, by the increasing strength and healthful bloom of her youthful charge; who early evinced unusual intelligence, and a thirst for knowledge, which she was resolved should be gratified.

A year passed slowly by, and found her still toiling on. Not even the voice of love, so dear to her woman's heart, could lure her from that lowly path. A manly form sought her side, a manly voice wooed her; yet, though her loving heart plead strongly in his favor, she swerved not.

"I cannot leave my brother," was her firm reply, as he warmly urged his suit. "Nor can I consent to bring to my husband a double burthen."

Vainly he argued that she had done her duty by him; that it was not right for her to sacrifice her health and every hope of happiness to his advancement. Vainly did he portray, in glowing colors, the light of a happy home, the comforts with which he would surround her: she was firm.

"But your health is failing, Ellen," he said, earnestly. "Your feeble frame will sink under such unremitting toil. You will die, and then what will become of him?"

A slight flush passed over her pale cheek, and

her eyes beamed with a pure, holy light, as she raised them to Heaven. "God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb," she murmured. "The Father of the fatherless will be with him. I will not forsake him as long as I live."

In the selfishness of his soul, he spoke of his own blighted hopes, reproaching her for giving pain to a heart so devoted to her.

Ellen was strongly moved—the tears sprang to her eyes. But firmly repressing her emotion, she calmly said, "You have a strong arm, a pleasant home, and many friends. He has only me—I will not leave him." And so they parted. "She is incapable of loving," he exclaimed bitterly, to himself, as he turned away; "utterly heartless."

Heartless! Had he seen that pale brow, heard that low wail of anguish—the touching prayer that ascended from her lips to the Great Father, during the still watches of that night, would he have deemed her heartless?

At last, by the most rigid economy, Ellen gained the summit of her ambition, which was to place her brother at school, in a neighboring State. Allowing herself no rest, no relaxation, she surrounded him with every comfort her slender means would allow. Denying herself every mental advantage, she afforded him every facility for study, carefully concealing from him the toil and privations they cost her.

The departure of her brother, left Ellen, as it were, alone; yet, she was not alone. He was still with her, upon whose strong arm she had ever leaned with the confiding trust of childhood.

Three, four, five years passed slowly round, yet she still pursued her quiet way—the report of her brother's rapid progress in his studies, the early talent he exhibited, filling her proud heart with joy, and cheering her path of toil. And, though her pale brow grew still paler, and her slight form more shadowy in its proportions, the same clear, hopeful light beamed in her eye, the same holy smile played around her lips. Though her woman's hand sometimes failed her, her purpose never wavered, her strong heart never faltered.

At the close of a long sultry day in August, wearied by the day's toil, she seated herself by the open window, and resting her head upon her hand, seemed to slumber. The cool summer breeze came softly in, kissing the pale cheek, and gently lifting the soft dark hair from the wan brow. The drums turned in their ceaseless motions, and the clash of iron wheels, sounding like the far-off murmur of the sea, rose up on every side—yet she still slumbered on. Kind-hearted maidens glided around her heavy looms, guiding or checking their rapid motion—the form of him, from whose quick eye nothing escaped, passed through her narrow alley—but she heeded them not. Passing, struck by her strange position, and thinking she still slumbered, he approached her; but the eye so quick to perceive his coming, and the hand so ready to obey his bidding, moved not.

Bending his head, he spoke to her—but she answered not. He laid his hand gently on the bowed head, but it only drooped still lower. Surprised, he unclasped the slender fingers from the

cold brow—but he might not arouse her. She slept quietly and sweetly "that sleep that knows no waking."

Amid the busy sounds of labor, the wild clamor of that noisy and dusty room, her spirit had broken its earthly fetters and soared up through the dark wall and rolling drum, out into God's pure air and bright sunshine—up! up! oh, child of earth! up farther still through the dark ether blue—the regions of infinite space, to the throne of the Eternal.

Well and nobly had she performed her vow.

Grave and learned doctors met in solemn conclave around her lifeless form, giving it as their deliberate opinion that she died of disease of the heart, of many years' standing.

Sleek, portly citizens gave forth their solemn verdict, that she "*died by the visitation of God!*" Strange words! vain mockery! This was all they knew of the young, loving heart that had been slowly breaking in their midst five weary years!

It was not till the heavy clods lay thick upon her gentle breast, that her brother knew that he was sisterless as well as fatherless. And, though he sorrowed for her in bitterness of heart, it was not until he had arrived at the age of manhood that he fully realized the loss he sustained; that he fully appreciated the depth of that sisterly devotion that led her to sacrifice for him not only the spring-time of her youth and the chosen of her affections, but her very existence.

He became a minister of the church of God, and was instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. His was the resistless power of learning—the wondrous gift of eloquence. Many lips praised, many hearts blest him. But who thought of her whose toils and privations laid the foundation of his usefulness? Who remembered the lowly maiden who watered with her tears the seed that brought forth so glorious a harvest?

But what needest *thou* of the praise of man, oh, glorious seraph! standing among the white-robed martyrs that surround the throne of the "Crucified?" What carest *thou* for the voice of earthly adulation? He who sees not as man sees, who rewards not as man rewards, whose strong arm supported thee in thy weary pilgrimage below, has given thee "that peace that passeth all knowledge," that "crown that fadeth not away."

A BAD MEMORY.

The Lancasterian tells this amusing story:—An old farmer, residing within a short distance of this city, paid us a visit a few days ago, and was much astonished to find that the old courthouse had been torn down, and that a new one was in course of erection. He came to town on business, having disposed of a farm; and stepping into the office of a conveyancer, requested him to prepare the necessary title-papers. When asked by that gentleman for the Christian name of his wife, he gravely replied:—

"Well, indeed, I don't recollect what it is. We have been married for upwards of forty years, and I always call her 'Mam.'"

The conveyancer left a blank in the deed to be filled when "Mam's" name was ascertained.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

When we burn a plant in the flame of a lamp or candle, the fire destroys all the organic matter in the plant, and isolates, under the form of ashes, the principal minerals and salts which it contains. This inorganic matter, or ash, when submitted to a careful chemical analysis, is found to contain no less than eleven different substances—potash, soda, lime, silica, or sand, alumina, or clay, the oxides of iron and manganese, magnesia, phosphorus and sulphur. These different substances unite with the acids formed in the vegetable organs, and form those different salts which are found in the ash of the plant after its combustion has been effected.

Some persons have supposed that these mineral matters are produced by the plants themselves, and not derived from without. It is true that the earths, such as silica and alumina, are insoluble, by themselves, in water, and that the subdivision of the matter of which they are composed must be carried to an almost infinite degree of minuteness, before they can pass into the system of the plant through the cellular extremities of the roots; but all the earths are soluble with the alkalies, such as potash and soda, which enter largely into the composition of all rocks; and as the earths are furnished to the soil by the slow decomposition or disintegration of rocks, there can be no doubt that the water, as it percolates the soil, impregnated with potash, soda, and carbonic acid, affects the solution of the silica, alumina and lime to such an extent, that these substances pass unimpeded into the system of the plant, along with the water which is imbibed by the cellular extremities of its roots.

The quantity and quality of this ash varies in different plants, each species, according to its peculiar constitution, retaining a greater or less amount of one or more of these earthy ingredients. Thus nearly all plants retain a quantity of potash; wheat, a certain amount of silica. Some aquatic plants accumulate iron, so that on decaying they leave a sediment of iron rust in the water. Chlorine is found in all marine plants; phosphorus in the onion; and sulphur in mustard seed, in celery, and in ginger.

The immense quantities of water, variously impregnated with these foreign bodies, which pass through a plant, being condensed by evaporation in the leaves, is sufficient to account for their presence in appreciable quantities in the plant, however minute may be their proportions in the water which the roots imbibe. Hence it is found that plants will not grow in distilled water, or water freed from all foreign ingredients; and also that the water exhaled by plants is so pure that not a trace of foreign matter is discoverable in it. The stomata, or pores of the leaves, are, in fact, the most perfect stills in the great laboratory of nature. About two-thirds of the fluid taken up by the spongioles of the roots, is evaporated from the leaves of plants in the form of water; and, consequently, about one-third remains in the plant in a highly concentrated condition, containing the carbonic acid

and earthy ingredients which happen to be dissolved in the water when first presented to the roots.

Although the ash, or inorganic matter, in plants constitutes a very small proportion of their substance, yet its importance is not on this account to be underrated. It has been shown that plants derive the greater part of their substance from the atmosphere, but the small percentage of inorganic matter derived from the soil appears to be absolutely necessary to their healthy development. It is for this reason that the soil exercises such a marked influence on the distribution of species. It is impossible to examine the plants which spring up spontaneously in any district, without arriving at the conclusion that they are influenced in the development of the peculiarities of their organization by certain inorganic matters which abound in the soils in which they grow. The barren rock and fertile valley, the sandy soil and the marsh, the margin of the stream or the sea-shore, have all their peculiar species of plants.

The chemical composition of the ash of a plant being known, conclusions can be drawn scientifically as to the soil most suitable for its growth. *A good soil must contain all the substances found in the ash of the plant after combustion, and in proportionate quantities.* This is a matter of great importance, both to the farmer and the planter. If we give abundant and vigorous food to an animal, it becomes strong and fat; if its food be small in quantity and poor in quality, it becomes poor and lean. Just the same happens to a plant. Plants will grow vigorously and fruit plentifully when there is an abundance of that kind of food in the soil which is most suitable to their growth; and their growth will be checked and their fruit injured by any deficiency in the required food.

It is for man to learn wisdom from the teachings of nature, and endeavor to furnish the plants which he cultivates with the food which they require. Nature is a wise and perfect cultivator. Some plants are placed in a moist soil, others in a dry one; some on the sides and summits of mountains, others on plains and in sequestered valleys; some, fixed to rocks, luxuriate in the rolling waves of the sea, others grow beautifully in the quiet waters of lakes and rivulets. All plants are, however, placed by Nature in soils and situations which are chemically and physically adapted to promote their growth, so that they may answer her grand and secret purposes in the development of their organization.

MARKS IN SWINE.

"Notes and Queries" speaks of devil's marks in swine:—"We don't kill a pig every day," but we did a short time since; and after its hairs were scraped off, our attention was directed to six small rings, about the size of a pea, and in color as if burnt or branded, on the inside of each fore-leg, and disposed curvilinearly. Our laborer informed us with great gravity, and evidently believed it, that these marks were caused by the pressure of the devil's fingers, when he entered the herd of swine, which immediately ran violently into the sea."

A NIGHT WITH THE RAPPERS.

[We commend the following from the "Christian Advocate and Journal," to the attention of those who are at all inclined to put faith in Spirit Rappers. The editor says of it:—"We are, and have long been intimately acquainted with the writer, and endorse him as one on whose statements entire and implicit reliance may be placed. The reader will see how much the deceived contribute to their own deception, by their earnest desire to know the secrets of the spirit-world, and especially the state of deceased relatives."]

I went—no matter where—no matter when—and nearly as little why. Though I confess to some little curiosity, yet my object was to rescue, if possible, a pious and useful member of my charge from a delusion, which I feared would end in the subversion of her faith, piety, and usefulness, and most likely the loss of her Church privileges, if not also her domestic and eternal welfare! I failed—and all these are gone, I fear, but the last. Whether that will be finally rescued from the wreck, eternity alone will disclose.

I went to her own house, in accordance with her own request, urged with all the earnest confidence of a devotee, to test for myself experimentally the matter, before condemning her course or her belief. Though not a public meeting, yet it was to be a formal one. The initiated of "the circle" had a week's notice that her minister was to be there, to see for himself, and of course to act in accordance with his convictions.

Taking with me one of my stewards, an intelligent and pious brother, whose age and experience would give weight to his opinions, we found ourselves in advance of the company, and had time to talk awhile about her interview with her leader, who had reported her case to me, and his unsuccessful labor to lead her back from the estrangement from class, which resulted from her new excitement and associations. Labor, quotha! O Doctor! if you only could see that laborer at work! Why he was a very Cyclops at it. His lightest blow was like a tap with a sledge! And if an erroneous opinion was not demolished before he had done, why the holder of it was belabored most unmercifully, at any rate. I had enjoyed some personal experience in this department of his duty, and verily—ahem!—but he had failed! He!

She had thrown around herself, or rather had been led into, a series of *experimental facts*. The direct evidence of her senses was not to be rejected; she had *heard*, she had *seen*, repeatedly—she could not deny—she was forced to believe. "Reasoning could not *unconvince* her." Ridicule, exhortation, warning, could not present causes for fear, where nothing to be feared was seen or certain. The present effects were all good, and the future promised to be better. Was not her husband induced to admit the reality of spiritual things? Were not her two older children benefited—the son reclaimed and the daughter deeply impressed? Was not "the circle" all pious? Had they not formed a plan and drawn up written rules far more strict than the Discipline? Did they not enjoy the "literal communion of saints?"

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"Why, St. Paul himself had made out communications to her, one of which, in bad English, and worse taste, she kept about her person, as devoutly as ever Pharisee wore phylactery, or Turk verses of the Koran!"

"But how do you know that 'the medium' has not imposed on you?" "O she could not. Dear little Mary was in constant intercourse with the whole family, and gave such unmistakable evidences of her identity, that it would be as impossible to doubt, as wicked to deny. Why, she acted over and over again all the little peculiarities of her childish prattle; and words and incidents, known only to the family, were recalled to their recollection, which none but herself could know, or remind them of!" (She had died a year before.)

O dear! she never reflected that "the medium" had been living free in the house week after week, conversing with herself and family, and sleeping with her daughters, and possessing herself of all, and more than was necessary, to play her part!

Washington too, Franklin, Jefferson, &c., &c., were frequently present, and freely spoke of past and future. A great day, of which this was only the dawn, was coming, when the spirits would not merely rap, but speak, and be seen!

Apropos—Does it never occur to these deluded ones that these worthies of the Church and the world must be omnipresent to be thus in —, New-York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and also in each of these cities, at many different "circles," at the same moment?

Well, the circle kept coming in, and we adjourned to the parlor, up stairs. The store was abandoned to the girl, as usual, and we were carefully seated around a large table. All was still. We were in the process of "harmonizing!" I cast a glance around the circle. Just in front of me sat—save the mark—a Hicksite Quaker! His passionless, smooth phiz was the very *beau ideal* of that quietism we were practising. A little further to the left was my friend the steward—his baldish head drooping, chin on his breast, and eyes on his boots. Near to him sat the husband balancing back and forth on his chair, his look rather quizzical, a little sinister, and a blaze manner, indicating an old hand, but nothing of the solemn eagerness of a young convert. Next was an empty chair, anon to be filled by a curiosity. The semi-circle on my right was completed by several common-place countenances, men and women, among whom was a young widower, a lodger, whom I soon learned was excessively given to the fiddle, with singing accompaniments in solo, varied now and then with a rapping duet, and spelling matches with his late wife; in which she would coax him to play and sing for her comfort, her old tunes and camp-meeting hymns, and talk with him about the affairs of their short marriage life. On my left sat our deluded sister; and next but one, a young girl from Connecticut, about fourteen years old, and with one of the worst countenances I ever saw on one of her age. It was not exactly vicious, but so exceedingly sinister in its attempts to appear at ease—such a constrained air of immobility, such a fixed appearance of being an unconscious subject of an unknown influence, so determined to know no-

thing as to how or why she was necessary to the "manifestations," that I at once fixed my looks severely upon her, until she averted her eyes, and refused to encounter the test again. *This was the medium.*

Next but one to the medium were two Yankees, fresh from Connecticut, also; but they professed to have been unacquainted with the girl. Amateurs and reporters, they were the amanuenses of the spirits, going round from city to city, and keeping a record of manifestations, and active in assisting and conducting the circular conferences; sitting on the edges of their chairs, leaning toward the table, their feet thrust under it to the full length of their lower limbs, and digging their boot-heels into the carpet. The instant the first raps were heard, they became earnest and excited, and, pulling out book and pencil, were literally "chiefs among us takin' notes." They proved to be important parties in the course of the night's experiments. In all, about thirty were present.

And there we sat, "all in a row," silent as a Quaker-meeting, the lamp burning in our centre, and stealing glances around at each other, and waiting the coming of the spirits. I could not restrain the twitching of my risibles as I watched the flickering shades of expression crossing and mingling in my mind, reflected from the countenances of those before me. To change the train of thought I startled them all by suddenly calling out, "Well, why don't you hurry up them spirits?" The sister remonstrated. I replied, "Why don't you inquire if any of them are about; they may be waiting? Don't you know that, according to the old rule, a ghost can't speak first?" "O, they will let you know as soon as they are here." "How?" "They'll rap all around. Be still and listen." Another long silence ensued, which I suddenly broke again—I had no notion of letting a false awe pervade and prepare the uncommitted ones. To prevent this, I cried out, in a sharp, quick voice, "Are there any spirits here?" Tip, tip, krick, came a soft, rapid tapping, just at the edge of that girl's dress—all was attention. "There, now," I cried, "I thought I could wake them up." In a moment or so the man with the book solemnly inquired if the spirits were ready to hold communion. Tip, tip, tip, came the raps. "Shall we open in the usual way?" Tip, tip, tip, again. Three tips, it seems, mean yes; two tips, no; five is the call for the alphabet, &c. "Who shall open?" Tip, tip, tip, tip, tip—the alphabet—a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, &c., solemnly repeating his a, b, c's, in a tone of doubting inquiry. Like an urchin eyeing the ferule, did that man with the book proceed until he arrived at m, when tip came the rap, and he stopped short. A, b, c, again, until r was reached, when he brought up as though he had been suddenly seized with the hickups. "Mr. mister?" tip, tip, tip,—yes. A, b, c, he resumed, until the first letter of my own name was reached, when tip, and he stuck a pin there. "O, Mr. —, you mean." Tip, tip, tip, quick came the raps, as though the spirit was glad to escape the rest of his a, b, c's. "What chapter shall we read?" The fourth of Matthew was spelled out. I felt uneasy; there

was something like irreverence, I thought; but, as all were solemn, I read; after which a few verses were sung, during which the spirit kept very good time by rapping a tip at every syllable in a very edifying manner. We knelt to pray, and after humbly deprecating the Divine displeasure, if we were not doing right, I asked of God to confound imposture and save any who were deluded; to which the rapper gave a decided amen by three distinct and firm taps!

After a few moments' silence, we fixed the mode of proceeding. The bookman wished to go round the circle. I objected; it was late; many of those present had enjoyed the privilege; we had come to test the matter. They had been through the mill so often, and we, the greenhorns, wanted a chance, and ought to have it first. I had no notion to let the initiated ones pre-occupy the minds, and give the medium a cue, by asking questions which would put her or others on their guard, and give information. It was permitted me to begin. I asked, "If any spirit would speak with me?" Tip, tip, tip, in quick succession, as though impatient. "Who are you?" The a b c was said until first—f, and then again a was pronounced. "O, father, is it?" Tip, tip, tip—yes. "Well, old gentleman, how long have you been dead?" "O," said the bookman, "they do not admit they are dead." "Excuse me, sir, if I request you not to interfere; I can manage, I should think, a short chat with my father, without prompting." The spirit very complacently kept silent during this interruption. The question was repeated. "Tip, tip, tip, tip—tip—tip, fainter and fainter died the sounds away, as though the toes had tired, or the electricity was exhausted. Only eleven, big and little, were counted. "Why, old fellow, you don't keep tally down there! Eleven! why, it's nearer forty than eleven, according to earthly dates. Come, that's too bad a failure! We'll try again. I suppose you've kept the run of me, and the rest of the children, have you?" Tip, tip, tip. "Well, how many grandchildren have you?" Tip one, tip two—"Go on"—three, four, five, six, until fifteen were distinctly told off! "Halloo, halloo! none of your slander now, there are but four." "Haw! haw!" broke in the lady's husband; "why, Mr. —, take care, they'll expose you."

Other plain, commonplace questions, relating to numbers, dates, &c., were asked, but in every instance most absurd failures were the results. The medium was evidently at fault. Speculative questions of a religious character were expected, the state of the departed, the nature of the spirit-world, &c., the truth of which could not be decided on—answers to which any Connecticut girl of fourteen could give from Sunday school knowledge and frequent intercourse with the "circles," and from the promptings such as the bookman tried to introduce with mine. I threw up my chance by abruptly saying, "There, old chap, you may be off, you are about as much a spirit as you are a wise father. I am satisfied." I omitted to mention that when I first asked who the spirit was, a single tip, followed by three slight scratches as of the nails under the table, were given. This I was told was this spirit's

signal—his mark, by which I would always distinguish his presence. All, even the initiated, confessed the decided failure, and regretted it exceedingly.

Another, a widowed lady, her daughter sitting by her, now took it up, and with a tone of deep and tender anxiety, conversed with a younger daughter, who had died under circumstances of painful uncertainty, and calmed her fears with assurances of her safety and perfect happiness, declaring that she was, and had been, and would always be near her. Without knowing it, the poor mother had put such leading questions as love and affliction suggested, and effectually deceived herself. By common consent, the brother of "little Mary," our host's daughter, was now permitted to speak to his sister. They were sure the child was present, and impatiently waiting to speak. Tip, tip, tip, her signal was given with childish glee, and quite a scene was enacted. The mother and children were in evident delight, exclaiming, "Just her words!"—"yes, don't you remember," and the like. The father joined the chorus, and when finally she was asked about her present position, told us that all the children were in the charge, and under tuition of the Virgin Mary! My, O! thought I aloud, what a family! Only think, one-fourth of our race have died in childhood! What millions there must be in that infant school! I wonder if the virgin knows where you are now! Yet all this was swallowed by the circle!

On went the colloquy. Our friend, the steward, had sat thoughtful and perfectly silent. I suspected he was arranging a set of test questions, and that when his turn came the poor spirits would have to undergo a scorching cross-examination. He spoke slowly, calm, and severely kind. "Is there any spirit here who will communicate with me?" Tip, tip—no! It was all up. He was sent to Coventry! He raised his head—a stern smile half lit up his countenance, fading away into calm contempt. He had to hold fire! The game was under cover! A failure was not to do away the triumph of mischievous little Mary, who had played truant from the virgin's school to chat with Willie and the rest of us.

That empty chair! It had been filled! filled with a vengeance! Its occupant I well knew! Such a phiz! all over quizzical—every feature in opposition to the others; a wide mouth, disdaining to expand itself, save on an emergency—only opening in the middle; the lips, thick, red, and pulpy in the centre, thinning off at the corners, and every now and then puckering up as if impatient to have a chance in the talk; a nose, short, and turned up, out of the way of his working lip, hanging like a pendant from a broad, flat, wrinkled forehead, whose bushy black hair kept working about as though the wrinkles were continued all over his head—while at every word, eyebrows, forehead, wrinkles, hair, and ears, the whole surface from the mouth upward, were in a perpetual quiver, finishing every sentence with a sudden jerk, as though the twitches were only premonitory of a final spasm! But the eyes were the climax! The left one, snug, compact, and squinting about as if in search of

the rapping, with a most comical expression of curiosity and doubt—and the right one, round, full, and puffed out, kept staring straight onward, lack lustre, and vacant, in utter indifference to the impatient anxiety of its inquisitive mate! It was impossible to catch any idea of his mental whereabouts from any or all his features. As he made a somewhat questionable application of the command, "Prove all things," though forgetting the latter part of the injunction, he had been the entire round of "ologies and isms," in which soul, body, and estate had been somewhat worsted. He was now bent on "trying the spirits," and this it seems was his first essay with the rappers. His turn had come to question. To my surprise, he suddenly became as quiet and fixed in countenance as he had before been restless. Lacing his fingers together, and squeezing them between his knees, he leaned forward and looked me straight in the face for a moment, and then oddly enough directed a seemingly intense gaze on a small vacancy between my position; and the one occupied by the lady next to the medium, but the look was utterly blank! He spoke, and as all were struck with the singular state of his features, a slight start was perceptible, followed by an illy suppressed titter from some of the younger ones around. A half doubtful yes was given to his application, and we learned that his dear wife was there, and ready for a talk over their still mutual interests! A long string of questions and answers ensued, and every moment his interest increased. He seemed to grow intensely anxious. Twitch, twitch, worked his eyebrows and forehead, and every now and then a general jerk would shut his eyes, draw his upper lip down over his teeth, and contracting his nostrils, would throw his chin on his breast, and his ears and forehead upward and forward. He learned that his dear wife still let her undying love encircle him and their little ones—the truth of spirit-rappings was strongly confirmed, many cautions and warnings, and much good advice was given, with promises of watching, and repeated assurances of her present and increasing happiness. All this while the workations had been going on in his countenance with increased energy; and face, hair, and ears, seemed to be fast verging to some final catastrophe. Short interjections of "yes," "um," "ah," "I will," and rapidly put questions, kept us all on the *qui vive*, until losing all power of control, he exhibited a final spasm, and the climax burst forth in a convulsion of laughter which threw him almost into fits. I could contain no longer, but joined the chorus of all who knew him, and as soon as we could be heard, congratulated him on his wife's love and watchful care, but lamented that she had not reserved her curtain lecture until he had gotten home—but hoped, late as it was, he might find her still in a good humor, as I had enjoyed a pleasant chat with her myself that very evening, at her own door. *She was not dead!*

The "circle" broke up in confusion, but the deluded sister still persisted, and urged me to make another trial. The spirits still kept rapping, declaring in a desultory manner all sorts of things, averring that I would yet be convinced, and that

in just two weeks I should have a medium in my own family, and rapping all around me!

In a few weeks, however, this entire family disappeared, departing to parts unknown, without notice or adieu. Home, friends, church membership, class, all, all abandoned—to the great grief of all who had known and loved her, and to the scandal of the church to which she had been so warmly attached, and in which she had once been so useful. And thus ended my first and last “*night with the rappers*.”

—ANTI-HUMBUG.

SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE ANEMONE HEPATICA.

Two friends were walking together beside a picturesque mill-stream. While they walked, they talked of mortal life, its meaning and its end; and, as is almost inevitable with such themes, the current of their thoughts gradually lost its cheerful flow.

“This is a miserable world,” said one: “the black shroud of sorrow overhangs everything here.”

“Not so,” replied the other; “sorrow is not a shroud. It is only the covering Hope wraps about her when she sleeps.”

Just then they entered an oak-grove. It was early Spring, and the trees were bare, but last year’s leaves lay thick as snow-drifts upon the ground.

“The Liverwort grows here, one of our earliest flowers, I think,” said the last speaker. “There, push away the leaves, and you will find it. How beautiful, with its delicate shades of pink, and purple, and green, lying against the bare roots of the oak-trees! But look deeper, or you will not find the flowers; they are under the dead leaves.”

“Now I have learned a lesson that I shall not forget,” said her friend. “This seems to me a bad world, and there is no denying that there are bad things in it. To a sweeping glance, it will sometimes seem barren and desolate; but not one buried germ of life and beauty is lost to the All-seeing Eye. I, having the weakness of human vision, must believe where I cannot see. Henceforth, when I am tempted to complainings and despair on account of the evil around me, I will say to myself, ‘Look deeper, look under the dead leaves, and you will find flowers.’”

IMPRESSIONS OF RAIN-DROPS.

In the days of early mystery, before men were, when the cavernous earth was haunted by strange shapes, to which the learned have given stranger names—the Ichthyosaurus, the Megatherium, and the Pterodactyle—the translators of the fossil-writing in the rocks tell us that, at various epochs, floods of rain swept over the yet unformed globe.

Then the great forests of tree-fern were submerged; then uncouth reptiles were petrified in the fissures where they had crept to hide from the crashing elements; and there were shells, insects and leaves arranged in that vast subterranean cabinet, which is the wonder of recent ages.

Nor these alone. When the chaotic turmoil began to subside, and a new order of life was struggling up from the ruin, light showers of rain fell upon the seething expanse, and left perfect impressions of their drops in the then soft adamant.

If thus the secrets of the material world have been engraved, and are revealed, shall thy history, oh, soul! be left to pass into oblivion?

All that lies hidden within—the low desire, the dark, unholy motive, must at last be upheaved to light, from the over-lying strata of time and forgetfulness. And so shall all that is noble, pure and true.

And if, when the surges of passion are growing calm, tears of penitence follow the commotion, they too shall leave their lasting impress upon the soul, and be recognized as having antedated a new and sublime life.

RAINBOWS EVERYWHERE.

Bending over a steamer’s side, a face looked down into the clear, green depths of Lake Erie, where the early moonbeams were showering rainbows through the dancing spray, and chasing the white-cruised waves with serpents of gold. The face was clouded with thought, a shade too sombre, yet there glowed over it something like a reflection from the iris-hues beneath. A voice of musing was borne away into the purple and vermilion haze that twilight began to fold over the bosom of the lake.

“Rainbows! Ye follow me everywhere! Gloriously your arches arose from the horizon of the prairies, when the storm-king and the god of day met within them to proclaim a treaty and an alliance. You spanned the Father of Waters with a bridge that put to the laugh man’s clumsy structures of chain, and timber, and wire. You floated in a softening veil before the awful grandeur of Niagara; and here you gleam out from the light foam in the steamboat’s wake.

“Grateful am I for you, O, rainbows! for the clouds, the drops and the sunshine of which you are wrought, and for the gift of vision, through which my spirit quaffs the wine of your beauty.

“Grateful also, for faith, which hangs an ethereal halo over the fountains of earthly joy, and wraps Grief in robes so resplendent, that, like Iris of the olden time, she is at once recognized as a messenger from Heaven.

“Blessings on sorrow, whether past or to come! for in the clear shining of Heavenly Love, every tear-drop becomes a pearl. The storm of affliction crushes weak human nature to the dust; the glory of the Eternal Light overpowers it; but, in the softened union of both, the stricken spirit beholds the bow of promise, and knows that it shall not utterly be destroyed. When we say that for us there is nothing but darkness and tears, it is because we are weakly brooding over the shadows within us. If we dared look up, and face our sorrow, we should see upon it the seal of God’s love and be calm.

“Grant me, Father of Light, whenever my eyes droop heavily with the rain of grief, at least to see the reflection of thy signet-bow upon the waves over which I am sailing unto thee. And

through the steady toiling of the voyage, through the smiles and tears of every day's progress, let the iris-flash appear, even as now it brightens the spray that rebounds from the laboring wheels."

The voice died away into darkness which returned no answer to its murmurings. The face vanished from the boat's side, but a flood of light was pouring into the serene depths of a trusting soul.

FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Almost all travellers have admired the charming landscape which borders the two shores of the Saone, from Toissy to Lyons. During a whole summer I inhabited one of those pretty country-houses which lie at the foot of those laughing hills covered with vineyards, near the tower of the beautiful German, a mysterious tower, celebrated in the annals of the country for the romantic stories related of it, and for its marvellous connection with the tomb of two lovers, and the man of the rock. A swallow had come to build its nest beneath a projection exactly over my door, and I amused myself daily with watching the rapid progress of its labors. To build the nest with moistened clay, to garnish it with dried grass and hair, to place in the middle a soft couch of feathers and down, all this was the affair of five or six days at most, because the male and female labored with equal diligence to prepare this cradle of their sweetest hopes. One morning I heard my two swallows utter cries of distress, and saw them fly around the nest with remarkable uneasiness. I made haste to learn the cause; a saucy sparrow had thought it more convenient to take possession of the soft nest of my two little workmen, than to build one for itself. It had watched the moment of their absence to establish itself there, and with its body covered, presenting at the entrance of the nest only insolent eyes and a strong and sharp beak, seemed to be pitilessly mocking the grief of the two poor swallows. Every time they attempted to approach the hole, undoubtedly to reproach him with his injustice, the robber would reply to their complaints by violent blows with his beak; and by the manner in which he carried himself and sat at his ease, scattering the down of the nest, it seemed as if his intention was to set his victims at defiance. The dispute lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, when the swallows left the brigand and rose out of sight, uttering a shrill and peculiar cry. All the swallows then hovering above the village, responded at once to this cry, and darted into the air after the two first. I saw them several minutes fluttering and hovering near the clouds, always uttering the same cry, and increasing in numbers; then, when the company was very numerous, they all divided themselves towards the shores of the Saone, and disappeared from my sight.

Meanwhile Pierrot enjoyed the fruit of his rapine, and was newly arranging the interior of the nest for the convenience of his wife, who had come to join him. Nearly half an hour rolled away in this pleasant pastime, but he soon had to change

his tone. My two swallows returned swiftly, not alone, but followed. I should think, by four or five hundred others, that is to say, all in the neighborhood. Pierrot, who perceived them, did not allow himself to be intimidated by numbers; he pushed his Pierrette to the extremity of the nest, and presented at the entrance his black and gray head with beak half opened, threatening, ready to repulse his assailants. I was curious to see how the quarrel would terminate, but was far from foreseeing the result. Two or three swallows kept Pierrot constantly employed by harassing him in such a manner as to compel him to raise his head and defend himself towards the top of the nest. During this manoeuvre the other swallows came one by one to cling to the nest, remained each in his turn a second or two, then flew swiftly away. At first I did not understand what they were doing; but the entrance to the nest, which was gradually diminishing in size, soon gave me the explanation. Each brought his beak full of clay mortar, and labored in his turn to wall up the door of the nest.

Pierrot, constantly harassed and occupied with defending himself, not suspecting their project, allowed them to go on, and when he perceived that he was about to be imprisoned, it was too late. The opening had become very narrow; ten or twelve swallows rushed on him at once, blocked it entirely up, and the sparrow found himself a prisoner. After having solidly walled up the door, all disappeared, and I saw and heard nothing more. The next morning, seeing that the hole was still stopped up, I took a ladder, demolished the nest, and found within it Pierrot and his wife, stifled, dead long before.

In Germany a swallow had accidentally entered a vast audience hall, then deserted. A concierge came, shut the windows and doors of the department, and the poor bird remained a prisoner. A month after, the same concierge returned to the hall, into which no one had since entered. He was astonished to find there a swallow full of life and health, and could not divine how it had obtained food. This man was born with a spirit of observation; he softly closed the door, concealed himself in a dark corner of the apartment, and had patience to wait there long enough to gratify his curiosity.

The prisoner clung to the lattice at the corner of a pane where there was a little hole, hardly large enough to allow his beak to pass through, and he saw the swallows from without come by turns to bring him nourishment, as they do to their little ones, and that several times during the day.

The tom-tits (*parus candatus*, Cuv.) are little birds very remarkable for the affection they manifest towards each other, and which is sometimes carried to the most generous devotion. The tom-tit has a slender, short, conical, straight beak, terminating in a point, garnished at its base with little hairs, which conceal the nostrils; it is very lively, fluttering incessantly from branch to branch, climbing and suspending itself in every direction. It niches itself in the trunks of trees, or constructs artistically an interwoven nest among the stalks of reeds. It lays a great number of eggs, lives on insects, fruits and seeds;

which it breaks with its beak, strong enough to crack nuts and almonds in such a manner as to feed itself with the substance they contain. The long-tailed tom-tit is black above, white beneath, with a slender tail, longer than its body. It lives and travels in companies, rarely numbering less than a dozen, never more than from twenty-five to thirty.

If one, finding itself in danger, summons its companions to its aid, all rush to its assistance, fearless of the peril that threatens them. If it is in the form of a bird of prey, they boldly surround it, attack it on all sides, harass it, and by means of importunity soon compel it to abandon its pursuit and fly swiftly away. If a sportsman has seized one and shut it up in a cage, the others bring it food and busy themselves in efforts to restore it to liberty. For this purpose they choose with much intelligence the part of the prison where the wood is thinnest, and by removing little particles with their pointed and hard beaks, they at length make a hole large enough for the prisoner to pass through. When it is free, all utter at once a cry of joy, and the whole company quit the neighborhood to return to it no more.

If a tom-tit is caught by the foot by a string, nothing is so curious as to see the address with which they loosen the knot which detains him. I have often fastened one by the foot with a little thread and made five or six knots in it; they will untie them with admirable patience and address. Sportsmen, who know the affection which these poor little animals bear each other, profit by it to take them. When they have caught one in a trap or otherwise, they fasten it to a thread, the whole length of which they glue; it cries out; immediately one comes to deliver it, but remains fastened by the glue. It begins to cry out, and a third comes, which is caught in the same way; then a fourth, a fifth, and so on, until a whole family, without exception, are arrested by the fatal cord.

WHOSE IS THE LANDSCAPE?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

That rich prairie, swelling northward from the Illinois to the Great Lakes—that beautiful Amazon lying asleep in the sun, her grass green tunic fringed with the red and white of the centaury, and her hazel-wreath intertwined with the purple and gold of the rudbeckia—that inland sea of light, verdure and song: whose is it?

It belongs to Government, you say. And who is Government? A being with an eye for beauty, an ear for melody, and a soul to feast upon the banquet, Nature has here outspread.

No, indeed! Government is a generality, an abstraction. But it claims these blooming acres, because a surveyor has been over them with his chain, and a clerk has copied their length and breadth into some great lumbering book, to be doled out in sections and quarter sections to the restless Yankee, the hungry Hibernian, and the phlegmatic emigrant from "Vaterland." Yes, Government holds the landscape, by a pen and ink title, easily transferred; but German, Irishman and Yankee, may each fail of buying its

richness. The sunlight folds it in a mantle of shimmering haze they may never learn how to unwrap. Midnight and the stars cincture it with a gorgeous chain, the secret of whose clasp strong or cunning hands may not discover. No government holds Nature's mysterious keys; they cannot be bartered for dollars.

That broad extent of natural mosaic, curiously wrought of dark green pine forests, hill-sides, yellow with summer bloom, whitened harvest-fields, rose-girdled meadows, and the blue of sea, lake and sky—who says of that, "It is mine?"

This height, which commands the whole variety and blending of beauty in the wide view; and this elegant mansion, with its porches, cupolas, and avenues, are the nominal property of a rich widow; but how little of the prospect around her she really owns! Enough of the June flowers to compare their tints with the exquisite shading of her Brussels and tapestry carpets: enough of the linden and sycamore shade to shield her complexion from tan and freckles, and enough of the translucent ocean distances to dread the rising rain-cloud that forbids her ride to town. Little more than this her unimaginative mind can see; so the landscape is not her's.

That rural work in a cleft of the hills, where a farm-house stands among fragrant hay fields, bordered with gray stone walls, over which the barberry bush hangs its graceful festoon, and the half-open sweet-briar bud peeps sidewise into the sun's eye—to whom does it belong?

To an honest farmer. The house is his for a nightly shelter; the rocks are his to rest under at noon; the meadow-land is his to plough and to sow; the golden harvests are to fill his barns and feed his children. Sometimes, amid the heat and weariness of labor, a flash of true worship from his soul may light up his small farm with the beauty of Beulah; and in such a moment he is richer than a king. But fields for toil, and a home for rest, are what he commonly sees and calls his own; therefore the landscape is not his.

A plain man, without attendants or equipage, walks through the quiet lanes. Dew-drops are quivering on the grass-blades, and he arrests the footfall that would have shaken them off, for he hears them pleading to be set, before they drop in the rainbow of his thoughts. The wild rose beckons to him from among the poplar leave, that fan her warm blossoms. He raises his hand to pluck the flower, but it falls again, for he hears a low voice saying, "Stop; do not take me away to perish. Here let the brief beauty of my life pass into your soul; and I, who am but a rose to common eyes, will give myself to you, a flower of immortal bloom and fragrance." He catches a glimpse of the chimney's smoke among the hay fields, and listens to the shouts of the mowers; and sweet human sympathies, blending with all that is beautiful in the scene, pour into his heart a tide sparkling with golden sands. He climbs the slope, gathering pearls from pebbles, and emeralds from weeds as he goes. He stands upon the ridge, and when his eye takes hold of the long reaches of wood and wave, the warmth of a home-glow glides and thrills through his being. He sees, with an appropriating glance, the forests, with their sunny openings, and beyond the

prairie, mountain and flood, visioned in the long perspective of his imagination, and they are his. His—the poet's, for Nature has loved him,

"And laid her great heart bare to him;
And given to him the golden keys
To all her inmost sanctities."

His—the humble, trusting, adoring poet's, upon whom God has bestowed the beauty and glory of His creation for a kingdom, because he has bowed down and worshipped Him. And the poet takes gratefully the loveliness of the landscape to his heart, and looks up to Heaven, and murmurs, in his deep peace, "Oh God! it is mine and Thine!"

LEONIDAS.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

In the mountain-pass of Hellas,
As the olden records tell us,
Stood a Spartan band,
Murmuring, "Persians, can ye quell us,
While like oaks we stand?"

"Can ye quell us, God-descended,
While our altars are defended
From imperious foe?
Shall your glory be extended,
While we bend us low?"

Onward came the Persian, towering,
Silver sheen around him showering;
Blended hosts in one;
Like the Mount Olympus lowering,
When he dims the sun.

And a voice, like undertoning
Of the breeze, through vine-leaves moaning,
Reached Leonidas,
And its spell the chief was owning,
In that mountain-pass.

"Spartan! reared by iron mother!
(Thou wouldn'tst not have owned another),
'Tis thy latest strife,
Hallowed shrine has willed it, brother!
Heaven demands thy life."

From that mountain-pass of Hellas,
So the olden records tell us,
Xerxes' host was driven,
Like the vine-leaves from the trellis,
By the gales of heaven.

But a traitor hushed the psalm,
Floating towards the blue Ægean,
And the brave grew weak,
And the crimson tide was fleeing
From the Spartan cheek.

One more rally, lion-hearted!
He is with you, though departed,
Like a marble god!
By his presence, will be started
Veins of Persian blood.

Round their leader, pale and stricken,
All those Spartan pulses quicken;
Dead he is, but still,
Where the heart, whose hope could sicken,
Answering to its thrill.

In the mountain-pass of Hellas,
So the olden records tell us,
Fell the Spartan band;

But their noble actions spell us,
In a distant land.

O'er that mountain-pass yet wingeth
Freedom's bird her flight, and bringeth
Verdure to the dell.
From it stirring music ringeth
Like a silver bell.

THE VOICE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Thou art not now so fair and gay as thou wast
wont to be;
Pale is thy cheek, once blooming as the wild rose
on the tree;
No longer are thy coral lips by sportive dimples
crowned;
Thy form hath lost its airy grace, thy step its
springing bound;

Thine eyes—those deep and glorious eyes, at once
so dark and bright,
Shine with a saddened lustre now, a veiled and
languid light;
I see upon thy noble brow the lines of anxious
care,
And silver threads are twining with thy locks of
ebon hair.

Yet hast thou kept one gift from Heaven unharmed,
unaltered, still;
How on my eager senses seems that tuneful voice
to thrill!—
Like to the gushing melody of waters pure and
clear,
It comes, amid the din of life, to soothe my wearied
ear.

Visions of bright and banished scenes around me
seem to throng,
When daily I held speech with thee, whose very
speech was song;
And now methinks that well-known voice, with
soft and silvery chime,
Pours forth a lay of triumph o'er the startling
wrecks of Time!

Thy fresh and youthful loveliness has ceased to
charm the sight;
Yet deem not, sweet enchantress; that thy wand
is broken quite;
Love's subtle spell thou yet mayst weave, still,
still thou canst rejoice
In Woman's most resistless charm—the magic o
a voice!

SONNET TO * * *

Love, let me lay this white rose on my song!
From its cream heart exhales an incense pure,
Typic of that calm faith which doth endure
Through all these paling shadows, that so long
Have hovered o'er my words; shadows 'twere
wrong

To mingle in their swaying breath, as lure
Of thy sweet harp to melody—though sure
Of sympathy to make them doubly strong.
The trembling hand of age lays down the flower,
Unconscious of the virtue in it dwells;
'Though 'tis an undecaying love that wells
And prompts the offering; while the power
Hid in its central depths to move the lyre,
Burns in soft silence, as an altar's fire.

E. B. B.

THE BROKEN HEART.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

About the time that Mr. S——, then holding a distinguished position in the fiscal world, completed his splendid mansion at Calverton, near Baltimore, which now forms the centre to the two wings of the County Alms-House, I was summoned to attend a case of illness in the immediate neighborhood. The family, which was highly respectable and wealthy, I knew well by reputation, but had never before been called in to attend any of its members. Mr. O——, its head, was a retired merchant, who, during the war of 1812, had amassed a considerable fortune, and then retired from business. He now held the position of President of an Insurance Company, the duties of which office made it necessary for him to come to town every day.

Mr. O—— had four children, two sons and two daughters. One son was in business in this city, and the other was partner in a house in Cuba. The daughters were both married, but one of them had formed an unhappy union, and now resided at home, having parted with her husband. It was to see her that I was called in.

In order to give the reader a clear apprehension of all that I am about to relate, it will be necessary for me to detail with some minuteness a portion of the previous history of the family; or, at least so much of it as includes the daughter's marriage—*sacrifice*, I should rather say.

Mr. O—— was a proud, strong-minded, self-willed man, with manners that could attract when he wished to attract, strongly, or repel when he wished to repel, with equal force. He married one of those gentle, confiding, sensitive creatures, who will cling to a man if his love answers to her own deep passion as face answers to face in water, with an earnest devotion; and who, if her husband prove cold, arbitrary, selfish and self-willed, will—*clinging to him still*, even though every green leaf withers for want of sustenance, and the branches that bear them become sapless.

Many years had not elapsed before Mrs. O—— discovered that her life was to be one of continued endurance. Her wishes were rarely consulted in anything, and if they were, her husband was sure to see things in a light different from the one in which she viewed it. He never yielded anything to her views or preferences; in fact, he never dreamed that he was called upon to do this. At his store and counting-room, everything moved on as his will directed, and his ends were attained without question or hindrance—home was but another quarter of his dominion, and there he exercised his power as fully as in his business, without it ever seeming to occur to him that another mind should here share in the determinations of his own.

Had Mrs. O—— been a woman of more decided character—had her will been stronger—it might have been much better for both herself and family; for there would have been a reaction upon her husband's imperious temper, that possibly might have led him to reflect, and produced a change.

But, as no mirror was held up before him, he could not see himself as he really was, and remained unconscious of his moral deformities. In his family, his will was law. His wife always submitted, no matter how much was sacrificed in the effort, and as his children grew up, they too soon learned their lesson of submission. No matter what was to be done, his inclinations, feelings, or preferences governed the mode and the time. If his wife expressed a wish for anything, his assent or objection was decisive, and its ground always lay in his own views or feelings. The process of setting himself aside, and acting from a desire to gratify or make another happy, was one of which he had no conception.

Life, thus passed, could have but few charms for a woman whose feelings were as delicately strung as those of Mrs. O——; nor could life, under such a pressure, be a long continued one. It is not, therefore, a matter of wonder that she died early. This event was probably hastened by the circumstances attending the marriage of her youngest daughter, Laura, whose whole character bore a strong resemblance to that of her mother. Florence, the oldest of her two daughters, was like her father, and had, from a child up, domineered over her sweet-tempered, too yielding sister. As it is to the unhappy marriage of Laura that I wish particularly to refer, I will introduce at once the circumstances attending it.

Mr. O—— was an Englishman. He came to America when a young man, without property or friends, and by his own activity and energy elevated himself to wealth and social eminence. In his own country, he had been taught a servile deference to rank. When he came to this, and sought for employment, he went with his hat under his arm, and cringed meanly to the man of whom he asked a situation. It was not long before he saw that in the United States, wealth was a thing to be obtained by every one who had shrewdness, industry and energy, and he also saw that the aristocracy of the country was one of wealth—that money made the lord.

Consequently, as from a combination of fortunate circumstances, he began to amass wealth, he began to be impressed with an idea of his own importance, and to grow insolent and overbearing to all around him, except the rich. Time went on, and he became an aristocrat—a money aristocrat—and society accorded to him the distinction. A poor man, in his eyes, was flesh and blood, and that was about all. He was a human being, but of an inferior grade. So much for the man.

When Laura, his youngest daughter, was eighteen, her hand was sought in marriage by the profligate son of a wealthy mercantile friend named Ruffin. The pure-minded girl shrunk, instinctively, from the young man's addresses. She knew nothing of his character, but his face and manners had in them something that repulsed her. When he offered her his hand, she promptly and without consultation with any one, rejected the offer. In this she acted with more than her usual decision.

Surprised, mortified, and indignant at this unlooked for result, Charles Ruffin, in a spirit of revenge, vowed that she should marry him—that

he would never give up his suit until he had gained it.

On the evening of the day succeeding that upon which he had received a rejection of his suit, young Ruffin called upon a friend about his own age, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy. To him he related, with strong marks of indignant feeling, the particulars of what had transpired; and concluded by saying that he would marry her in spite of all opposition.

"No woman shall ever have the pleasure of rejecting my suit twice," replied the friend, with a slight curl of the lip.

"No woman shall ever reject my suit," said Ruffin, passionately.

"But you have already been rejected."

"That is to be seen."

"I judge from your own statement."

"I'll have another to make before long, and then you will see whether I have been rejected or not."

The young man laughed aloud as he shook his head and said:—

"It won't do, Charley. You have had the mitten and no mistake. I did not believe the girl had so much spirit in her."

Ruffin felt too deeply chagrined to relish this bantering spirit of his friend. He spoke bitterly in reply:—

"I am not going to give up this matter," said he—"not that I care two pins for the huzzy, but I never will forgive the insulting spirit in which my honorable proposal was met. She shall yet repent it."

"Surely you would not marry a woman in order to be revenged on her?" said the friend.

"You will see. Before six months pass, she will be my wife."

"And then —?"

"Yes, and then! Ah —!" and the wretch ground his teeth with a kind of savage delight—"And then Laura O — will repent —"

"You could not be guilty of conduct so cruel and base," said the friend, showing his honest indignation both in word, tone and expression of countenance.

"Did I hear you aright?" asked Ruffin, speaking in a louder and more excited voice, and looking with surprise and anger into his companion's face.

"I do not know," was the calm reply. "I tried to utter my words distinctly."

"Did you say base?"

"I used that word."

"In application to my conduct?" A scowl was on the brow of Ruffin. His friend looked steadily at him, and replied:

"To your proposed conduct, which I pronounce unworthy of you or any man of honor."

The only answer made to this by Ruffin, was to strike his friend in the face. Nothing short of a hostile meeting could result from this quarrel. Such a meeting did take place, and the generous, high-minded P — was shot dead on the spot. The sensation produced in the community by this event was strong. A hundred vague rumors as to the cause circulated in all directions, but only a very few were aware of the real circumstances. Ruffin was the challenged party, and

this created some feeling in his favor. I am not sure that Laura O — had even a remote idea of the nature of the dispute from which such fatal consequences had arisen.

No change whatever took place in the social position of Charles Ruffin. He was received as freely in all circles as before. Young ladies greeted him with smiles and pleasant words, and even permitted his hand, wet with the blood of his friend, to touch their own. I went, occasionally, into company at this period, and particularly noticed the manner in which Ruffin was received after his meeting with his friend, as compared with what it was before. The difference, I thought, marked. There was much more attention shown to him. He was treated with that kind of deference usually manifested towards those who have done their fellows some eminent service.

All this grieved and disgusted me. I could not and did not treat him as I had previously done. My manner was cold and formal. He may or may not have observed this. I thought he did; but that was of no consequence.

How little does society do, by common consent, to purify its moral atmosphere. A man's real character is rarely set off against his wealth or family; and so long as this is the case, virtue has no common protector. If a man's character gave him entrance into, or excluded him from good society, there might be safety for the young, the pure, and the innocent, within its folds. This is not the case, and therefore I care not how tender may have been a parent's solicitude for his child, or how anxious he may have been for her good, the chances for her making shipwreck of happiness are fearful in number.

The remedy for this lies in the adoption of a new code of social laws, founded in a just regard for the well being of the whole; a code that shall make virtue, and only virtue, the passport to good society.

In what Charles Ruffin had said, he was in earnest. The fatal consequences of a quarrel with his friend for having censured his proposed course of action, did not divert him from his purpose. He was an evil-minded young man, in whom pride and self-love, long indulged, had almost foreclosed every virtuous sentiment, and destroyed every virtuous emotion.

He did not meet Laura O — for some weeks after her rejection of his suit. During that time the duel had taken place. Laura had no suspicion of the real cause; but the fact increased the repugnance already felt towards Ruffin, and made her regard him with a feeling allied to horror. When he approached her one evening in company, at the house of a friend, her spirit shrunk from him with loathing and fear. His quick eye perceived this, and it only made him resolve more deeply that he would gain her hand in marriage at any cost. Concealing everything under a calm exterior, he sat down by her side. She was polite, but cold. She answered all his remarks, but briefly, and strove in every way to make the conversation so burdensome to him that he would abandon it, and seek some more agreeable companion.

But he did not seem to notice her reserve, and

adroitly managed the conversation, so that little above an assenting monosyllable was required of her, and that only an occasional one.

"He can certainly make himself agreeable enough," she remarked to herself, when, after sitting by her side for half an hour, he said, as he arose and left her—

"But I forget that I must not monopolize all your time, in this pleasant company."

"Pity that under such an attractive exterior is concealed so bad a heart as he must have, who could, under any provocation, shoot his friend."

Laura sighed, and shuddered inwardly, as this thought passed through her mind.

For some months, the young man continued his efforts to make a more favorable impression upon Laura's mind; but he saw little to encourage him. The maiden had an inward repugnance, that nothing could conquer. Her manner was always reserved in his presence; he never could draw her out into a conversation. She would answer the remarks he made with politeness, but never sought to prolong the interest on any subject he introduced.

At length Ruffin's patience gave way, and he resolved on a more decided movement; and that was to gain over the father to his side. He knew something of his strong will and arbitrary disposition, and felt sure, that if he became decidedly in favor of the marriage, Laura would be forced to submit. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to make some sacrifices. The father of Ruffin was a merchant, and an old and intimate friend of Mr. O—. He had long wished his son to settle himself steadily down to business, but had not been able to prevail upon him to do so. An offer of a large share in his house had several times been made, but Charles could not be induced to accept of it. He had studied law, and been admitted to the bar; this enabled him to assume the appearance of a professional man, while the purse of his father rendered it unnecessary for him to seek for or even care for business.

One day he entered the old gentleman's counting-room, and, after lingering about for a while, drew him off into conversation, and dexterously managed to introduce business themes, and then evinced more than usual interest in the subject. The ice of reserve, that had for some time existed between the father and son, was thawed. Mr. Ruffin led on the conversation to just the point Charles wished it to attain, and then expressed regret that he had not, at the start, chosen mercantile, instead of legal pursuit.

"It is not too late yet, Charles," the old man said, promptly.

"I am afraid of it," replied the son.

"Why so?"

"To pursue any calling with success, requires an education in it. The merchant must go through a preparatory course, as well as the lawyer, and neither can become eminent, if not, originally, well grounded in the rudimental science and practical principles of the profession. I know nothing about the general laws that govern trade, and nothing of the means required to be put in operation in order that these laws may work out a profitable result."

"No matter, Charles," said the father, warmly;

"I understand them, and will see that they are properly applied, until time and attention give you a practical knowledge of business."

"Do you think I could ever gain it?"

"I know you could!" was emphatically replied.

"I feel more than half inclined to accept of the offer you have so often made me."

"To take a share in my business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure. I have built up a house that is now honorably known throughout the mercantile world, and I feel a natural pride in having its high reputation sustained. You bear my name, and can alone sustain it after my death."

"And I will sustain it!" said the young man, affecting a generous enthusiasm.

"You take a weight from my mind, Charles,"

returned the father, with undisguised emotion.

"I had begun to fear that my long cherished hopes would never be realized."

In a week from this time it was announced, in the newspapers, that Mr. Ruffin had connected his son with him in business, and that the firm hereafter would be Charles Ruffin & Son.

No one congratulated the father on this event more warmly than did his old friend Mr. O—.

"I have been a little afraid of Charles," he said, "but he is safe now; the mercantile sphere will do him good. It will sober his feelings and concentrate his thoughts upon an end. I trust that he will make a prudent and enterprising merchant, and give strength to your house."

"Time will show. He has ability enough, and will pursue whatever he undertakes with ardor."

"And you can guide him to a safe result."

Charles Ruffin settled himself down to business, and appeared to enter into all its details with interest and intelligence, greatly to the delight of his father. As much as it was possible for him to do, he threw himself in the way of Mr. O—, in business matters. It may here be remarked, that the father of Laura had not been informed of her rejection of the young man's suit. The maiden confided the secret to her mother alone, and the mother locked it up in her heart. She knew her husband's character too well, and had suffered too much from his disregard to her tenderest and best feelings, to trust her daughter's happiness in his hands.

About two months after he had entered into business with his father, young Ruffin renewed his attentions to Laura, and in such a way as to attract the notice of Mr. O—, who was very well pleased to observe it. He also hinted to his father that he had more than a slight preference for the maiden, and dexterously managed to get him to allude to the subject in the presence of Mr. O—. From that time the fate of the sweet girl was sealed. Her father was delighted at the prospect of such a union, and assured Mr. Ruffin that it was only necessary for Charles to offer Laura his hand.

Never, from the day of her marriage until this time, had Mrs. O— opposed her husband. Meek submission and patient endurance had been her portion. But the mother was stronger than the woman. The love she bore her child roused her into resistance.

"I am pleased to find that young Charles Ruffin is attached to our Laura," said O—— to his wife, one evening, after they were alone.

Mrs. O—— turned pale and trembled. She felt that a day of deep sorrow had come. If her husband were pleased at the discovery, he would, she knew, demand a marriage, should the young man again offer himself, against all that she or her poor child could urge. The shrinking repugnance felt by Laura would be as dust in the balance against his will. But she could not tamely submit here. She had a mother's duty to perform.

"I do not think Laura would ever be happy as his wife?" she ventured to say.

"Why not, pray?" he asked, in surprise.

"Their characters are altogether different."

"So are yours and mine."

Mrs. O—— did not reply to this: thoughts that she dared not let come into distinct form flitted through her mind.

"I really do not understand what you mean," the husband resumed. "A better match than Charles Ruffin cannot be found for her. His family is unexceptionable. He will inherit a large property from his father, independent of what he will accumulate in his own right as a partner in the house of Ruffin & Son."

"It will take more than all that to make Laura happy."

"What more, pray?"

"A man whom she can respect and love."

"What is to hinder her from both respecting and loving Charles Ruffin?"

"She can never love a man who has stained his hands with the blood of his friend. But, apart from this, she has ever shrunk with an inward, unconquerable dislike from this young man."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Months ago he offered her his hand, which she declined without consulting any one."

"Laura did?"

"Yes."

"And you knew it?"

"After his suit had been declined."

"Why, pray, was I not informed of this?" Mr. O—— spoke in an imperious tone.

"It would have done no good. Laura is of age, and must decide for herself in a matter of this kind. *She* has all to gain or lose."

"But why was it concealed from me? I cannot understand the reason."

Mrs. O—— felt embarrassed. To speak out boldly and avow her belief that he would have acted arbitrarily on the occasion, she could not do. After a few moments' silence, she replied—

"I was afraid you might not approve of what she had done, and the poor child's mind was already strongly agitated."

"Humph! Approve? No, I should not have approved. If a drayman had offered himself, the same kind of reasoning would have done to excuse her acceptance of him, and marriage without my knowledge. I am surprised beyond measure at your conduct. I ought to have known this at the time."

"It would have done no good."

"Don't say that again!" Mr. O—— returned, in a passionate tone of voice.

The eyes of Mrs. O—— sunk to the floor. She laid her hands meekly together, and sat silent. But her heart was strong in its determination to oppose to the last every attempt made to coerce Laura into a marriage with Ruffin. Mr. O—— talked a great deal, and made many threats and assertions: but to none of them did his wife reply.

"Can't you speak!" he at length exclaimed, losing all control over himself. Never before had he spoken thus to her—never before had he exhibited toward her such a temper. But, never before had she set herself in such direct opposition to him.

The eyes of Mrs. O—— were lifted timidly to her husband's face for a moment, while a tremor ran through her frame. Then she let them fall again to the floor, and sat, still silent.

"The girl *shall* marry him," said O——.

"Not with my consent," replied his wife, in a husky, but decided voice.

"Woman, are you mad!" exclaimed her husband, again thrown off his guard.

"I don't know what I may have been for the last twenty years of my life, but I am sane now," was calmly returned. "I love my child too well to consent to her sacrifice. I am a mother!"

Accustomed to an entire submission of his wife's will to his own, this unexpected opposition and firmness on her part, while it was unaccountable, chafed his temper almost beyond endurance; and yet, astonishment produced a state of calmness. He said no more at that time, but he resolved that Laura should marry Charles Ruffin. He had promised the father as much, and he meant to keep his promise, in spite of all objections and opposition.

As soon as the young man learned the favorable light in which Mr. O—— viewed the matter, his mind was at rest on the subject. He no longer approached Laura with doubt and caution, but boldly preferred his suit again, and was again as promptly rejected. This was communicated to old Mr. Ruffin on the next morning, and he called on Laura's father immediately, and informed him of what had occurred.

"It is a mere whim of the girl's," Mr. O—— replied. "I will see her, and satisfy her that she has done a very foolish thing. Charles must renew his attentions. I have set my heart upon this marriage, and cannot think of its being prevented."

In an hour afterwards he entered his dwelling, and found Laura sitting in one of the parlors alone. She looked up at her father, with a timid, frightened air, for she had reason to believe that his return home at an unusual hour had something to do with her second rejection of Ruffin's suit.

Controlling his feelings as far as it was possible for him to do so, Mr. O—— took a seat beside his daughter, and in a milder and more persuasive tone he was accustomed to speak in, said:

"Laura, my dear, what are your reasons for declining so advantageous an offer as the one made you by Charles Ruffin?"

The maiden answered only by a gush of tears. Mr. O—— waited until the strength of his daughter's emotion had subsided. He then resumed—

"I have set my heart upon seeing a union take place between you and the son of my old friend, and it would grieve me deeply were I to be disappointed. You certainly cannot have any very strong objections to Charles? Why, then, do you decline the offer of his hand?"

"Father," replied Laura, looking steadily into his face, and speaking with surprising calmness, "I do not think of death with fear, but my spirit shrinks and shudders at the idea of becoming united to Charles Ruffin. Is not the blood of poor P— upon his hands?"

"And is that your only objection?"

"No, sir. I can never love him, and I prefer death to marrying a man I do not love."

"So much for a girl's silly romance!" the father sneeringly replied, beginning to lose his self-command. "I wonder who put all this nonsense into your head?"

Laura remained silent.

"If you will only try and lay aside your foolish prejudice against one in every way worthy of your highest regard," said Mr. O—, changing his manner again, and speaking in a low, insinuating voice—"and consent to a union we all so much desire, there is nothing I will not do for you. Whatever money can procure, you can command. I know you will be happy. What can prevent it?"

"I am happy here, father," she replied, with a quivering lip. "Why do you wish to push me out like a young bird, but half-fledged, from its nest? My wings are yet too weak to bear me up. Father! if you love me, let me stay where I am and remain what I am."

"You cannot always remain at home, Laura. You will become a wife, and form the centre of a new home."

"There is time enough for that, if it take place at all, these five years. I am but a child at best, and still wish to shrink beneath the shelter of my mother's wing."

O— was unmoved by this tender appeal.

"Consider ——" he began.

"I can consider nothing," said Laura, interrupting him, with something of indignation in her voice, "that unites my name with that of Charles Ruffin. A marriage between us is impossible!"

This broke down all reserve and restraint.

"Girl! You shall marry him!" passionately exclaimed the father.

Mrs. O— entered at the moment, and heard, in grief and surprise, the last words uttered by her husband.

"Oh, do not rashly say that!" she cried out in a voice of anguish. "You must not, you cannot, you dare not sacrifice your child."

"I have said the word, and, so help me Heaven! that word shall be fulfilled to the letter. Laura shall become the wife of Charles Ruffin."

"If you command me, father, I have only one thing to do," said the trembling child, her face pale as ashes.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"To obey," was briefly replied.

"You shall obey!" angrily returned Mr. O—; and, rising, from his chair, he left the room and the house.

The moment the door closed after him, Laura threw herself, weeping, upon her mother's bosom. Mrs. O— had no word of comfort to offer, no word of advice to give. All she could do was to weep with her child.

In a few days, the suit of Ruffin was again renewed. As a last hope, Laura appealed to his generosity as a man, not to urge her into a marriage that would make her whole life miserable. But the appeal was vain.

As long as the time of the sacrifice could be put off it was put off. But it was made at last. It is hard to tell which suffered most, the mother or her child, during the few short months that elapsed before the consummation took place from which both shrunk with something like horror. The appearance and manner of the bride occasioned a good deal of remark. It was known that she had twice refused the hand of Ruffin, and it was, also, pretty generally believed that the marriage only took place in obedience to the father's wishes. No tears were shed by Laura; but her mother wept as if her heart were breaking—and it was breaking. Laura was exceedingly pale, when she came in by the side of the man to whom she was about making false vows. Her lips were strongly compressed—her eyes looked inward—she seemed like one about to commit an act from which every impulse of nature shrunk. Mr. O— observed all this with a stern expression on his face, yet with an unbending determination to let the sacrifice be made. Charles Ruffin was fully conscious of the part he was playing, and of the impression made. For a moment he felt abashed, but the recollection of something re-assured him, and he did not hesitate.

When Laura, at last, made the almost inaudible response that sealed her fate, her mother sank insensible to the floor. That overtasked heart could bear up no longer. Its cup was full.

It was a sad marriage-festival. Mrs. O— did not recover during the evening, and Laura could not be forced from the chamber where her mother lay in a slumber that looked like death. When too late, Charles Ruffin saw that he had pursued his mean spirit of revenge too far; that a re-action was about taking place, which would punish him severely.

The large and brilliant company, that had assembled to grace a marriage-festival, returned early, with grave looks and oppressed feelings, and Mr. O— and his new son-in-law were left alone in the richly decorated but now deserted drawing-rooms. What their feelings were, it is hard to tell. Few words passed between them.

The young husband did not see his bride again that night. She could not be forced from the bed-side of her mother, in whom few signs of returning animation were apparent for many hours.

Morning dawned before the life-current again flowed freely through the mother's veins. When reason returned, she begged to be left alone with Laura, and the boon was granted. For a long time the mother and child lay in each other's arms, and wept together. Then the former essayed to discharge what she believed to be her last duty to the wronged spirit that was just entering upon a life of trial and suffering.

"How shall I counsel you, my dear child?" she said, endeavoring to speak with calmness—"how shall I prepare you for the new, peculiar and deeply trying relations on which you are about to enter? If I could have prevented your marriage with a man you say you do not love, I would have done so; but now you are a wedded wife, you have taken holy vows upon yourself—a wife's duties you must endeavor to perform—to a wife's vows you must be faithful, even until death. I trust that your husband is sincerely attached to you, and that you will not find it so hard as you have feared, to return something of the regard he professes for you. It may be in your power to influence him for good, to modify and elevate his whole character; to make him, what you have not deemed him, worthy of your love. Oh! how sincerely do I pray that this may be the case; that the cup, now so bitter to the taste, may become sweetened as life advances. Such things have often occurred—why not in your case? Lay your hand upon your heart, my child, and keep down all feelings of repugnance; let your whole demeanor toward the man you have promised to love, become changed; meet him, to-day, with a gentle bearing, and let his voice, if it come to your ear in words of endearment, find its way into some chamber of your heart: it will be better, far better; I know—I know it will! He cannot but have some true love for you. Why else has he sought your hand? Love begetteth love. May it be so in this case!"

The words of the mother sunk into the heart of her child. A dim light glimmered through the darkness in which her spirit had been enveloped. She saw that she had a duty to perform, and she nerved herself to perform it. She had taken upon herself a wife's vows, and she must not now shrink from the tasks they imposed upon her.

After what we have recorded, and much more to the same purpose had been urged by the mother, she sunk away into a quiet sleep. For the first time since she followed her parent's insensible form from the bridal-hall, Laura left the chamber where she had retired. She had not seen her husband since the hour when the minister, in a solemn voice, pronounced them man and wife; and the thought of meeting him made her tremble. But she nerved herself, under a newly awakened sense of duty. As she stepped into one of the parlors—the same in which the nuptial ceremony had taken place—she saw him sitting by a window, with his head leaning on his hand, in an attitude of thought, and, what seemed to her, dejection. She was touched by this, and a single emotion of tenderness swelled in her heart. He arose to his feet as she entered, and advanced a few steps to meet her. She held out her hand and he grasped it with warmth, and made earnest inquiries after her mother. These she answered, and then came a silence that both found it hard to break. They were in a false position, and were too clearly conscious of the fact. Casual and indifferent remarks would be out of place; and neither dared speak the thoughts nearest the heart.

Ah! are not these perversions of the marriage

state sad to think of? All evil is the perversion of some good; the higher the good, therefore, the more direful in consequence is the perversion. Marriage is the highest and holiest social state into which man is capable of entering; if entered into from right motives, it induces a state of felicity beyond what any other relation can give; if from wrong motives, it will become a condition of wretchedness beyond conception. We may pity the weakness that led Laura O—to consent to this unnatural union, in obedience to the will of her father, but cannot in any way commend the act. She had no more right to obey in this thing than he had to command; in obeying, she was deeply culpable. Too many consequences hung upon her free decision of a matter of such intrinsic importance. After a child has obtained the age of rationality and freedom, and becomes responsible to society and to God for every act, the father who attempts control in a matter like this, commits sin; and the child who submits to and becomes a passive subject of such control, also commits sin.

The true relation of parents to children, is one in which all do not exercise sufficient discrimination. It is not generally seen, that the parent is responsible to society and to Heaven for his child's conduct, only until that child is of age and becomes capable of making rational discriminations on matters pertaining to life. After that period, no parent is guiltless who attempts arbitrary control. He has still a duty to perform, but should emulate the bird that teaches its fledgelings the use of their wings, in performing it. He should no longer think for them and decide for them, but should guide their reason to sound judgments, and be very careful in doing this not to force the child's mind, but merely to help it to a decision of its own. It is this state of freedom and reason that makes the man. The folly of parents choosing conjugal partners for their children, needs not the painful history I am relating, to illustrate it. This is a folly, thank Heaven! that is reforming itself under the influence of increasing moral light and freedom. Its opposite, or a carelessness as to whom the choice might rest upon, has prevailed already to too great an extent.

The embarrassed position of the young couple was relieved by the entrance of Mr. O—. He had, naturally, a good share of tact and self-possession, and this enabled him to introduce subjects of conversation that were calculated to lead their minds away from the present, and to make them feel more at ease. Laura, acting from a newly awakened sense of duty, strove to appear cheerful; and her husband, glad to be relieved from a situation by no means agreeable, endeavored to seem as cheerful as she. But it was force-work on both sides, and apparent to both.

Thus began the married life of Charles Ruffin and his beautiful bride. The promise was not fair, and the result did not belie the promise. Many weeks did not pass before the heart of her husband was laid bare to Laura; the sight filled her with horror and despair. The native malignancy of the man could not long be concealed—the end for which he had sought her hand no du-

plicity could conceal, no acting disguise. It must come forth—and it did come forth.

The meek patience of the pure-minded woman he had wronged, the unwearying efforts she made to act from duty, if not from love, irritated him; for it was a rebuke that he could not well bear. The forced warmth of manner, which he had assumed at first, gave place in a little while to indifference. To this succeeded coldness: then followed words harshly spoken; and to these were soon added the taunts of a bitter spirit.

It is difficult to conceive how any man could act so mean, so malignant a part. In fact, no man, unless possessed of an infernal spirit, could so debase his noble nature.

For a short period after the marriage of her daughter, deceived by the appearance of affection that was assumed by both Laura and her husband, Mrs. O——, who had recovered in a few days from the shock her feeling had sustained on the night of the wedding, became cheerful, and, in some measure, resigned to an event that had taken place in opposition to all her feelings and wishes. But she did not long remain deceived. She had, herself, suffered too much not to perceive the first indications of positive suffering in her child. From the day she became fully satisfied that Laura's husband had no true affection for her, and that her life would be a burden even more intolerable to bear than had been her own, she began to droop in spirits, and steadily declined from that hour until life closed up with her its troubled history. This mournful event took place about two years after Laura's marriage. Long before its occurrence, Charles Ruffin's conduct towards his wife had become brutal. Having attained his end, the natural baseness of his character soon led him to throw off all disguise. The first indications were seen in his indifference to business. But few weeks elapsed before his long period of absence from the counting-room, and his want of interest in the operations of the house, while there, attracted the notice of his father. As this defection increased, day after day, old Mr. Ruffin felt it to be his duty to remonstrate. He did so as gently as was in his power. This produced, what the young man desired, a rupture, and he withdrew from the new firm immediately.

A wife's relation, no matter how uncongenial it may be, involves a certain degree of affection for and interest in a husband. In a little while, Laura began to lean towards Charles Ruffin, and her heart began to take hold of and cling to him as the vine clings to the statelier tree that supports it. In his absence, she experienced a want of something, and involuntarily looked for the hour of his return with pleasure. And yet, she found little satisfaction in his presence; always experiencing a strong internal repulsion. His first direct expression of unkindness—the first laying off of his mask—took place at the time the rupture with his father occurred. He came home, soured and disturbed in mind, and, in a captious spirit and fretful tone, told Laura what had happened, adding, with emphasis—

"And I am glad of it!"

"Oh, Charles! Don't say so!—don't speak in that way!" exclaimed Laura, without reflection.

Opposition of any kind, no matter how trivial, Ruffin never could bear; it fevered his whole system in an instant.

"Why not, madam, pray?" he replied, drawing himself up in an imperious manner, and looking sternly at poor Laura, into whose eyes the tears instantly gushed. There was no reply.

"Why not, ha?" repeated the husband. "Am I not a free man, to do as I please? Do you think I am going to confine myself to a dirty store? If any one does, he is mistaken."

To this, Laura had not a word to answer. His manner had completely paralyzed her. He could not have hurt her more, had he struck her to the earth.

From that time, hope, which had begun to spring up in the heart of Laura, died. She saw, beneath the thin exterior of her husband's assumed character, enough of the real qualities of his mind, to rob her of all the desire of life.

It would not be well to consume the reader's time by tracing, step by step, the life-progress of this unhappy couple. Enough, that each passing month and year only widened the breach that Charles had made. For his wife he had no love, and did not attempt even to assume a virtue he did not possess. He was cold towards her, and neglected her shamefully, and led, besides, a most abandoned and dissolute life, thus wounding her spirit more vitally.

The birth of a child gave her something to love—a boon for which she was deeply thankful. She could not have survived her mother's death, which took place a few months afterwards, had not this object of affection been given.

A year after her child was born, her husband's conduct became so outrageous, that her father took her home, and forbade the young man from ever crossing his threshold. In stern, unrelenting purpose, Mr. O—— was fully a match for Charles Ruffin, and had, what he did not possess, a weight of years and character to sustain him.

Many months did not elapse before, in a spirit of revenge, an effort was made by Ruffin to see his wife, and induce her to leave her father's protection, and live with him again.

Laura was sitting, one day, alone in her room, with her babe in her arms, when she heard a man's step behind her. She turned quickly, in affright, to see who had entered. It was her husband!

"How are you, Laura?" he said, in a mild, insinuating voice, advancing towards his wife, and extending his hand.

Surprise and agitation prevented Mrs. Ruffin from either rising or speaking. Her husband took her hand, and pressed it within his own; but there was no returning pressure. The power of action was gone.

"Laura, why don't you speak to me? Am I not your husband?" This was said in a tone of affected sadness.

"Oh, Charles! why have you come here to trouble me?" said Mrs. Ruffin, as soon as she could utter a word. "You do not love me—you never have loved me. I am in quiet here, if not in peace—leave me then as I am."

"Laura, you wrong me," urged the young man; "I do love you; I have always loved you.

An unhappy temper may often have led me into error; but still I feel for you a sincere affection. Separated from you, I am miserable. Will you not—"

At this moment, the sound of horse's feet came thundering up the broad avenue that led to the house. Ruffin glanced from the window, and then glided from the room without uttering a word. Laura was thrilled by a sudden fear; she could not rise nor scream, but sat as if nailed to her chair, awaiting some fearful issue. From this paralyzed state, the quick, sharp crack of a pistol, just under the window where she sat, aroused her, and she sprang forward with a cry of agony.

About half an hour previous to this time, a friend entered the office of the insurance company of which Mr. O—— was president, and hurriedly communicated to him his suspicion that his son-in-law had gone out to visit his daughter; with what intent he had no means of knowing. In five minutes after, Mr. O—— was mounted upon a swift horse, and galloping out of the city in the direction of his country-seat. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket, and his firm resolution was to shoot Ruffin, if he found him anywhere upon his premises. As he rode, with a furious gait, up to his house, and was about checking his horse to dismount, his eye caught the form of a man, hurrying down stairs, and seeking egress through a back door. He doubted not that it was his son-in-law, and, firm in his purpose, he drew his pistol and fired. Happily for the young man, the motion of the horse, upon which Mr. O—— rode, interfered with his aim. The ball glanced close to his ear, and passed on harmlessly. Springing from the reeking animal upon which he had ridden with such hot haste, the excited father dashed through the hall, and sought to overtake the fugitive. But Ruffin had no wish to meet Mr. O—— under such circumstances, and managed to elude him entirely.

Finding his pursuit vain, Mr. O—— returned, and hurried up to his daughter's room. He found her upon the floor, insensible; and her child, that she had been able to protect in her fall, lying asleep, and drawn tightly to her bosom. The sight touched him deeply, and brought back upon his mind rebuking thoughts. It was his own handy-work he saw before him. He had forced his child into an uncongenial union, and now had no power to restore peace to the heart he had so cruelly wronged.

Domestics were instantly called in; or, rather, had already crowded into the apartment, alarmed by the hurried arrival of their master and the noise of his pistol. They had seen no one enter nor leave the house, and could not conjecture the cause of what had passed so hurriedly. The first impression produced upon their minds was, that Mr. O—— had shot his daughter. This variously affected them. Some fled to remote parts of the house in terror, while one or two came forward and assisted the father to lift his child from the floor and place her upon a bed. The gardener, who was rushing into the house, having been alarmed by the report of the pistol, was met in the hall by the cook, whose starting eyes and quivering lips told a tale of horror.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" the man inquired eagerly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the cook—the effort to speak bringing a flood of tears—"Massa O—— shot poor Miss Laura, and killed her dead."

The gardener stayed to hear no more, but turned away and fled from the house, spreading alarm in every direction. He paused not until he had reached the city, where he gave information to a magistrate, who issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. O——, and placed it in the hands of an officer.

The fainting fit of Mrs. Ruffin was of but short duration. She opened her eyes after the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes. The presence of her father bewildered her mind. She remembered, with painful distinctness, the visit of her husband, the hurried sound of a horse's feet, and the discharge of a pistol. From that moment all was blank. But there was a veil of horror over her mind. The look of anxious inquiry she cast upon her father constrained him to say—

"No one has been harmed. I only came home to protect you from outrage."

"Was it you who rode up the avenue so hurriedly?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Did he—?" she could not finish the sentence, but what she wished to say was understood. Mr. O—— was silent.

"He did not attempt to harm you, father? Oh, no! He could not do that—I am sure he could not. He is passionate, and has many faults, but that he could not do."

With some reluctance, Mr. O—— admitted that he had attempted to shoot Ruffin. Laura shuddered and closed her eyes. Almost as suddenly as if a hand had been laid upon her heart did its pulsations cease; but in a little while they were renewed, and the current of life went on again in its circle.

As soon as Mr. O—— could leave the chamber of Laura, he did so. He descended to the hall, and was approaching the front door of the house, when three men, with severe and resolute faces, entered. One of them stepped forward, saying, as he did so, "I arrest you in the name of, &c.," and placed his hand upon the shoulder of O——. In an instant, the officer lay upon the floor, and, in an instant after, the arms of Mr. O—— were pinioned by the two assistants, and he hurried out of the house and thrust into a carriage, which was driven off at full speed for the city.

For some time, astonishment kept Mr. O—— dumb. His mind sought in vain for an explanation of this outrage upon his person. What could it mean? The whole thing was inexplicable. As soon as he could control himself to speak, he turned to the officers who had arrested him, and said—

"May I ask what all this means? Why am I dragged from my house like a felon or a murderer?"

"You are accused of murder."

"Me?" in a voice of astonishment.

"Yes; of the murder of your daughter?"

"By whom?"

"By a man who says he is your gardener."

"Indeed! Perhaps you had better turn back and see whether my daughter be alive or dead." This was spoken with bitter irony. The officer merely replied—

"My duty is to take your person before a magistrate; not to investigate the charges against you."

O—— sunk back in the carriage, silent, but deeply indignant at the outrage he had received. On arriving at the magistrate's office, he found his gardener there, looking pale and frightened. The poor fellow believed, solemnly, that what the cook had told him was true. When called upon to give his testimony, he had only the fact of hearing the pistol discharged and the cook's affirmation to sustain the allegation he had made, and upon which the warrant for arrest had been issued.

"We must summon the cook," said the magistrate, beginning to fill up a summons.

"I would advise you, to make sure of getting at the truth, to summon my daughter," said Mr. O——, bitterly. "She could testify to the fact of being shot, or shot at, more clearly than any one else."

The magistrate looked at the prisoner with surprise, for a moment, and then proceeded to fill up the summons and despatch it. The distance was full three miles, and an hour and a half elapsed before the cook was brought in, looking half frightened to death. Ocular demonstration had fully convinced her that "Miss Laura" was not murdered, and she had it from her own lips that she had not even been shot at. Her evidence settled the matter, and Mr. O—— was released from custody, with many apologies and expressions of regret that so disagreeable a mistake had occurred.

While the investigation at the magistrate's was going on, Rumor, with her hundred tongues, spread the news through the city that a horrible murder had taken place. I heard it with a thrill of horror, for it came in such a shape that I could not help believing it. No cause for the dreadful deed was alleged; for none could be imagined. I shall never forget my feelings, on the next day, when, in passing along the street, I met O—— walking, with his usual firm step and erect head, quietly along the pave. No contradiction of the rumors of the preceding evening had reached my ears, and I, therefore, still believe him to be the murderer of his child. The sensation I experienced, I cannot describe.

When the real cause of all this mortifying exposure and false accusation became known, the feeling against Charles Ruffin was very strong—and he felt strongly, too. Towards the father of Laura, he indulged a murderous hate, and vowed to be deeply revenged. How he sought this revenge will be seen.

Time rolled on, and the excitement and gossip occasioned by the events we have mentioned, died entirely away, and the circumstances attending them were forgotten, except by a few, in whose memories such incidents are always kept alive. The child of Laura had grown to a sweet little girl, five years of age, and was the strong cord that bound her mother to life. In the few years that had elapsed since the death of his

wife, Mr. O—— had grown old rapidly. His tall, erect form had acquired a slight stoop; his hair had lost its jetty blackness; he walked with a slower and more careful gait. In the vigor of early manhood, and even in its staid and firm maturity, he had never loved anything so well as himself—had loved, sincerely, nothing out of himself. But his infant grand-child had won upon his tenderest feelings; had entwined herself with every fibre of his heart. He never tired of her sweet prattle—when at home, she was ever by his side, or in his arms, and, while away, she was ever in his thoughts.

The husband of Laura, since his first attempt to see her, had made no overt act that looked to the same end. For a greater part of the time he had been away from Baltimore, residing in one of the West India Islands.

Thus matters stood, when Mr. O—— was startled, and his daughter terrified, by the institution of a suit on behalf of Charles Ruffin, for the possession of his infant daughter. The effect upon the mind of Mrs. Ruffin was so serious, that medical advice was deemed necessary, and I was called in to see her, as intimated in the beginning of this history. It was my first visit to the family.

I was preparing to go out, one afternoon, when Mr. O—— himself entered my office. We were not personally acquainted, though each of us knew the other very well by reputation. He looked agitated, yet evidently was striving to appear calm.

"Are you very much engaged, this afternoon, Doctor?" he said, as he took my hand.

"I have several calls to make," I replied. "But if there is any pressing need of my attendance in another quarter, I shall feel myself bound to go."

"I wish you to see my daughter," Mr. O—— said. "She is in a very unhappy state of mind. I don't know that medicine can do her any good. Still I would like you to see her."

"What is the nature of the affection under which she is suffering?" I asked.

Mr. O—— looked thoughtful for some moments, and then said—

"A disease of the mind, Doctor, beyond the reach of your skill, I fear."

He then related, briefly, some of the facts connected with her unhappy marriage, and concluded by saying that the effect upon her mind, of the suit which her husband had instituted for the recovery of his child, was of a most distressing and alarming character, causing him to tremble for her reason.

"I do not think there is any cause for her being so much alarmed," I remarked. "Her husband cannot get possession of the child by any legal process."

"I wish I only felt sure of that, Doctor," was replied, mournfully. "But I do not. By the law which governs in these cases, the father has a right to claim his offspring. For years, I have dreaded just what has at last happened. I knew too well the vindictive spirit of Charles Ruffin, to hope, except for a brief time, that he would fail to stab us in this tender place. My fears I never breathed to my unhappy child—and she had no

thought of danger like this. The announcement of the fact that a suit had been commenced, fell upon her as unexpectedly as a bolt from a summer sky, and has completely prostrated her. Since the whole truth burst upon her, and her mind fully apprehended the danger that threatened, she has confined herself, with our dear little Ella, in her room, and will admit no one but myself and the nurse. If I urge the necessity of taking the child out, that it may breathe the fresh air in the garden or upon the lawn, she answers me only with tears. If I attempt to take the child from the room against her wish, she seizes hold of it frantically, and utters such cries of anguish that I am forced to desist. It is now ten days since either she or the dear little one has left her chamber, and the health of both are beginning to suffer. The child is pining to get out, but her mother will not let her go."

Then uttering a bitter imprecation upon the author of all this misery, he turned quickly and said:

"But come, Doctor, my carriage is at the door. You must see her yourself; perhaps you may be able to do something."

I was not very sanguine of this. I had no acquaintance with Mrs. Ruffin, and did not believe that in her state of mind, if truly described, she would give any confidence to a stranger. I suggested this, but Mr. O—— thought differently, and I did not care to anticipate difficulties; besides, he had mentioned that the child seemed feverish and needed some attention.

On arriving at the house and going to the door of Mrs. Ruffin's room, we found it locked.

"It is always so," said Mr. O——, as he tapped lightly against it.

"Who's there?" I heard asked, in a low voice.

"Open the door, Laura. It is I," her father replied.

The door was half opened, and held tightly until Mr. O—— crowded in, and then it was shut with a sudden jar, leaving me upon the outside. I remained where I was for the space of about five minutes. I could hear the sound of voices within, sometimes loud and excited, and sometimes low and pleading. I could also hear occasional sobs. At the expiration of this time, Mr. O—— came out, as before crowding through a small aperture of the door.

"She has at last consented to see you, Doctor," he said—"I gained my end only by assuming that Ellen was very ill, and must have medical attendance."

"Do you wish me to see her now?" I inquired.

"Yes, she is ready to receive you."

He then tapped at the door again, after he had answered her query of who was there. Mrs. Ruffin partly opened it as before, and we crowded through. The instant we were within she closed the door with an energetic action, double locked and bolted it, and then sprang back to where a little girl was standing in tears, and caught her wildly up in her arms.

"They want to take her away," she said, lifting her deep blue eyes to mine—"but they can't do it. Nobody shall take my child from me."

"Nobody can take her from you," I said, falling at once in a familiar way with her mood.

"She is your's, and nobody can touch her. Poor child!" I added, putting my hand upon her head, "she does not look well. She wants fresh air and exercise."

"I think she is very well, Doctor," the mother returned quickly. "I keep the windows open a good deal, and she can play through the room. It is large."

"But this room is not like the green lawn out of doors; nor are the drooping flowers with which these vases are filled, like the fresh blossoms in your beautiful garden. She must have fresh air, madam, and exercise out of doors."

"But the danger, Doctor! Think of the danger!" She spoke in a deep whisper, and with a look of love.

"There is no danger, madam. None in the world."

"Oh, but there is! They are watching all around the house for her, and would snatch her up in a moment. Isn't it dreadful!"

The poor creature shuddered from head to foot.

"It would be dreadful if this were the case, but I can assure you it is not, madam. Now, that a suit has been commenced, all parties will wait for its termination. If there had been any wish on the part of any one to obtain forcible possession of your child, no suit would have been instituted. There have been hundreds of opportunities for carrying her off."

But the mother's mind was not accessible to reason. Her fears overshadowed everything. Nothing that I could urge made any impression upon her.

"You are not afraid to ride out with your father?" I said, after a pause. "The carriage could be shut up closely, and no one would suspect who was in it."

"I wouldn't leave this room with Ella for the world," she replied, in a solemn voice. "You cannot tempt me, Doctor."

"Your father is able to protect you and Ella."

"And will protect you with my life," said Mr. O——.

But Mrs. Ruffin shook her head slowly, and drew her child closer to her side.

I was puzzled; and Mr. O—— looked anxious and disturbed. After some moments of hurried reflection, I drew him aside, and said aloud enough for Mrs. Ruffin to hear me:

"Don't you think it would be advisable to leave this place and go away into the country, say forty or fifty miles, where no one would dream of seeking for the child?"

A side glance at Mrs. Ruffin satisfied me that she not only heard every word, but was deeply interested in what I said.

"Let me think," replied the father, understanding me in a moment. And he stood thoughtful for some time.

"Where could we go?" he at length asked.

"Oh! as to that, there are hundreds of secluded little spots, at any one of which concealment would be perfect."

"How would you like that, Laura?" Mr. O—— said, turning and speaking to his daughter.

"Oh, above all things. Let us go far away from here. Not fifty, nor a hundred, but a thousand miles."

"Very well. Then we will go. Anything for safety. Can you be ready in a week?"

"In a week! Yes, in an hour. Oh! father, let us go instantly. Dear little Ella may be taken from us to-night."

"I do not think there is any danger of that," I urged; "besides, it takes some time to prepare for so long a journey."

"But think of the urgency of the case, Doctor; that calls for extraordinary haste. I am ready—or, can be ready in an hour. Let us go to-day."

"It will be impossible, my dear," replied Mr. O—. "We cannot start before to-morrow, at the earliest."

With difficulty we got her reconciled to wait until the next day, and then left her alone to consult upon what was best to be done. The poor child begged and cried to go with her grandfather, but the mother kept fast hold of her. The sight grieved me much.

I talked the matter over with Mr. O— for an hour. It was finally determined that a pleasant house should be taken, if one could be found, somewhere within five or ten miles of the city, and prepared for the reception of the unhappy mother and her child. Then a journey of at least a week should be made in the family carriage, at the end of which period, the house selected should be reached, and thus the impression be made upon Mrs. R.'s mind, that she was at least two hundred miles away from Baltimore. In deciding upon this course, numerous difficulties presented themselves, but were finally set aside. The most prominent was, the necessary absence from his daughter and grand-daughter, that would be required on the part of Mr. O—, who had to be in the city every day. If he were to return home every night, the suspicion would at once arise that they could not be two hundred miles from the threatened danger. It was at last determined that he should go to them twice a week, and leave his daughter to infer that he came nearly the whole distance by steamboat.

This was just the extent of my medical services in the case on my first visit. The plan proposed was carried out, and I saw no more of either Mr. O— or his daughter for nearly three months.

In the mean time, the suit instituted by Ruffin progressed as fast as the nature of the case allowed. The most untiring efforts were made by mutual friends to divert him from his malignant purpose, but his resolution to carry the thing through, remained firm. His father opposed him as strongly as any one; but persuasion and remonstrance were alike unavailing. His only answer was:

"It is my child, and the law will give her to me. I did not separate myself from my wife; she left me, and took away my child. She may remain where she is. I do not care to see her; but my child I *will* have. The law is clear on this head, and I am very willing to await its decision."

At length the day of trial drew near; and much excitement prevailed on the subject. But, as the matter was never alluded to in any of the newspapers—means being taken to prevent this—the knowledge of it was confined to a particular circle. My practice was in this circle.—

Wherever I went, the theme of conversation was the approaching suit. In not one instance did I hear an expression of sympathy for Ruffin. Every voice was lifted against him, and the statute that would tear from a mother's arms her child, denounced in the severest terms as unjust and in opposition to the very first laws of Nature. But this did not stay the regular progression of events. At length the day arrived, the case was called, and Mr. O— required to produce the child in court.

From the time of Mrs. Ruffin's removal from the family homestead, up to this period, she had lived in imagined seclusion. But a knowledge of her unhappy state of mind, the ruse that had been practised upon her, and where she was, was known to all her friends, and even widely beyond this circle of true sympathy. The order to bring the child into court, an order upon which Mr. O— had not all calculated, created in his mind the most anxious solicitude. It could not be done without endangering the very life of his daughter.

It was at this crisis, that I was again summoned to attend Mrs. Ruffin. Why I was selected, I never could exactly understand. The regular physician of the family was a man of distinguished professional ability, and a competent adviser. As before, Mr. O— called upon me at my office. He looked haggard and care-worn, and appeared at least five years older than when I had last seen him. He stated to me the alarming aspect of affairs, and asked for my advice as a physician, a father, and a man.

"As for me," he said, "I have lost that clear perception of things which I usually possess. I feel bewildered half of my time. I cannot see what it is right for me to do. Sometimes I get so excited, that I am strongly tempted to bring the whole thing to a close by blowing out the brains of that infamous rascal, whose fiend-like persecutions have made my poor child more than half a maniac, and threaten to destroy her life. And after all is said, I believe this is the only horn of the dilemma left. It will kill Laura to take away her daughter; or, worse, entirely unsettle her reason. Is there any doubt as to my right course? I must choose between the death of my child, or the death of her persecutor? And I will choose!"

As Mr. O— uttered the last sentence, his face grew black with passion, and he turned from me with the air of a man who had fully resolved upon a desperate deed. I laid my hand upon his arm, and said in a firm voice:

"Think again, Mr. O—. Perhaps a better way may be found."

"I have thought of everything," he replied—"And I see but one course; a dreadful one, I admit; but desperate cases require desperate remedies. Laura's child shall not be dragged from her arms! I swear it, solemnly, this hour! With my life I will prevent this cruel outrage."

"You will not attempt the murderous deed you have threatened," I said, looking earnestly into the face of Mr. O—.

"But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll guard the asylum of my injured child, and guard it with my life. I shall return home to-night, well armed, and, remaining at home, await the issue. If the myrmidons of the law come to drag our sweet

babe away from us, they will do their work only by passing over my dead body. I have formed this instant resolution; and I mean to abide by it."

"Let me suggest a better way," I said, in reply to this.

"There is no better way; but let me hear what you have to propose."

"I will go home with you to-night, and see your daughter. To-morrow we will return, and I will go into court and testify as a physician, that to remove the child will be to destroy either the mother's reason or her life. I will also describe to the court the distressing consequences already attendant upon this unnatural prosecution, and urge every humane consideration in favor of letting the suit go on without farther disturbing the unhappy mother."

"That is, you would merely *beg* for justice?"

"Call it what you please. In a case like this, the best means are the wisest, and should be adopted by a wise man, without letting his feelings come into the question. You propose to defend your daughter from this outrage by an appeal to deadly weapons? Very well; suppose you shoot half-a-dozen men, you will be at length overpowered and dragged away, if not killed upon the spot. Do you think this would make Mrs. Ruffin's position any better? You know that it would not. No—no, sir; I have proposed the only safe course, and one that will, I am sure, bring about the result we so much desire."

"Well, if you think it will do any good, I am willing to see the trial made; but I have no faith in the result. It will have to come at last to what I have said."

"I do not think so. For such an alternative I cannot believe there is any necessity."

"There is *law* in this country, Doctor, but little *justice*. However, I have agreed to let you manage the thing in your own way—or at least try to manage it. I will wait as patiently as I can for the issue of that trial. You go home with me this afternoon!"

"Yes."

"Can you start at once?"

"I will be ready to go with you in a very few minutes," I replied, and left him for a short time, in order to make a few hurried preparations to attend him.

A rapid drive of an hour and a half brought us to the secluded spot where Mrs. Ruffin imagined she was concealed from the knowledge of every one. As the carriage came up to the door, we found her seated in a garden-chair, on a beautiful lawn in front of the house—her little girl playing near her. She remembered me the moment I alighted from the carriage, and came forward with my name upon her lips. No smile lit up her pale face as she greeted me: no light sparkled in her eye. I spoke cheerfully to her, but she did not answer in a cheerful voice. When I took her little girl by the hand, a look of alarm gathered upon her face, and she took fast hold of the child's hand. I smiled and said:

"You are not afraid of me?"

She did not make any answer; but I could see from her half-averted face, and whole manner, that she regarded me with suspicion.

"Come, dear," she said to her child, "the dew is beginning to fall: we must go into the house"—and she led her daughter away. The child was reluctant, but passive. As she followed her mother, she looked back frequently, and called out—

"Grandpa, come!"

"Poor child!" said Mr. O—, in a voice of tender regret. "Accursed villain!" he added, with a sudden change of manner and tone. "You shall yet suffer for this!"—and he clenched his hand, and ground his teeth in a paroxysm of anger.

"Much depends, my dear sir," I said to him, "on your controlling yourself. Do not let your daughter see that you are excited, for she will attribute all to fear."

"Am I a stock or a stone, Doctor? Is it possible for me to look on and be calm? Do you suppose I can mark, day by day, the pale face of my child growing paler, the light in her eye fading, the tone of her voice growing sadder and sadder, and not feel? Look at her, Doctor! Do you see no change since your eyes last rested upon her? Is she the same? I believe her heart is already broken. Ah, sir! This is all hard to bear!"

I felt that it must be. I had already noticed the change to which he referred—a change that indicated the rapid progress of a malady for which I had no remedy.

We followed Mrs. Ruffin into the house. As we entered from the lawn, she went up stairs with her child, who called out earnestly:

"Grandpa, come up! do come, grandpa."

"Go, my dear sir, at once. Do not make any ceremony with me," said I. Mr. O— took me at my word, and followed his daughter and her child up to her chamber.

I felt troubled at the appearance of things. Poor Mrs. Ruffin had changed more than I had dreamed. Mr. O— had truly described her appearance; she looked like one whose heart was breaking. Her face was almost colorless, and painful to look upon—it was so very sad.

I remained alone for nearly the space of half an hour. Then both Mrs. Ruffin and her father joined me. Little Ella was asleep. Few and brief were the sentences that were uttered by any of us, until tea was announced. At the table a light, rambling conversation sprang up between Mr. O— and myself, and relieved the sense of oppression under which we all labored. As soon as we arose from the table, Mrs. Ruffin retired to join her child.

"Don't you see a great change, Doctor?" said Mr. O—, as soon as we were alone.

"Your daughter certainly has changed since I last saw her," I replied. "But, living as she has lived, is a change to be wondered at?"

"No, Doctor, it is not," he replied, bitterly. "But the necessity for living thus is what drives me almost mad. I feel myself growing more and more desperate every day. No consequences, it seems to me, can be more dreadful than those already existing. There must come a change, and that speedily."

As best I could, did I soothe this state of excitement; but I had little or nothing to say in regard to the daughter's physical or mental con-

diction that was at all favorable. I did not see her again that night. On the next morning we met early at the breakfast-table. The child was still asleep. I tried to draw Mrs. Ruffin out into a conversation on some general topic; but this I could not do. Her mind dwelt upon only one subject, and could not be interested in any other. After breakfast, Mr. O—— and myself started for the city.

"Do you believe Laura would survive the removal of her child from her?" he asked me, as we seated ourselves in his carriage.

"I certainly do not," I could but reply.

"Do you believe she could bear its production in court, even if she accompanied it?" he added.

"To attempt to bring it into court would certainly destroy either her reason or her life," I said.

"If she were your child, would you permit a thing to be done that would produce one or both of these direful consequences?"

"Not if I could prevent it."

"No—nor would any father."

"I trust—nay, I am sure, the order of yesterday will be withdrawn, so soon as I make a statement of Mrs. Ruffin's condition."

"It may be—I am not sanguine. But even if it is, the matter is by no means settled. In less than a week, the decision of the court may be adverse."

"Do not anticipate the worst. Mr. O——,"

"Ruffin has the law on his side."

"And his wife humanity."

"A feeble hope that. What has humanity to do in a case of law?"

"The judges are men."

"But without human feeling."

"I believe differently. Two upon the Bench I know to be men of the better sort—men who will lean to the side of humanity, and let their decision be governed by it as far as is possible."

O—— shook his head. "I have no faith in men," he gloomily answered. "I have lived too long in the world."

"I have lived some years in the world, also," I said, "and I have some faith in men. Man's better feelings are not all perverted."

O—— still shook his head, and seemed disposed to be silent and indulge his own reflections. Seeing this, I leaned back in the carriage, and was silent also.

At ten o'clock I entered the court-room. It was already well filled. The case had been called on the previous day, and this fact, with the order that immediately followed, to produce the child in court, had sped quickly through the circle of the unhappy mother's friends and their acquaintances. Ladies of the first families, who had never before seen the inside of a court-room, now filled every bench that could be had, or stood in the open spaces, anxiously waiting for the proceedings to begin. The first person upon whom my eyes rested, as I entered the room, was Charles Ruffin. He sat by the side of his counsel, unabashed, although every eye was upon him, and almost every heart execrating him. He looked steadily at Mr. O——, who came in with me, his eyes not once sinking beneath the

withering scowl that settled upon the father's brow.

In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, the proceedings commenced. The first thing was a repetition of the order of the court to produce the child. All eyes turned towards Mr. O——; there was a breathless pause. The counsel for the defence here stated that he wished to produce the testimony of the physician, who had attended Mrs. Ruffin, as to her state of health, and the certain effect that would be produced if the order of the court were carried out. I was then called upon to give the proposed testimony.

In performing this duty, I strove to present as vivid a picture as possible of the unhappy state of the mother's mind. I described all I had seen in the strongest colors, and concluded by saying, that as a physician, I believed, solemnly, that if the order of the court were executed, it would instantly destroy the mother's life.

I do not think there was more than two with unmoistened eyes in the room, when I left the stand—those two were Ruffin and his counsel; the first was unmoved, because malignant passions sustained him—the latter because he heard all that was related as an opposing counsel; his thoughts kept all emotions quiescent. Even the Judges were disturbed, and had great difficulty to rally themselves.

The counsel for the defence was about rising to enforce the evidence I had given, when he was requested by the judges to defer what he was going to say for a few minutes. A brief consultation was held upon the bench, and then one of the associate judges declared the order of the preceding day rescinded. A murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowded room; Mr. O—— was overpowered with emotion. He felt what he had not felt before, that there was a leaning of the court towards the side of humanity.

A few minutes after the court had set aside the order of the previous day, I turned my eyes to that part of the room where I had seen Charles Ruffin seated by the side of his counsel. The lawyer was there, but Ruffin I could nowhere see. A suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Did you see Ruffin go out?" I whispered to Mr. O——

Either my words, or manner, caused him to turn pale.

"No," he replied, glancing hurriedly around.

"Has he gone out?"

"I do not see him anywhere in the room. He must have left it."

"Where can he have gone? Why has he left so abruptly at this particular moment?"

"I cannot, certainly, tell," I said.

"I must go home immediately, and you must go with me, Doctor;" and Mr. O—— turned and moved away as he spoke.

"My patients will need attention. I have already been away from them too long," I replied.

"You must go with me, Doctor. A case of life and death rules over all others. Come!"

I felt that I dared not refuse to go. Vague suspicions crossed my mind. I followed Mr. O—— out and hurried by his side to the stables where he kept his horses at livery.

"Put Barney and Tom into my light wagon as

quickly as possible," said Mr. O——, "and see well to the harness!"

The vehicle was soon ready. Mr. O—— took the reins, and spoke to the horses, large, strong animals, and fleet of foot. They dashed ahead at a noble speed. I do not think we were three-quarters of an hour in going a distance of ten miles. Not a word was spoken during the whole ride; and neither of us knew what was in the mind of the other except by conjecture. The house in which Mrs. Ruffin had sought to hide herself from the search of her cruel persecutor, was situated a short distance from the main road, and could be seen from a point in the approach, nearly two miles away. From this point the road descended in a straight line, into a long valley, and then rose by a gradual ascent upon a high ridge opposite. As we commenced descending into this valley, we noticed a man riding at a swift pace up the hill, directly in front of us. My heart gave a sudden bound as my eyes rested upon him; were my suspicions indeed too true? The horseman was only visible for two or three minutes, and then disappeared just at the point where a road led off to the house in which Mrs. Ruffin lived.

An exclamation of alarm escaped the lips of Mr. O——. His whip was applied to the horses with a smarting energy that caused them nearly to double their rapid pace. Down the hill we dashed at a furious rate, and up the one opposite with scarcely a perceptible diminution of speed. In a little while we were in sight of the house. There was a horse standing at the gate. Mr. O—— applied the whip still more vigorously—and in a few minutes we were there; as we sprang from the wagon, our ears were pierced by one of the most heart-rending, despairing cries that it has ever been my lot to hear. It chilled the blood in my veins, and caused a cold shudder to run over my whole body. Before we could reach the door, a man (it was Ruffin himself) emerged from the house, bearing little Ella in his arms. Our presence, so unexpected, confused him for a moment; before he could recover himself, the sharp crack of a pistol rang upon the air, and he fell backwards upon the ground. Ere the child he held in his arms struck the earth, she was snatched away by the grandfather, who rushed into the house, and up to his daughter's chamber, in order to restore her treasure to her arms. He was too late! The mother's heart was broken! He found her upon the floor, to all appearances dead. She never spoke again. Life rallied feebly after a few hours, but gradually declined from that time, until the vital spark went out entirely. She recovered her perceptions far enough to recognize her child, over whom she wept as if her eyes were a fountain of tears. She died, clasping the sweet young creature in her arms.

When I saw Ruffin fall, I hurried to him, and found the blood flowing freely from his side. A servant, whom the report of the pistol brought to the door, assisted me to take him into the house. He was insensible.

On removing his clothes, and examining the wound, I found that the injury was not at all serious. The ball had struck one of his ribs on

the right side, fracturing it, and then glanced upwards, tearing away the thin covering of flesh, and lodging against the clavicle. It was easily extracted. While engaged in doing this, I was summoned to attend Mrs. Ruffin. I obeyed this summons immediately, and found her in the state I have described. Perceiving that her condition was beyond the reach of medicine, I retired as quickly as possible to attend to the wounded man below. By the time I had completed all the required dressings, he recovered his senses. As soon as he fully comprehended where he was, and the circumstances under which he was placed, he rose up from the sofa upon which he was lying, staggered towards the door, and, regardless of all I could say, mounted his horse, and rode off.

When these facts became known, on the following day, to the Court, all proceedings in the case were stopped. But it was too late—at least, too late for the heart-broken mother. She could no more be affected by human agencies. She had suffered her last pang. Her fear, and sorrow, and pain were at an end for ever.

Charles Ruffin left Baltimore immediately after her death; I have never seen him since. He may yet be living. If so, wherever he is, he must bear about him a moral cancer that is eating daily and hourly into his heart. I would not have his consciousness for millions of worlds.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.—No. 3.

BY THOS. E. VAN REEBER.

THE PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION CONCLUDED.

I have already stated that the city of Ghent is situated in a country, which, though perfectly flat, is by no means uninteresting. It stands upon the confluence of four rivers, the Lys, the Scheldt, the Leive and the Moer, which by their various branches and ramifications divide it into 26 islands. When the city gates are closed, it would be difficult for an invading army to enter, as the town is then entirely surrounded by water. The traveller cannot walk three squares in any direction without meeting a canal, a river, or a dock, covered with vessels which are as round fore and aft as though they had been modelled after a Flemish beauty. And where there is so much water, there must necessarily be so considerable a city be many bridges; there are in fact as many as 78, of which 44 are in stone and 34 in wood. They are all constructed so as to turn upon pivots, and that by a mechanism so admirable that the very largest can easily be managed by one man. It has a very amphibious look, and in many parts a very fishy smell; the men are corpulent and waddling, the women round and rubicund.

I should never be done were I to attempt a description of all its curious antiquities. I might tell of the queer old gate which stands upon "*le marche aux poissons*;" where a time-worn statue of Neptune presides with his trident over a little kingdom of fish-women; I might enlarge upon the mammoth remains of the old *Chateau des Contes*, built in 868 by Baldwin, of the "iron arm," and

of which the loop-holed and turreted entrance is still to be seen, whilst the huge skeleton itself is completely girdled by a motley collection of shops and modern dwellings; I might relate of the *Marché de Venderdi*, where the citizens of Ghent in former times held their festivities and executions, their mobs and their rejoicings; I might dilate on the antique Abbey of St. Bavon with its singular little octagonal chapel, and its fountain whilome as efficacious in the cure of plagues and fevers.

I once met with a German professor who told me that it was one of his travelling canons never to visit antiquities and curiosities; but instead of wandering through picture-galleries, haunting old churches, and lingering among ruins, it was his custom to frequent coffee-houses, hotels, estamines and public gatherings. I believed him, for his countenance bore witness to the truths of the confession, and his complexion had become very nearly of the color of dark brandy. To an American, for the first time in Europe, old things appear often the newest; and he will very likely, whilst brooding over the mouldering ruins of the past, imbibe impressions which will color the current of his thoughts for the remainder of life.

In the Church of St. Michel I saw a picture which pleased me more on account of its subject than for the excellence of the execution, as showing one of the many singular legends which abound in the Romish religion. St. Hubert is seen with hounds and horns in the midst of a wild forest; the hunter-saint catches sight of a deer having upon his antlers a crucifix; whereupon he drops bow and arrows, falls on his knees and begins to worship, whilst his dogs, struck with sudden awe, give up the chase, hang down their heads and crouch at the feet of their master.

I must confess I am pleased with the pictures of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. For a household scene, a dance of peasants, a drinking-bout, a fish-market; for views of quiet ruminating cattle, for a breathing piece of real life, as life manifested in these quaint old times, give me a Dutch painter for ever. The very boors lose their boorishness, their lumpishness and vulgarity: the spotted cow stands lowing by the river-side, as though she enjoyed the music of her own echoes; the knife-grinder follows his low calling amid the enchanted illumination of sunset; torch, sun and moon-light, all add their peculiar sources of magic.

And even when the artist attempts subjects of a more lofty character there is a quaintness and naivete about his representations which captivates at the same time that it excites a smile. The Flemish cherubs are chubby-faced children, who, notwithstanding their wings, laugh, bawl and play just like other children. When the tortures of hell are depicted, we are presented with devils in every variety of form and occupation; some with their crooked nails scratch and tear the poor howling sinner; some gore and wound him with their boar-tusks; some coil around him in the shape of vast serpents; some hug him in their long ape-arms, all the while grinning and curling their tails; some lifting him on sharp hooks or forks, toss him into a boiling cauldron; some chain him to a wheel of fire, or

pour down his throat streams of red-hot iron. In all this there is something to strike the eye, however much it may offend the taste—something Dantesque and Gothic, smacking of the wild conceptions of the Middle Ages, and presenting to the mind the same sort of imagery with which we are so fascinated in the Divine comedy.

What traveller ever visited Ghent without going to see the celebrated Beguinage? At the time we visited it, it contained 700 saintly sisters. They may be said to live in a little town of their own: for it is surrounded with walls, divided into streets, possesses a church, and is governed by laws of its own. As the gates are left open all day, we found no difficulty in gaining admission, and it was with very peculiar emotions that we traversed this singular abode of the pious. There we found no noise of carriages, no bustle of business, no sounds of merriment, nothing to disturb their contemplations or their labors. About 7 P. M., they all assemble in their chapel to worship, where with outstretched hands and the whole head covered with a long white veil, they listen in a kneeling posture to vespers. As soon as the service is completed, each one takes her veil from her face, and folding it up very nicely after the fashion of a napkin, slings it on top of her head, performs her genuflections before the altar, and quietly walks out. Thus among this singular people, the solemn is ever tinged with the droll, and divine comedies, though no longer written in books, are daily enacted in their churches and convents.

Before closing this account of Ghent, I must say a few words concerning the Cathedral of St. Bavon. It is one of the most gorgeously ornamental edifices in the world. To begin with the pulpit. Imagine to yourself a tree most cunningly carved out of oak, with top branches spreading out and overarching the desk of the preacher. Immediately under the desk is a marble Time, with his usual accompaniments, wings, beard and an hour-glass. The steps which on either side lead up the pulpit, are supported by four beautiful cherubs. The whole forms a bizarre mixture of wood and marble, remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship and the elaborateness of its details.

This magnificent building has beneath it a vast crypt, which may be called a subterranean church, it having as many as fifteen chapels. Beneath its echoing aisles repose the bones of many distinguished individuals. Every Sunday, the children of the Sunday-school are taken down into these mournful cloisters of the dead, and, by the light of waxen tapers, are instructed in the mysteries of religion, and are taught to meditate upon the shortness of human life.

But of the splendor of the interior of the cathedral itself it would be difficult to convey any idea. The solemn aisles, the beautiful side-chapels, the gorgeous choir, the elegant pictures, the wonderful statues, all these strike the beholder with perfect amazement. The choir is so rich as to be somewhat overloaded. Four splendid candelabras taken from St. Paul's, in London, and once the property of Charles II., are stationed at the four corners. Four mausoleums, surmounted by as many statues of celebrated

bishops, carved out of the most costly marble, and finished with an uncommon degree of polish, add to the general magnificence. There can be seen the good Bishop Triest, looking up with reverence towards the Holy Cross; the fat Bishop Van den Bosh kneeling on a gorgeous cushion; the pious Bishop Allemont on his knees before the Virgin, whilst a skeleton stands grinning horribly behind him, and holding in its hand a scroll with the inscription, "Statutum est hominibus semel mori;" and, lastly, the dignified Bishop Charles Maes, reclining with all his pontifical garments about him, and looking as comfortable as though he were reposing on a sofa.

Around the sides are twelve pictures, which are such admirable imitations of *basso-relievo* in marble, that it requires more than one glance to be convinced that it is only a deception.

But I have already lingered too long about this captivating old city. At the end of the week we again strapped on our knapsacks, and started for Brussels, which we expected to reach in two days. Our feet, before so travel-worn and blistered, were now completely restored, and we trudged merrily along over a country not quite so flat as that we had hitherto seen in Belgium, but which was diversified with occasional undulations. We met everywhere with the same smiling faces which had greeted us ever since we had been in the dominions of King Leopold. We still continued to pass rosy maidens, and to be cheered with the sight of farms which equalled gardens in fertility. Our spirits became buoyant, so much so in fact that on one occasion they hurried us into the perpetration of a freak which was absolutely childish, and which many may consider far too silly to hold a place in such grave and instructive "Sketches of Travel." But at that time we were young and merry, and being utterly unable to maintain, for many miles in succession, a becoming dignity of deportment, we commenced with one accord to make faces at every man, woman and child we passed. This gave occasion to no small amount of laughter on both sides. The road was very crowded, so that we had an opportunity, every minute or two, of varying our powers of grimace and distortion. Such puckered lips, and twisted mouths, and squinting eyes, and swollen cheeks, as we presented in succession to the passers-by, may sometimes be seen in the wild chaos of dreams, but have seldom been witnessed in reality. Our young student of theology, Mr. L——e, on one occasion inflated his jaws (naturally very plump and round, and garnished with a pair of bushy whiskers) to such a tremendous extent that his appearance actually became appalling, and sundry squads of ragged children, who were hovering around us with the hope of getting a few coppers, incontinently took to their heels like a covey of young partridges in a harvest-field.

But once we were paid back in our own coin, and from a quarter, too, from which we least expected to receive anything in return. A tall, grim, old figure, with a basket in his hand and a long pipe in his mouth, came slowly marching towards us, puffing away with extreme gravity, and apparently totally indifferent to everything passing around him. A more imperturbable countenance could not be found in the whole extent of the Low

Countries. Except for the motion and the fumes of smoke, you might have taken him for a wooden man, incapable of any change of feature or movement of muscle. Upon this man we all three of us expended our very best efforts. But he, without appearing in the least to be taken by surprise, or excited either to mirth or anger, stopped suddenly short, pulled out his long pipe leisurely from his mouth, and when the last cloudlet of vapor had curled from his nose, he saluted us with a grimace so unexpected, so thoroughly original, so grotesquely hideous, so surpassing anything which fancy ever drew in her wildest portraiture, that we acknowledged ourselves vanquished, and were effectually cured from attempting the same thing in future. The man himself, as if nothing unusual had happened, and, without relaxing into the smallest approach to a smile, had no sooner completed his master-piece of distortion, than his features returned to their same wooden outlines, his pipe again found its way to his mouth, he went on his way puffingly, and we soon lost sight of him. We had started on our journey, as I have before stated, on the 1st of April, and we had at last become April-fools in downright earnest; and I confess, with some shame, that of all the wonderful sights which I saw during the course of my travels, that man's unimaginable grimace recurs oftenest to my memory.

The next day, about the time of sunset, we caught a distant view of Belgium's capital, where we were to lay aside our staffs, and bring our pedestrian labors to an end. Beautifully, in the rosy evening, uprose the tall spire of the Hotel de Ville, and the commanding towers of St. Gudule. It could not be denied that the joints of our legs were not quite so supple and well-oiled as when we had left Paris, but we were in higher health and in finer spirits. The idea of entering a renowned city for the first time is always exhilarating, and we felt, as we approached our journey's end, as if, like Achilles, our heels were our only vulnerable point.

But, before bringing my narrative to a close, let us take a bird's-eye view of the city and its principal objects of interest. Brussels possesses a very marked duality or two-foldness. Side by side we have the New and the Old. It is like looking at "the new moon in the old moon's arms." It is like a young bride reposing beside an antiquated husband. It is like a library in which worm-eaten parchments and illuminated manuscripts are found in the same apartment with volumes in all the variety of modern binding and adornment. The union is a very pleasing one. Antiquity and Progress embrace each other. By walking a few squares you pass from the most modern imitation of Parisian splendor to the very heart of old "Flandersland." The one has its boulevards, its avenues, its palaces and its parks; the other its narrow, tortuous streets, its tall step-roofs, its grotesque gable-fronts, its antique town-hall, and its Gothic churches. In short, the city, like the statue of Janus, is double-faced, and with one face looks back into the past, and with the other forward into the future.

Though the metropolis of the Low Countries, a great a part of the city stands upon a hill which

is both steep and lofty. From this elevation are obtained some beautiful prospects. The eye ranges over a succession of sharp-roofed old houses and weather-beaten towers, and reposes with delight upon distant fields and green hill-sides, surmounted by windmills, which move faster or slower, according to the state of the winds. In the park belonging to the royal palace, I was struck with a fine statue of a dog made of white marble, and placed under a tall tree; when viewed at night, it looks as though he were baying the moon. With one of the avenues of this park I was also much pleased on account of the view it affords:—you look through a long sylvan vista, upon the tall Gothic spire of the Hotel de Ville, which, from your not being able to see the building which supports it, looks as though it were poised with all its slender tracery in empty air. This park will, moreover, be ever dear to my memory, from the fact of my having there, for the first time, heard the song of the nightingale; for, whilst the crouching dog was paining the fancy with imaginary howlings, the living bird was charming the ear with most ravishing melody—not the only instance in which I have found a *real* pleasure, heightened by an *unreal* and visionary torment.

Why does not some enterprising bird-fancier import a few dozens of these delightful songsters, and also that of the favorite with the poets, the skylark, for the purpose of stocking the States? Is there anything in our climate to prevent them from thriving and multiplying?

I can recollect well the first occasion when the full grandeur of Shakspeare's genius flashed upon me. Before that, the god-like poet had always made his appearance as Jupiter did to Io, with his dazzling majesty veiled and shrouded. It was in Brussels that I first obtained a similar manifestation of the genius of Rubens. It was whilst standing before his Martyrdom of St. Levin, I saw before me the mangled limbs of the saint, enduring, with fainting body, but unflinching fortitude, the most barbarous tortures. I saw his lacerated flesh, his pallid face, his sinking, bleeding frame. I saw in the midst of all this, his front still unwrinkled and serene, his eye lambent with hope even in the hour of death. Around him stood a group of ruthless murderers; one had in his mouth a bloody knife; another was throwing to the dogs a piece of flesh which he has just torn from the body of the sufferer; another stood stroking down his long grizzly beard, and looking on with the morose gruffness of a demon. The ruffians! And does Heaven permit such barbarities, perpetrated upon a pious man, to go unpunished? Look up! behold the heavens open, and an angel flies down, armed with a thunderbolt. And already, as if blasted by the brightness of the celestial apparition, I see a figure of herculean mould, prostrate upon his face; whilst another, deformed, and Caliban-like, a vast unwieldy mass of flesh and blood, is reeling with unsteady steps, as if every moment about to tumble with a heavy fall to the earth.

If ever there was a picture calculated to seize the eye, and hold it captive, to fascinate and wildly stimulate the fancy, it is this. There is something about it Titanic, and which reminds

us of the Prometheus of Æscylus. What an intensity of moral brightness and blackness is here brought into startling contrast! Human nature is here exhibited in its most revolting and in its most celestial aspect; we have passions depicted, which link their possessor with the inmates of hell, and emotions portrayed which irradiate a human face with all the glories of Heaven. The imagination has a vivid glimpse into the two worlds of good and evil, of light and darkness, and at the same moment of time takes in both. What a depth of conception both upwards and downwards! A starveling dog, gloating on the flesh of a saint, and a winged messenger flashing confusion on a band of murderers!

The finest church in Brussels is that of St. Gudule. The pulpit is made of carved oak, and seems absolutely alive. Adam and Eve wandering mournfully out of Paradise, serve as a support for the preacher's desk; an angel is driving them along with a flaming sword. The trunk of a tree is seen behind, and on its branches, which spread out thick and far on either side, are perched animals of various kinds, many of them extremely grotesque, but all admirably executed. The eagle, with outstretched wings, ready for flight; the squirrel, on his hind legs, cracking nuts; chanticleer on a high bough, crowing with all his might, with his faithful hen by his side; the monkey, cramming his already stuffed jaws with an apple—all these, and many other such animals as we may suppose once clambered among the trees of the garden of Eden, are here represented to the life. So much for the lower part of the pulpit and its environs. Above, is a canopy formed by the upper branches of the tree of life. Around the tree itself an enormous serpent is twisted in many tortuous folds; his tail reaches to the root, and his head is bruised by the infant Jesus, who stands on top with the Holy Virgin. I have been thus minute in my description of this pulpit, because it struck me at the time as being extremely curious. How such an one would be stared at in this country! It looked to me like an oaken edition of Paradise Lost.

And with this I conclude my notice of Brussels, and the narrative of my Pedestrian Excursion from Paris to that city.

Ignorance, says the Dutchman, is a great substitute for paragoric. Show us a block-head, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wakeful, you must make them intelligent. If we owned the fee simple of a railroad, we would consider no person fit for a switch-tender who didn't take four daily papers and a monthly.

"We wish," says the Presbyterian Quarterly Review, "that Mr. Dickens could be persuaded for once, if only for the sake of variety and truth to nature, to become acquainted with one decent minister, of any denomination, and give us his portrait as an offset to the disgusting hypocrites he delights to paint. Is there no such thing as an honest man in England preaching the Gospel?"

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

COULDN'T BE CHOKED OFF.

The Clinton Courant tells a story of a rural philosopher, who had somewhat advanced in years without learning much of the mysteries of nature. What knowledge the old gentleman had gleaned was entirely independent science. He did not know whether a microscope was "something to eat or a new fangled farming machine." A young friend, fresh from school, once paid him a visit, and was very anxious to enlighten the old man on the wonders of the microscope, a specimen of which he carried about him. While the old philosopher was making a frugal meal in the field at noon, the youth produced his microscope, and explained its operation, which he illustrated by exhibiting its power upon several bugs and divers minute atoms of animate matters at hand. To his surprise, the aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and, stung by his indifference, he detailed to him how many scores of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and in each drop which quenched his thirst. At this his hearer was skeptical; to prove the fact the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was then devouring, and placing it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalculæ was triumphantly pointed out.

The old man gazed upon the sight indifferently, and at length, with utmost nonchalance, took another huge bite.

"Don't," exclaimed the boy; "don't you see 'em! See 'em squirm and wriggle!"

"Let 'em wriggle!" said the old philosopher, munching away calmly. "they've got the worst on't: if they kin stan' it I kin;" and he deliberately finished his meal.

ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget.

All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to spake to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl!" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, wants to spake to you, and says would be good enough to walk in, sir?"

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress' door, put her head in and exclaimed, "Fat gentleman's in the parlor, mum."

So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

In the parlor, thought the lady. What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered—but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself as she said, "Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! ha! as never comes from any of your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!" And all up the street, and round the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane, every now and then, and exclaimed, "such a joke."

"COULDN'T COS HE SUNG SO?"

Leaning idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when, lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea: "A link—a link—a l-in-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link!—a-no-weet, a-no-weet! I know it—I know it!—a-link—a-link—a-link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it," etc., etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't cos he sung so!" Who will aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened Humanity, and Humanity—Mercy! The angels who sang at the Creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed.—Clinton Courant.

VARIETIES.

Is Smith a common or proper name?

Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of *beef*.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broke.

Many come to bring their clothes to church rather than themselves.

"Is your watch a lever?" "Lever, yes. I have to leave her once a week at the watchmaker's for repairs."

The men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently, and the men who only abuse them, do not know them at all.

An exchange tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island, without a shilling in his pocket!

An exchange paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." We hope they may be washed.

The less a man needs money, the more he worships it. Misers are always people with small appetites and no children.

"Mike, and is it yerself that can be afther telling me how they make ice crame?" "In truth I can—don't they bake them in cowl'd ovens, to be sure."

The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

The Albany Knickerbocker lately received a letter, inquiring, among other things, whether pig iron was petrified pork, and if it was, which was the best way to cook it to make it juicy.

Talk much with any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire very fast the habit of looking at things in the same light, and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought.

Hats worn on the heads of a discourse—the bucket that hung in "All's well," and fragments of the man that burst into tears, are said to be the last curiosities found.

When a man takes a full morning bath, nine million mouths are open to thank him; for every pore of the skin has separate cause to be grateful for its daily ablution.

"How do you accomplish so much in so short a time?" said a friend to Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," was the reply.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis a thing that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems to be so long that it never was."

An exchange wisely remarks "that no dust affects the eyes so much as *gold dust*." We might also add, that no *glasses* affect the eyes more unfavorably than glasses of *brandy*.

Arithmetic is differently studied by fathers and sons; the first confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.

The Boston Times says that Europe is "a very respectable quarter of the world; no doubt, but antiquated, and not so influential as formerly."

Grocers who sell sweet peas for "old government Java," should remember their latter end, and bear in mind that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Things are not judged by their "labels" in the next world.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who, frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk and goes to sleep.

"It's a beautiful tail, sure, that your honor's horse carries behind him," remarked Pat to a gentleman. "And doesn't everything that carries a tail carry it behind?" was the reply. "No, your honor; a *cint*, sure, carries its tail on one side and its head on the other."

The pimples on a toper's face, (observes Will Winrow) are an old-fashioned sort of "spiritual manifestations." They cannot be said to come exactly from beyond the grave, but they show clearly that the "medium" is hurrying himself toward the grave.

To see a wasp-waisted young lady, in ringlets and an abundance of flounces, gracefully sail to the head of the table, and with a voice as angelic as a tenor flute, call to the waiter for a plate of cold pork and beans, is the most trying thing romance can encounter.

Johnson says he never was in a tight place but once, and that was when he had a mad bull by the tail. Had he held on, the bull would have dragged him to death over a stubble-field, while if he had not held on the critter would have turned round and gored him to death. The question now is, which did Johnson do—hold on or let go?

The true secret of earthly happiness is to enjoy pleasures as they arise; for that man who can keep his eye upon the bright present, while it is bright, tastes the cup of sweetness prepared for him; but we are prone to look forward to dark objects, while we should be enjoying those that are more agreeable.

The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single bedsteads! "Go marry," is written on everything beautiful that the eyes rest upon—beginning with birds of paradise, and leaving off with the apple blossoms.

"What is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of Sims Reevian apology had been made for a popular singer. "Oh! it's easily accounted for," answered his tall neighbor; "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW MUCH SLEEP.

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says a cotemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article, is that four or five hours' sleep is sufficient for any man. This, however, is an error. Differences of constitution require different quantities of sleep, for while one person is healthy on five hours' sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking, individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need the largest amount of sleep; the wear and tear of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is demanded. Overtaking themselves, without adequate sleep, is to such persons premature death; for neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene, followed eventually by loss of life. For this class of individuals to endeavor to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern, fed by periodical rains only, to yield as inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops, when nothing is put on the land. It is exhausting vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons, fortunately constituted, who, with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep. Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth, he owed his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue as to his genius, for he could outwork two ordinary men, if not more. Yet, after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he would sleep for nearly a day. Bourrienne, his secretary, relates that, after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours, without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work, at any time, with so little sleep. Laboring with the brain is even more exhausting than laboring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose for purposes of recuperation.

Nevertheless, there are persons with whom sleep has become a disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, nod in the evening, and, in fact, may be said never to be more than half awake. Such people kill themselves, in the end, as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for every vital function becomes torpid, life stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.

The above from the Ledger is sensible. The same amount of sleep will rarely answer for any two persons. It is, therefore, an error to fix a certain number of hours' sleep as the needful amount in all cases. Peculiarities of constitution, as well as the employment in which a man is engaged, will always make a difference in this matter. For our own part, we rarely sleep less than eight hours in every twenty-four. Nature

seems to demand this long period of release from the incessant brain-work, such as it is, that fills so long a period in every day. Usually, our sleep is sound, and we dream but rarely. To the fact of going to bed at an early hour, and procuring sleep in the "midnight watches," we attribute the continued ability to pursue our work with undiminished mental powers, though with too perceptibly failing bodily vigor. How long we shall keep up is a problem a few years will solve. At present, we see no early prospect of release from the toiling oar. Thanks to eight hours of pretty sound sleep in every twenty-four, we have borne up wonderfully well so far, and hope to keep busy a good while longer.

Too little sleep will injure a man much quicker than too much sleep. In prolonging the hours of rest, the evil to be feared is, a lapsing into sluggishness.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

Under this head, the editor of the Macon Republican, Tuscogee, Ala., gives the following defence of our Magazine literature.

"Two Sundays ago there was a Sabbath School celebration in this place, and Rev. D. P. B— was the orator of the day. Mr. B— is a minister of the B— Church, and, we believe, President of one of the colleges in Marion. His fame as a speaker is as wide as the State, both as a preacher and a politician. Last year he was Elector on the whig Presidential ticket, and rendered the party good service in that capacity. He is said, also, to be unaffectedly pious, and a well-bred gentleman. We were delighted with his address on Sunday. It was positively an intellectual treat to hear him, and the audience (which was a large one, and nearly filled the Chapel of the East Alabama Female College) seemed to agree, perfectly, with us in our estimate of him who we had the pleasure of listening to. Nothing that we can say, however, can add to his extensive and most enviable reputation.

Our present object is to notice the remarks of Mr. B— in regard to Magazine Literature. He estimated that sort of literature very lightly, and evidently considered the lighter magazines of the day "with a picture at the beginning, a song at the conclusion and a love-story in the middle," as unfit for the perusal of good people of any age, or of any size. Now, if Mr. B— had in his mind, when he made the remarks referred to, such magazine literature as is contained in the Southern Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Arthur's Home Magazine, and two or three others that we could mention, we give it as our opinion that he is at least twenty years behind the age. We do not hesitate to say, that there is more mind employed in getting up one number of either of these works,

than is displayed in any half dozen volumes of sermons that has been published in the last half dozen years. Nor do we hesitate to say, and with equal confidence in the justness of our opinion, that the reading of one number of either of these works, will have a *better effect* upon any given number of minds, *taken promiscuously from society*, than the same amount of reading from any volume of sermons in Mr. B—'s library. Why, what is the character of that reading? Does Mr. B— suppose that it is made up of love-sick tales, and false-sentimental songs? If he does, he was never more mistaken in his life. These works contain some of the best reading any where to be met with—instructing the understanding, purifying the affections, refining the taste, and exalting the imagination, as well as amusing the fancy. Some of the best lessons of household economy; of sweet, and gentle, and unobtrusive charity; of firm and faithful reliance on the goodness and justice of Providence, of Christian forbearance and resignation under insult and wrong—in short, some of the best lessons taught in the great charter of Christian belief, are here, in these magazines, illustrated, explained, made attractive, and enforced, with an efficiency and success not always attained by the teachings from the pulpit. Did Mr. B— ever observe the names that grace the pages of these magazines? Some of the best and purest in the literature of our country. Irving, whose writings he so much admires, and which he recommended so strongly to the youth of our country, as the best purifier of the taste. Paulding and Kennedy, both of whom have alike adorned the literature of our country, and elevated our national character. Simms, whose name is illustrious as a novelist, historian, and poet. Bryant, Halleck, Buchanan Read, John Quincy Adams, T. S. Arthur, Prentice, Fay, Willis, and a host of writers of both sexes, who have actually made nearly all that we have of American literature. But we have not time or inclination, and perhaps not information properly to dwell on this theme. Mr. B—'s opinion is evidently formed upon insufficient observation. It is clear that he does not read the works which he condemns, and without doing it, how can he justly estimate their value?

It is not our purpose, of course, to depreciate the value of good sermons, or to exalt above their merit our popular pictorial magazines. But our purpose is simply to do justice to both. Both have a mission to perform in the renovation and purifying the world, and both, we believe, are performing that mission with great success. But the mission of neither one can be performed by the other. It does not become any one, therefore, to attempt to degrade either below what it merits, and whoever attempts it will find himself engaged in a very unprofitable business.

It is unnecessary to repeat that we were delighted with Mr. B—'s address as a whole, and sincerely regret that we have not an opportunity of hearing him more frequently."

We thank the editor of the Republican, in the name of our literary co-laborers, for the above manly defence of magazine literature, against the

condemnation of one who spoke unadvisedly, and from a prejudiced state of mind. He has left us little or nothing to say on the subject. Pulpit declamation should be more guarded; and clergymen, when they denounce a thing as hurtful to morality and religion, should be very sure that they have facts on their side.

FUTURE OF WOMEN.

In an article with this caption in a late number of the Christian Inquirer, of New York, we have found a number of observations which, as they seem the product of uncommon judiciousness and great maturity of thought, are well entitled to the consideration of parents, and of all who take an interest in the reformation and amelioration of society. We subjoin a few of the remarks which have appeared to us peculiarly interesting and suggestive.

"We feel no disposition to limit the sphere of woman. We would not speak harshly even of those who have over-stepped the ordinary limits of retired duty. Remembering the Miriams and Deborahs of old, we cannot join in the hue and cry that is always raised against any woman who feels moved by a genuine purpose to be as the prophetess of the time, and bear witness against predominating sins. Let the field be open, and genius and piety be shackled by no fetters. Yet with all allowances for remarkable cases, we must look to more retired scenes for the true sphere of woman. The home, the school, the church—these are the spheres of her best influence, and that, too, without violating the instincts of her nature.

"It is enough to sadden any thoughtful mind to know the deplorable ignorance of so many young women as to the essential dignity and utilities of home. Not to be harping always upon household labors, let us take what may be called a higher view. What is the chief grace and ornament of home? what is the crowning accomplishment in the mistress of the home, the queen of the social circle? Is it dress? no; for few care for showy apparel except she that wears it, and ribbons and laces have little to do with making home graceful or happy. Is it beauty? Even that soon becomes an old story, and is insipid enough if on the surface merely and not in the mind. The chief grace and ornament of home, the crowning accomplishment in her who should be the arbiter of the social circle, is CONVERSATION—conversation apt, sensible, kindly, and when need requires, brilliant and beautiful—the words fitly spoken, far better than any painting or embroidery, and like apples of gold in pictures

of silver. Some women there *are*, the splendor and wisdom of whose conversation makes their presence a benediction, and men wish that harp and piano should cease, that they might speak. But generally the power of conversation is entirely neglected, left to mere chance; and we will leave it to those most concerned in the matter to decide what are the chief topics of feminine conversation. * * With a little more care and discipline, the conversation of women would be worth more to their husbands, a thousand times over, than all the music and dancing and drawing that were ever flourished forth from the academies.

"Alas! that scarcely an hour is ever given to its culture, and no place is assigned to it in our systems of education. Let woman understand its power, and although a few shallow fops might deride her for eclipsing by her apt, good sense, their foolish words, she would have a power in the home and social circle that would save the most brilliant of the sex from desiring to stand at the bar or in the pulpit. New graces and charities would surround the family fireside, and society, no longer a crowd of *very juvenile* persons, who come together to dance and laugh and eat and drink, would be a centre of refinement, intelligence, high thought, cheerful spirit, exalted sentiment. To rescue society from its degradation is the office of her who is its great arbiter. To go to the rescue, the Gospel bids her, for a low tone of society is both the cause and the consequence of a low tone of morals and religion.

"Home is the great school, and woman the most powerful teacher therein. Let us not be thought assuming, then, in saying a word of exhortation to parents, teachers and all, who have the care of those who are to be the women of the rising age. Do you not habitually place before them a very false and artificial standard of character and reputation? Are you not educating them for creatures of sunshine, instead of making them equal to either fortune—for the dark as well as the bright day? Are you not wrong in making no adequate provision for those reverses of fortune which are so common in our country, and which so often make those who have not learned self-dependence, obliged to take care of themselves, or else be cringing guests in homes not their own, or the partners of men whom not love but money has made their husbands, in an adulterous although a legalized connection? In many a home where fashion sits supreme, and capricious maidens are indulged in contempt of utility, disregard of parental control, ridicule of those who cannot live in their idleness and dress in their gorgeous-

ness—in many homes such as this, are you not thoughtlessly planting the seeds that *must* bring forth a harvest of woes? Is not female education, as it usually is, one of the chief, if not the chief abuse of the age? There is *some* promise of a better day. Heaven speed its coming, and join beauty with utility, grace with wisdom!"

EUROPEAN SONG BIRDS.

Our friend, Mr. Van Bebber, in the present number of his admirable "Sketches of Travel," advocates the naturalization of the English nightingale, by importing a number of them, for the purpose of casting loose in our American forests. The suggestion is a happy one, and the experiment has already been tried upon a small scale; but it is a curious question with us, whether the emigrant birds would not lose their song in our climate. It seems to be a law of nature that in cool, moist, equable regions, the birds should be of homely plumage, but gifted with what musical critics would call "great powers of vocalization;" while in countries where the alternations of heat and cold are very great, and in all the torrid zones, the birds are of rare plumage, but have no song. With us there are no singing birds, so to speak, with the exception of two or three; while in Europe the leafy aisles ring constantly with one unceasing stream of enchanting melody. Indeed, there almost every bird common to the woods and fields is a bird of song. The nightingale, cuckoo, lark, thrush, black bird, goldfinch, robin, wren, titmouse, and even the sparrow, are feathered musicians, whose desultory strains add a charm to "field and fell, and woodland dell," to which the traveller, especially if he be from the land of silent forests, often recurs in after times, and as constantly regrets that his own magnificent country is barren of so endless a source of natural delight. If European song birds could be acclimated here, a greater benefit could not be bestowed upon our rural population than by the importation of these feathered minstrels in large numbers.

The humanizing tendencies of song birds, by reason of their operating insensibly and through a long period of time, are difficult to appreciate; yet there can be no question of doubt that they form no unimportant link in that chain of associations which binds the peasant and the yeoman to the land of their nativity, and renders their love of country oftentimes stronger than the oppression which would otherwise cancel it.

We regard the experiment well worth trying, inasmuch, as if successful, it would be productive of happy influences, but we should like to see it embrace all the song birds common to Europe.

Fanciful as the whole affair may appear at first glance, it is nevertheless fraught with more elements of real good, than we can confidently attribute to certain philanthropic schemes which many earnest, well-meaning men advocate at the present day. We believe that those emigrants who are pouring into our country, day by day, in such large and constantly increasing numbers, would feel their removal into a strange land far less, and would sooner assimilate to its habits and customs, if they were familiarized to their new homes by the daily welcome of birds, whose songs they have been accustomed to hear from the windows of the rustic cottage, which overlooked some winding tributary to the Thames, the Rhine, the Shannon, or the Clyde.

If little children, wandering by the low bushes which skirt our water courses, even now delight to listen, with a tiny finger pressed upon their lips, to the changeable song of the mocking bird, how much more would they be charmed to hear the mellow notes of the cuckoo, the liquid strains of the nightingale, or the wonderful outpourings of the meadow lark, which, rising from its nest in the wheat field, wings its way upward and upward, showering out as it goes, a perfect rain of melody, audible to the entranced listener long after the ascending minstrel has passed beyond the range of human vision, and is nearing the gates of the morning?

OUR FUTURE POPULATION.

A few days ago, in glancing over a column of items of intelligence in one of our favorite papers, we very suddenly paused. The little item of news which caused this sudden arrest of our attention to the contents of the paper before us, and directed our thoughts to a question suggested at the moment, was simply this:—"There are now about twenty-two thousand Chinamen in California." This brief announcement brought us to a dead pause in reading, and started us out on a train of thinking. Twenty-two thousand foreigners wholly ignorant of our language, our customs, our religion, our political institutions, already among us, and in a short time likely to claim the privilege of citizenship; and thousands more likely soon to follow them! What, we asked ourselves, what is to be the end of this wonderful addition to our population from various foreign sources—from China, from Ireland, from England, from Germany and various other countries in Europe? They are coming upon us by thousands every month. Some, as those from China, are altogether pagan, and others, though nominally Christian, are little better, so far as a

knowledge of the Bible or a possession of its spirit, are concerned. Some come with prejudices against our political and social institutions, being taught that these are inimical to the allegiance which they owe elsewhere; and with the great majority of them it must take many long years of observation, thought and discussion, ere they can thoroughly appreciate our institutions, or understand those questions which every voter should understand as he does something towards a final determination of them. And yet, in a few years, these thousands on thousands of foreigners will be fellow-citizens, fellow-voters and fellow-jurors, taking a part in making and administering the laws of this great Republic. Considering what powers they will soon be entitled to exercise, what influences unfriendly to Republicanism are industriously brought to bear upon a part of them, what a great privilege and responsibility that of citizenship here is, we cannot look upon the advent of large additions to our population without some fear and alarm—without a feeling that we can hardly escape some of the evils impending over us.

DOINGS IN LIBERIA.

The colored republicans of Liberia, in solemn scorn of Vattel, and with a happy ignorance of international law, have been proceeding against a refractory native chief, by the name of Boombo, after a fashion of their own. It appears that this Boombo, in a paroxysm of African ferocity, had led his warriors against various neighboring tribes, carrying their towns by storm, massacring their inhabitants, and carrying off in barbarian triumph much plunder and many captives. These savage acts were perpetrated upon inoffensive and friendly tribes, in direct contravention of an existing treaty with the Republic of Liberia, some of whose merchants suffered considerable loss in goods. Having thus an admirable "*casus belli*," President Roberts ordered an armed detachment to proceed into the enemy's country, and arrest the rebel chief whose organs of destructiveness were so strongly developed. The expedition was quite successful. Boombo was taken prisoner with an ease that is remarkable, considering the bloody character of his late exploits. The subsequent proceedings of the colored republicans are rather at variance with common usage. Had Boombo been an Affghan, or Burmah prince, who had fallen into the hands of the English, they would have formally declared his estates forfeited, and have annexed his principality to their former acquisitions. But our Liberian friends have a way of

their own in these matters, and we do not know but that it is quite as good as any other, even though it is not laid down in Vattel. They indict Boombo, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, for high misdemeanor, as they would any other felon, and after examining witnesses in proof of the facts alleged against him, the Attorney-General, assisted by William Draper, Esq., of Grand Bassa, elaborately argued the guilt of the prisoner, while Messrs. Harris and Phillips, with equal talent, tact and ingenuity, appeared in behalf of Boombo, and "did all that honest and patriotic men could do under the circumstances." Happily for justice, their eloquence was of no avail, and Boombo was found guilty on each count. He was sentenced to restore the goods stolen, or indemnify the losers, to pay a fine of *fifty thousand dollars*, and suffer an imprisonment of two years. When this judgment was pronounced, Boombo proved himself more of the savage than the hero, for he cried bitterly.

HIS WIFE WROTE A BOOK.

The fair author of "Shady Side," a Mrs. Hubbell, of Avon, Conn., drew portraits in her interesting book, whether from imagination or from life-sitters we know not, which, being recognized as belonging to certain originals, occasioned no little excitement in her immediate vicinity. The Independent tells the story, which we copy:—

"Rev. Mr. Hubbell, of Avon, Conn., has lately been dismissed from his pastoral charge of the congregation whose minister he has been for the last thirteen years. And what was the occasion of his dismissal? Any heresy in faith, or any conduct inconsistent with the Christian or clerical profession? Not at all. It was simply because his wife has written a book of such interest and power as to cause her name to be spoken along with that of Mrs. Stowe. We betray no secret in saying that Mrs. Hubbell is the authoress of that touching and impressive book, 'Shady Side,' of which we have lately spoken. The good people of Avon, however, would have it that some of themselves had sat for sundry most life-like portraits in the volume; and the painter, while successful in pleasing all outside that little town, appears to have almost as generally offended those living within it. But what to do with a *woman*, and one who had simply written a book, and that, too, so universally admired, was a question not so easy of solution. But the solution shortly comes. She is the wife of a minister, who, of course, may be made the object of attack on the slightest pretext, and *he* cannot escape. He is guilty, if not of heresy, of having a wife who is a genius, the next worst thing to witchcraft. A council is convened, and the pastor, who has been faithful in his office for thirteen years, is dismissed because his wife has had the audacity to write a book which thousands have read with tears, and which the dis-

mission from Avon will cause thousands more to read.

"We are happy to add that Mr. Hubbell has been invited already to assume the pastoral charge in an eligible place, North Stonington, Conn."

If every clergyman's wife were to publish her experiences, or dare to speak out plainly as she thinks and feels, there would be trouble in a great many other congregations. It is a very difficult thing to portray evils, wrongs, and petty vices, in any class, without giving deep offence; and whoever ventures upon this species of writing will be very fortunate if bitter enemies are not the consequence of his temerity. Hold a man up to public contempt or ridicule, and you must not hope to be forgiven.

A HAPPY MAN.

The original of the following picture of a happy man, drawn recently by Theodore Parker in one of his sermons, is said to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton, Mass. There ought to be a great many more just such happy men in our country, but we are afraid there are not.

"The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich, in money, and one who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise, every morning—then rides sundry miles by the rail—does his ten hours' work in the town—whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows; is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—connubial, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic, besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam'—and it always 'springs' and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is, that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men and learned men—men of great social position; and if there is genius in America, I know that—but a *happier man* I have never known."

MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

Our beautiful steel engraving, for September, presents a scene that must win its way to every mother's heart. It is a sweet home picture, and full of pleasing interest. Look at the patient mother, the dear, earnest, wee scholar, and the loving sister with her thoughtful countenance. We will not ask you to take the group into your heart. It has found its way there already.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Wigwam and the Cabin; or, Tales of the South.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1st series.—*Norman Maurice. An American Drama.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We have already welcomed, in previous numbers of the Gazette, this republication in handsome form of the works of Simms, by the enterprising house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We regard Mr. Simms as one of the foremost of our American writers; not only because the staple of his novels and principal poetical contributions, is purely national; but also by reason of his general vigor of intellectual grasp, his admirable sketches of Southern character, his remarkable fertility, and the great range and variety of his acquirements. The volume published under the general title of "the Wigwam and the Cabin," consists of a collection of tales from magazines and annuals. They are all ably written, and some of them of intense interest. The drama of Norman Maurice, exhibits the dramatic powers of Mr. Simms in a very favorable light, and while never rising to the higher range of poetry, is full of bold and vigorous thoughts natural to the characters delineated. The incidents are, perhaps, rather too melo-dramatic, and if we were to find any fault at all, it would be with the denouements of "The Snake of the Cabin," in the sketches; and of that of "Norman Maurice." Whether the summary death of the bigamist and kidnapper by the hands of a negro in the one; or that of Warren, by the distracted wife of Norman Maurice, could be justified by the laws of morality, we leave for casuists to determine. These, if blemishes, are but minor ones, and are far overborne by the numerous excellencies which are to be found scattered throughout the writings of this author.

— *The Sword and the Distaff; or, Fair, Fat and Forty.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We are gratified to find the works of one of the best American novelists, issued by a publishing house capable of doing them justice, and in a style worthy of their merits. Of all our writers, Simms is, perhaps the most intensely American, and taken all in all, we question whether we have among us, at the present day, his superior, especially in stories that relate to Southern life, and to the Revolutionary period of our history. Perhaps no American author possesses more industry and energy of character than Simms. As historian, novelist, poet and essayist, he has been before the public so many years, that his printed works have become voluminous. Some of these are the very best of their kind, and all of them are characterised by a greater or less degree of excellence. It should be

a marked feature in our estimate of Simms as a writer, that we should take into consideration *how* much he has done, the variety of his studies, and the general excellence of all he has given to the public. "The Sword and the Distaff," as a picture of Southern manners, and a most perfect daguerreotype of the language and habits of Southern negroes, is equal to anything that Simms has written. Porgy, with all his good traits, we do not like. The corporal, though selfish and unamiable, is well and naturally drawn, and the widow Eveleigh beyond all praise.

— *Wonders of the Insect World.* With illustrative engravings. By Francis C. Woodworth. New York: D. Austin Woodworth. There is no better caterer for the young folks than Francis C. Woodworth. Having studied the wants of youth, he has entered most thoroughly into their feelings, and selected, and condensed, and written for them, "con amore." Take up one of his books for youth, and you find it neither dull, prosy, nor commonplace. His "Wonders of the Insect World" is an illustration of how easily a judicious person can blend amusement with instruction. Full of facts in natural history, they are yet so presented as to carry with them that kind of interest which makes a lasting impression upon the youthful mind. There is no safer guide, whether as writer or collator of stories for youth, than Francis C. Woodworth.

— *The United States Illustrated, in Views of City and Country, with Descriptive and Historical Articles.* Edited by Charles A. Dana. Vol. 1, Part 2d. *The West.* New York: Hermann J. Meyer. We have already spoken in high terms of this capital national work, and can only reiterate our commendation. The plates are admirably executed, and the accompanying letter-press well and lucidly written.

— *The Works of Shakspeare, reprinted from the Corrected Folio of 1632.* Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. Part 6th. New York: Redfield. We need not say that this edition will be the only correct edition of Shakspeare's works ever issued in this country; the twenty thousand manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier, having been incorporated into the body of the text.

— *Passion and Principle. A Domestic Novel.* By Mrs. Grey. New York: Bunce & Brother. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) It is always safe to recommend a novel by Mrs. Grey, since we well know that it illustrates moral principles by examples admirably wrought, and inculcates no lesson but what tends to purify and instruct. In the present work, the evils arising from unrestrained passions are presented as a warning, the ill regulated temper of the girl being productive of bitter misery to the wife.

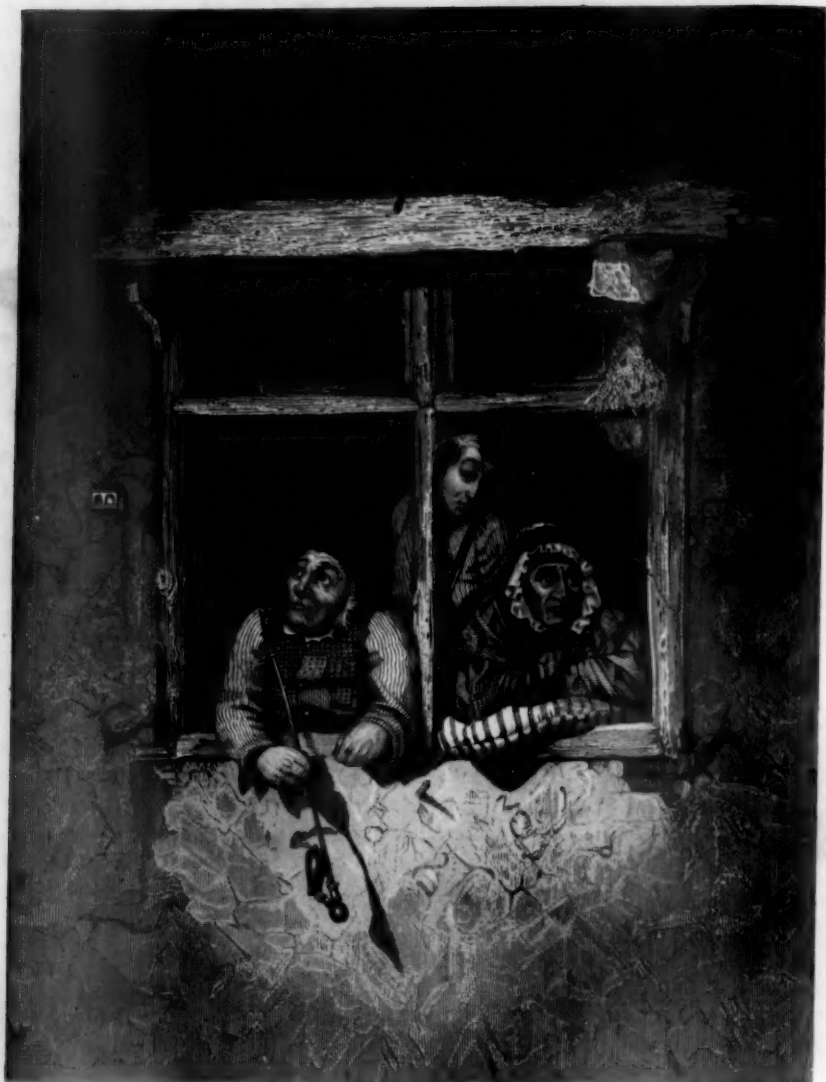
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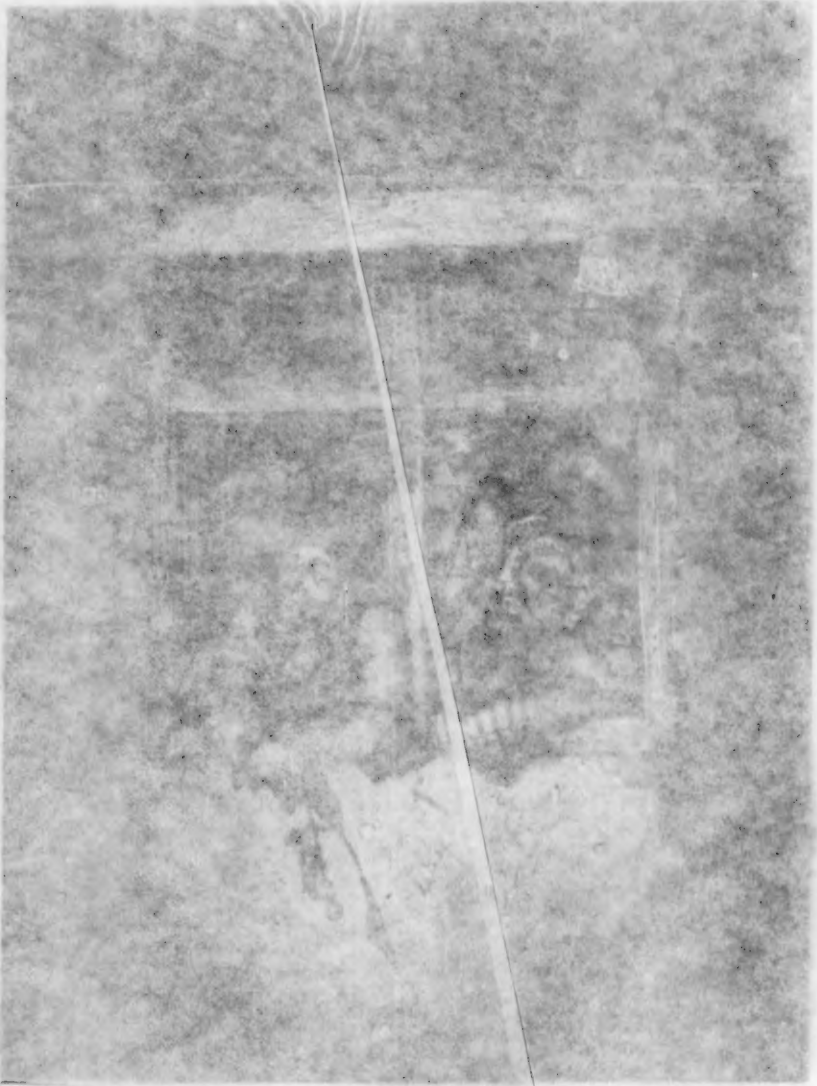


THE WEATHER PROPHECY.



THE VINTAGE.

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THE WEATHER PROPHECY.



THE VINTAGE.

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BLACKBERRYING.

See page 305.